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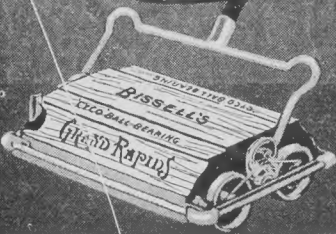
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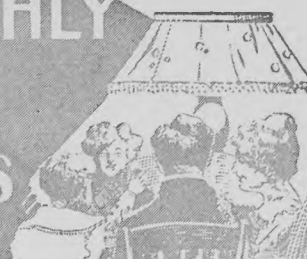
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The **WESTERN**  
**HOME MONTHLY**  
*table of*  
**CONTENTS**



**Editorial**

EDITORIAL—The Editor ..... 3  
THE PHILOSOPHER ..... 28  
WHAT THE WORLD IS SAYING ..... 56

**Fiction and Reality**

SETTING THINGS RIGHT—S. Jean Walker ..... 4  
THE MYSTERY OF THE SUNSET PEARLS—Edith G. Bayne ..... 5  
THE REJUVENATION OF JANE—M. C. McGeoch ..... 6  
BLESSINGS FROM HEAVEN—Aug. E. Matthews ..... 11  
THE TRUMPET CALL—H. Mortimer Batten ..... 18  
HER SECRET HOARD—Olive M. Delahaye ..... 19

**Regular Departments**

DOLLARS AND CENTS—A. E. Parker ..... 20  
MUSIC IN THE HOME ..... 22  
YOUNG MAN AND HIS PROBLEM ..... 24  
COME LET US READ AWHILE—W.H.M. Librarian ..... 30  
THE HOME DOCTOR ..... 33  
YOUNG WOMAN AND HER PROBLEM—Pearl Richmond Hamilton ..... 42  
ABOUT THE FARM—Allan Campbell ..... 44  
POULTRY PROFITS—Helen E. Vialoux ..... 50  
SUBSCRIBERS' CORRESPONDENCE PAGE ..... 52  
CHILDREN'S COSY CORNER ..... 54

**Women and the Home**

WORK FOR BUSY FINGERS—Margie Moore ..... 34  
BETTER COOKERY—Gertrude Dutton ..... 36  
FASHIONS AND PATTERNS ..... 40  
MOTHER'S SECTION ..... 49

**Special Articles**

CREES OF THE PEACE RIVER—Cameron Kelley ..... 17

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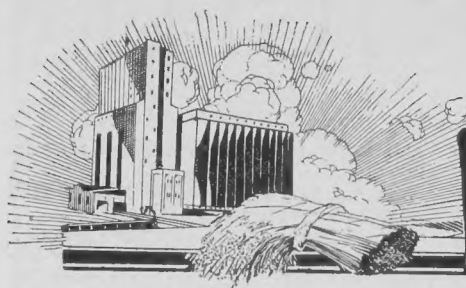
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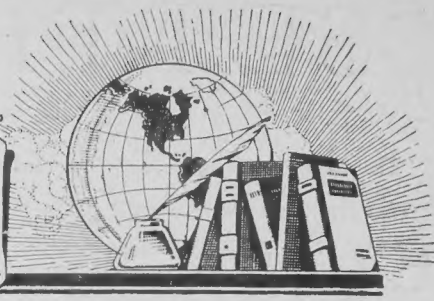
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# EDITORIAL



## Two Strikes

**F**ORTY million dollars is a tidy little sum. It would erect a few respectable public buildings, or pay for support of higher education or add to home comforts of a multitude of people. Forty million dollars! And this is just what the big strike in the United States has cost up to date. Who have lost this amount? The mine-owners? Well, they have undoubtedly lost their share. They have had to pay interest on capital invested and the banks will see that they do pay. Whatever other institution goes without its quota of profit, one may safely guess that the banks are not going to lose anything. Then, too, the owners will lose their accustomed rake-off on the hundreds of thousands of workers who have been idle. So no doubt there will be forced economy in some homes, and the Christmas presents this year will be not fur-lined capes worth \$25,000, and automobiles worth \$10,000, but ordinary boxes of candy worth a dollar or a subscription to a ladies' magazine valued at one dollar and fifty cents. Yes, it is going to make considerable difference to the mine-owners. Decidedly some of them and their high-paid officials will feel the pinch.

But, after all, these mine-owners are few in number. The great army of workers will also suffer from lack of funds. It is not pleasant to go for weeks without proper food. It is not very satisfactory to take an enforced holiday when the conditions make it anything but a holiday. It is not altogether comforting to know that the children's clothes must be paid for and doctor bills met, even though there is no income. Truly the workers have suffered on account of this strike, and the worst is yet to come.

But the real sufferers in this strike, as in all others, are the general public. The price of coal will advance and with it the price of everything else. Factories will close. Millions of people not directly concerned with the dispute will undergo privation and be thrown out of employment. And the result will be felt on trade generally in a thousand ways. Already English coal is being sought, and once the habit of using it is formed, it will not be so easy for Pennsylvania to find markets for its product. In war times, when people were deprived of one necessity they hastened to find a substitute, so in these days of invention, shortage of coal from accustomed sources will lead to the opening of new avenues of supply. Oil and electricity can be used to advantage. In the meantime, however, the general public will continue to suffer, and it is this very fact that demonstrates the absurdity and the injustice of strikes and lock-outs in general.

People take themselves very seriously when because of little tin-pot disagreements in their own families or groups, they make things intolerable for a whole nation. It is like one noisy or disreputable family at the seaside which makes the resort impossible for everybody. The only thing to do is to run such a family out. That, too, is the logical course in the case of a strike. The state should take over the mines, pay a right wage to workers, and as for the owners—well, they can be allowed a fair interest on their investment. The general public will pay such a price as may be necessary to meet these conditions. The public, however, object to paying forty million dollars to men who are idle and quarrelsome and to owners who are arrogant and unwilling to arbitrate.

What is true of strikes in the United States of course applies here. In the railway dispute we have gone so far as to get a commission of arbitration appointed. That is good so far. It is a recognition that reason is safer than force. Force never settles anything in the right way. What calm reason says is just, will likely prove to be so. The only thing to be careful about is to see that every bit of evidence, whether directly bearing upon the case or not, is allowed to come out. What the public expects is not only a decision, but such information as will make them conversant with all the details of transportation. Just what salaries are now paid to railway men—from engineers to track men? Is it true that the former are the best paid workmen in the world? Is it true that the latter are the worst paid? Do shop-workers get a fair wage and do they work under right living conditions? Do the railways pay reasonable dividends and reasonable salaries to men higher up? Is there any misrepresentation in the balance sheets? In other words, are the railways and the workers honest and open, and is transportation too great a toll on the general public? Everybody is interested in all of these problems, and an arbitration which merely settles a dispute, but which gives no real added information concerning railway matters, is of little value. Sooner or later we must get to the root of things, and the sooner the better.

There have been other strikes in Canada within the year and these have proved rather costly and unsatisfactory. The printers' strike is a case in point. The striking printers in Canada have received from

International sources a million dollars, and yet they are not a step nearer victory than a year ago. They would not listen to reason. The thing is just this way. Employers do not care what they pay the men, so long as they can charge the public such prices as will make them come out even, but there comes a time when the public will refuse to have any more printing done. It is possible to charge more than the traffic will bear. That is just where things were getting in this printing business. So the strike was not a matter as between employers and workmen, but between the public and the printing business generally. It is clear that any little group cannot settle its disputes without regard to the effect of the decisions upon the public purse. Therefore, in all cases of misunderstanding, the third element should be consulted. There are always three parties to a strike, and the third party is the important one.

The strike served an important purpose in its day. It was the schoolmaster that prepared the way for arbitration. Compulsory arbitration with the state as final adjudicator is the solution of all problems.

## The Spiral

Life is a monotonous journey to some of us, because of the sameness of its experiences. The same old dishes to wash—the same streets to walk on—the same people to meet—the same old rent to pay—the same struggle to make the salary last till the end of the month!

We are all familiar with the sight of a cat engaged in the energetic but fruitless task of chasing her own tail, and we have wondered in our blackest and gloomiest moments if some of our own activities are not equally barren of results. Are we going round, and round, but not forward?

There was a wise teacher once who foresaw the difficulty, and knew how depressing life would be, and so He enunciated a rule about not ever looking back when we had once put our hand to the plow—for he knew we would be discouraged by the invisibility of the work!

Life is a round, sure enough, and there are a great many things which must be done every day, trifling, but tiring things that will not stay done. Life is round, but, thank God, it is a spiral round. We may not be conscious of it, but the path we tread, in loyalty and devotion to the trivial duties of the hour, is always rising under us.

Nellie L. McClung.

## The Harvest

**T**HE harvest of 1922 promises to be abundant and it is to be hoped the good promise will be realized. The thought of a bumper crop gives visions of debts paid, new ventures undertaken, confidence restored. Every member of the community is beginning to feel the throb of returning life. Optimism prevails. Men who have been carrying obligations for years are now looking to the day when they shall be free; women who have been bearing burdens altogether too great may be able to purchase a few labor-saving devices and indulge in occasional luxuries; children who have been taken out of school may be able to return. The new life throughout the country will find its way to the towns and cities and there will again be movement in the channels of trade. It may be expected too, that the people of the world will be attracted to the granary of the Empire; and immigration, delayed for a time, will be resumed. As the life of the individual is in the blood, so the life of the nation is in its crop. The crop of 1922 will indeed be welcome.

## "To-morrow—the Song"

Be strong!  
We are not here to play, to dream, to drift,  
We have hard work to do, and loads to lift.  
Shun not the struggle; face it. 'Tis God's gift.

Be strong!  
Say not the days are evil—who's to blame?  
And fold the hands and acquiesce—oh, shame!  
Stand up, speak out, and bravely, in God's name.

Be strong!  
It matters not how deep entrenched the wrong,  
How hard the battle goes, the day how long.  
Faint not, fight on! To-morrow comes the song.  
—Maltbie D. Babcock.

## Luck

**T**HERE is with most men a strange dependence upon luck. Who has not been at some time possessor of a lucky penny, or a rabbit's foot, and who has not been unlucky enough to begin a venture on Friday or to break a looking-glass on Sunday? Not only is luck believed in, but the doctrine of good luck is preached to children until it becomes an essential part of their faith and practice.

It is a dangerous doctrine for the young. They should be made to know instead that whatever may be the fate in store for them, their real success and their true happiness can come only through their own work and effort. The best luck in the world is to possess an unconquerable will.

The Scotch have a story of a party of men lost in a storm. "Let us pray," said someone. "Yes!" said the boatman. "Let the little men over there do the praying, but let all the strong men take an oar!" This was not impious. It was good Christian common sense. It was in line with Cromwell's advice to his soldiers, "Fear God, but keep your powder dry."

A writer in the *Youths' Companion* has well said:—"Fate is treacherous and soonest betrays those who depend most upon it. It helps only those determined to help themselves.

"Luck too is faithless and laughs at the man who too strongly puts his trust in it. It generously spreads a golden glow upon the accomplishment of the man who does for himself, but for the man who does not strive it has only mockery.

"There is no worse belief than that which holds fate and luck responsible for failure.

"It puts you in a wholly wrong attitude toward life.

"It deadens your incentive and your power to employ your own resources.

"It destroys fixed and wholesome aspirations.

"It paralyzes your energies.

"It renders organized and spirited effort impossible.

"Don't believe that there is any fate for you except that which you make for yourself.

"Hope for no luck that you are not worthy of and have not earned."

## Success

**T**HERE is no ambition more common than that which aims at getting rich in a hurry. A writer in the *Congregationalist* of London has summed up the evil of hurrying towards wealth or prominence in a few beautiful words.

Now there came unto me a Young Man who ought to have known better, saying "This Generation hath no appreciation of Genius."

And I said, "I had not thought it so: for whenever any genius named Ponzi or the like doth invent a scheme to Extract Gold from Sea Water, or to make a Dollar out of less than a Hundred Cents, or to coin money out of the Blue Sky, there is born of those who appreciate Genius, at least one every minute."

And the young man said, "I speak not of dishonest methods of getting rich quick, but only of an opportunity for Budding Genius."

And I said, "Budding Genius should start in Overalls, and not be too swift to blossom into Evening Clothes."

And he said, "A man with ability such as mine ought not to be expected to start at the Foot of the ladder, nor to toil arduously."

And I said, "Listen unto me, and I will speak unto thee by any cheap way, or in any manner that did not cost thee Hard Toil, thou couldest not afford to accept it. Even so have I said unto mine own sons, and it hath been well for them that they have believed it."

And I said, "I have known many Successful Men, and not a few Millionaires, and men of Achievement in various lines of effort; and I have come to believe that the Backbone of Genius is the Ability to Get up in the Morning a little before the Alarm goeth off, and to go at the day's work with a Punch. Napoleon conquered the world by getting there Five Minutes ahead of the other man. Edison achieved success by knowing when it was time to get out of Bed. If thou wouldst be successful in life, rise early; meet the morning with a smile; go at the day's work with vigor but without wasteful haste; use thy brains and thy conscience as well as thine hands and feet; take reasonable care of thy health; do a deed of kindness for some one every day; trust God and do thy duty, and verily thou shalt have no occasion to complain that the world is un-mindful of genius."

And he said, "It is worth trying."

And I said, "Add this also, move quickly, think quickly, and do thy work quickly; yet hurry not when thou art in a hurry; but take calm thought and do it again."



# SETTING THINGS RIGHT

By S. Jean Walker

"The time is out of joint: O cursed spite,  
That ever I was born to set it right,—"

EVELYN GRAHAM chanted these words rather disconsolately as she entered the living room of her home.

"And how do you propose to set it right, Sis?" called a masculine voice from the shadows of the room.

"I did not know that you were here, Jim, I thought I was my only audience. But," she continued, with a slight trace of irritation, "stop calling me 'Sis.' It makes me feel like a child."

"A thousand pardons my dear, grown-up sister," he returned merrily, "I shall try not to offend again, and remember that these years of my absence have also added to your age and dignity. But, tell me why you were quoting this particular bit of Shakespeare?"

"Just because it happens to suit my peculiar mental condition. I feel in a most perverse mood."

"Tell me about it," he suggested sympathetically.

"Well, you know that I have taken my university degree, and worked hard to do it. Professor Ellis wishes me to assist him in some research work, and I would like to do this; but a position in a ladies' college has been offered to me and mother wishes me to accept it. I do dislike the word 'ladies' used in this connection. It is weak and affected and—"

"Yes, I prefer 'women's myself,'" he interrupted, amused and interested in the conversation she was taking.

"I do not want to teach in this college," she continued. "I would be conventionalized until I would be a stranger to myself. I do not desire to follow any pattern cut out by another."

"Have you adaptability and initiative enough to cut out a proper pattern for yourself and follow it?" he questioned, meaningly.

"I have never been tested," she replied, thoughtfully, "others have done so much for me that I really do not know the extent of my capabilities. Sometimes a rebellious longing urges me to try my powers in some way. The ghost that is haunting me is the ideal of the life I would like to live mocking the life I am living. I am so discouraged with the whole system of things—home, society, church and government."

"Yes," he agreed, yet surprised at her outburst, "all these ancient institutions could be improved and we should work towards their reform rather than their destruction; but, really Evelyn, I had no idea that there were any such radical thoughts in your pretty head."

"Pretty head," she repeated indignantly. "Talk sense, and give me credit for having some, too. My life is before me and I wish to make the very best possible use of it. I want to find my proper place in the system of earth's things, and then fill it to the utmost of my ability."

"Why not remain at home?" he questioned, "and assist mother and—"

"Oh, don't suggest such a thing," she interrupted irritably. "Mary has worked for mother for years. They enjoy planning and arranging household affairs. There is no possible niche for me here and I would be only a superfluous appendage. I might probably have to act on your suggestion and parasitically exist at home attending church meetings and afternoon teas, if I were forty years old and waiting for the inevitable man to turn up to break the monotony of living."

"Don't you expect the 'inevitable man to turn up' before you are forty?" he asked quizzically, as he propped himself more comfortably among the cushions on the couch.

HE WAS resting at home after the recurrence of some trouble resulting from war wounds, and also becoming acquainted with his only sister whom he had not seen for eight years. He was ten years her senior, and this difference in their ages, together with his varied experience with people and things, led him to assume an almost paternal attitude towards her. When he came home he decided that she was a very fine looking young woman, and later admitted that

she was also a very clever one; but she had many whims which he hoped would die for lack of development, and their loss would be a great improvement in her character.

"I was just speaking metaphorically," she explained in answer to his last question. "I don't intend to wait for anyone, but I want to live and not merely exist." The tone of finality in her voice told him that she was vitally in earnest.

"You really don't know what you want, that's what's the matter with you," he teased good-naturedly.

"Well, I'll never be satisfied until I get it," she retorted, "Now, listen, Jim, and talk to me sensibly."

"All right," he agreed, "I'll begin by asking you a sensible question, 'Do you like housework?'"

"I hate it," she replied with such decided emphasis that no room was left for doubt. "But it is one of the essential things a woman should learn," he argued.

"No, just optional, if she has domestic inclinations, which I have not," she said quite succinctly.

"I think every woman should be trained in the art of home-making," he returned with quiet decision, "and be able to properly regulate all matters pertaining to the home and—"

"You are more unreasonable than father and mother combined," she interrupted hastily, "Mother wishes to conventionalise me through the pruning process of college life, while father—"

"Yes, what does father say?" he questioned eagerly.

"He says that he does not want me to educate my brain at the expense of my heart, whatever that means. All my family are against me." She finished dolefully.

"Rather you are at variance with your family," he corrected. Then he asked, "Are you sport enough to tackle a hard proposition?"

"What is it?" she questioned in an even voice, that conveyed no hint of curiosity nor possible acquiescence.

"Take a course at some good domestic science school to develop the practical side of your education."

"Domestic science," she repeated disdainfully. "Are you as mad as Hamlet pretended to be?" She spoke impatiently, rising from her chair, and going to the table, where she nervously picked up a book, only to lay it down again and return to the chair. Then she asked, "Are you in earnest, Jim?"

"Never more so," he answered laconically.

"I have not much latitude in the matter of choice," she remarked drily.

"A sort of between the devil and the deep sea arrangement," he laughed.

"Why do you suggest anything so absurd?" she demanded.

"Because it is expansion and not limitation that you need, and practice versus theory. You require a good working knowledge of domestic duties to fit you for a woman's true place, a home. I do not want you to become a blue-goggled professoress, with an astute brain and a shrivelled heart, and this research work foreshadows such a possibility."

"You are blunt," she told him quite dispassionately, then added, "I can see no room for expansion in your suggestion."

"Well, at least you can surely see that it might possibly prove a useful counter-actant," he rejoined. Then as she did not reply he continued, "May I ask you a personal question?"

"Yes, with the option of answering I suppose."

"Assuredly," he replied, then asked, "Are you interested in men?"

"Yes," she replied, mentally wondering where the question was leading, "if they are clever enough to make me interested in them."

"Oh, I don't mean in that heartless intellectual way," he said impatiently. "Have you ever thought of loving a man?"

"Why, yes," she returned calmly, "I dearly love Professor Ellis."

"Good heavens, that fossil," he exploded, "a man over sixty, and a widower twice removed."

"Well, I love him very much," she persisted.

"Yes, as a grand-daughter might," he laughed, "but have you never thought of loving a man of your own generation?"

"Never," she returned decidedly, "never," she repeated, "and I never intend to."

"Oh, well, in that case you may as well be a professoress," he said curtly.

"Why must a man enter into a woman's life?" she asked argumentatively.

"Because male and female created He them," he replied with quiet emphasis.

"What about yourself?" she questioned, "you are not following the advice that you are so generously suggesting to me."

"Yes, I am," he explained. "I was going to tell you about it soon. There's a girl in Alberta, a nurse whom I met abroad, who is true enough and loving enough to wait for me until I am stronger. I am going out there to a farm that I have purchased with father's assistance."

"I wish I were a man," her voice had a tone of complaint in it, "and could choose my life work without being frowned upon, and advised, and criticised. Father wished you to have a profession and you are going to be a farmer."

"I have consulted father in all my hopes and plans," he said defending himself,

"and he is kind and considerate as he always is."

She did not reply, so he asked, "Will you act on my suggestion?"

"I will never attend any such school," she said with quiet determination in her voice that told him further persuasion was useless. "But as a medium between your proposal and mother's let me go West with you when you go."

"Are you in earnest?" he asked, greatly surprised at this sudden change on her part.

"Yes, I really am," she assured him, "incredulous as it may seem. There are surely many opportunities for all kinds of progressive expansion out there. Let me keep house for you until you marry, unless you have other plans."

"But," he reminded her, "I understood you to say very decidedly that you did not like house work."

"I don't," she admitted, "but I can make myself like enough of it for our purpose. It's the conventionalised kind of domestic routine that I detest."

"If father and mother are willing I'll take you with me," he agreed, then added, laughingly, "you would have various outlets for your ceaseless energy, and you would be saved from becoming fossilized. This human condition is unknown out West. But say, Sis, there, I beg your pardon, you would have to learn to cook a few things so that when we are established we won't starve."

"Mother will tell me what to do," she said with gay enthusiasm, "and I'll learn to cook enough to sustain life. Will you broach my suggestion to father and mother? I have been opposing their wishes for some time—I suppose it would not be filial for me to say that they were opposing mine—and this proposal would have a better chance of being sanctioned coming from you. My future is in your hands," she said gaily. "Now I must go, for I promised Professor Ellis to verify some data for him this evening."

When she had left he said to himself, "It's a good plan and a feasible one too. She'll have different data to work on out there. She has not found herself yet and the fires of her heart are latent. She's a clever, interesting, fine-looking specimen of young womanhood, but she is rather self assertive. The West may modify that to the necessary amount. I wonder what the parents will say?"

ABOUT four months after this conversation Evelyn Graham was looking out of the window of her western home, over the wide stretch of prairie, waiting for her brother to return from town. As she looked across the distance, where the sky was glowing with its marvellous sunset colors, she thought of the change these months had brought. She could even afford to smile now at her many failures in housekeeping; but, undaunted, she had persevered until comparative success had been attained.

She knew that it was the result of her own suggestion that she was here. She had not forgotten her mother's direful predictions, of hard work and loneliness. Her father, too, had hesitated to sanction her plan on account of the difficulties she would certainly meet, but somehow Jim had overcome all objections and she had tried to prove the wisdom of her suggestion. At first ambition urged her to turn all their solemn prophesies into success, but, later, she learned to love her new ways of life. The time of failures and loneliness had passed. Her reverie was broken by their telephone call. After talking a few moments she hurried out to where the hired man was working, and told him: "Mrs. Lyle is ill. Her husband wants me to go over to stay with her while he goes to the village for some things that the doctor has ordered. Supper is ready for you and Jim when he returns."

The Lyles were the nearest neighbors, about half a mile away, and a friendly intimacy had developed between Mrs. Lyle and Evelyn. She hastened to the Lyle home, and found her friend ill with pleurisy, the two young children quite neglected looking, and Mr. Lyle exceedingly worried. When he was leaving for the village he told her he hoped to get a



Busy in the alfalfa field

Continued on page 12



# THE MYSTERY of the SUNSET PEARLS

By Edith G. Bayne

CAPTAIN STEPHEN AMES had seen much travel in the past five years. As the live wire of the great Intelligence arm of the fighting force his had never been a sedentary or mere office job. There wasn't a phlegmatic fibre in his entire being and his middle name was Mercury, while amongst the members of the staff and his few intimates he was known variously as Sure Shot Steve and The Go Gettem Boy—from which it may be accurately inferred that his failures had been few and his successes many. He had travelled in many lands and learned scraps of many tongues; he had seen beauty and picturesque, old-world charm, devastation and horror unutterable (with all that lies between) but his was the rare nature that is perennially interested. It was constitutionally impossible for him to develop a blasé soul no matter how frequently he circled the globe and the one delight that always enraptured him anew was rural England.

He was on a short leave from a dull German garrison town. Monty Rice had invited him to spend it at Gresham Manor the country seat of Lady Irma Gresham, Monty's stepmother and one of the most popular hostesses in smart England. Captain Ames had never seen the Manor and he anticipated a delightful fortnight. There were all sorts of interesting things there—an old moat, a ruined abbey, a mystic maze, a great park, a haunted wing and traditions without end in which to burrow. Gresham Manor was a bit of the real "Old" England, cobwebby with history, blue-molded and dust-encrusted with age. Of all many-sided Britain this aspect of antiquity appealed most strongly to the Canadian. When his train drew up at last at the lovely little rose-embowered station of Gresham he could scarcely wait for the guard to fling open the door.

Monty was there on the platform and to the rear was a humming, throbbing Daimler car with a long low body, yellow in color. But Monty seemed worried. After his brief but hearty greeting he drew his friend aside. The train went on.

"I say! I feel no end a rotter springing it on you like this, old top," he began hurriedly. "But I didn't know just where a telegram would catch you in London, or I should have dispatched one. By two-forty, however, there will be a train back to the City—or if you don't care to take it I could spin you in myself. I—you see—"

"Back to London!" exclaimed Ames with a blank expression. "What the—Am I not wanted?"

"I never could tell a story straight!" Monty exploded, with a mild malediction. "The fact is—I mean to say, you won't want to come to the Manor now. Nobody would under the circumstances. A most distressing occurrence, really! The Manor's in a holy turmoil. Ever since breakfast."

"Elucidate," said Ames, very much puzzled.

"Trying to, old thing. It's the deuce of a note! You see we're practically quarantined."

"Quarantined!"

"It amounts to that. The mater's request is virtually a command. The house-party is a flivver as you overseas chaps say. It started out so blithely too! Beastly shame and all that. No, not a disease, old chap. A robbery."

"A robbery!"

"You've heard of the Gresham pearls?"

"No, I haven't."

"I'm surprised! Thought everyone had heard of the famous sunset pearls! Well they've been pinched. Stolen, you know."

"Oh!"

"Overnight. And not a bally trace of the thief!"

"I see. And Lady Gresham—er—suspects one of the house-party?"

"It is thought that the thief is among those present," said Monty, carefully.

He bit his lips worriedly and cast another anxious glance from Ames to the car and back.

"Say the word and I shall run you into town like a shot," he said. "Car makes seventy with ease. (She's known as the Yellow Peril.) The mater and I rather fancied you'd be a bit dashed at the news and so she said you were to suit yourself. Naturally your visit will be anything but a pleasure, to yourself. We—"

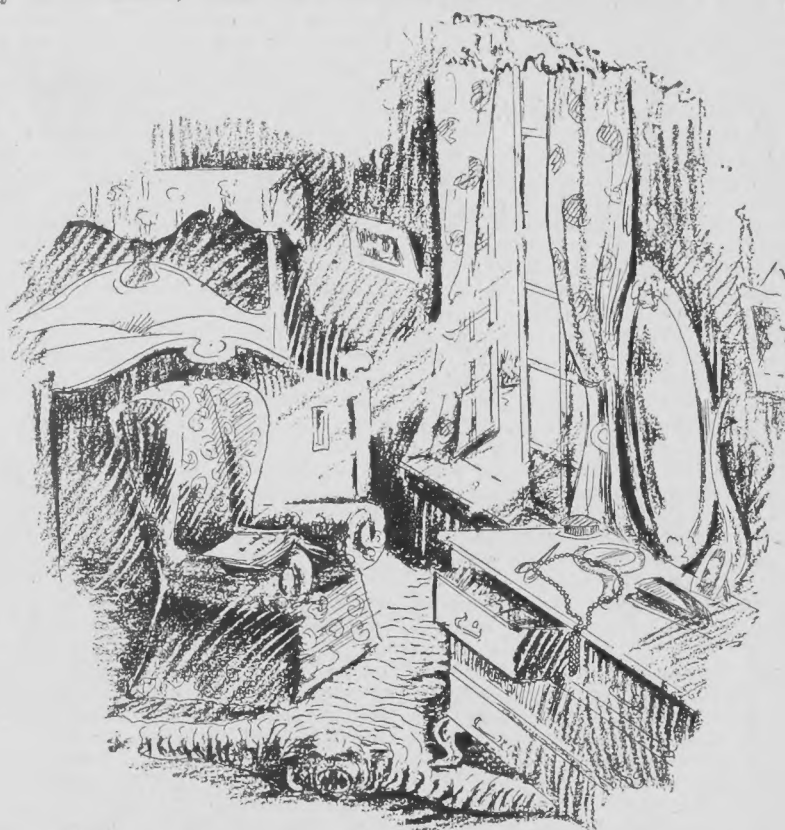
"On the contrary! If I'm not intruding, I'd like to go."

Monty's face brightened.

"I say! You're top-hole!" he exclaimed.

"Lead on, I wouldn't miss the Manor for ten robberies," the other declared.

They got into the car and on the way to the Manor, which was about



three miles distant, Monty gave fuller details of the disturbance. Some of his anxiety had already lifted at the evidence of moral support and good-fellowship on the part of his old friend. Monty was a slender but athletic youth with a great deal of nervous energy and clear, frank blue eyes. He had a rather winning disposition and a host of friends.

Boiled down, the substance of his story was this: A series of robberies had been taking place amongst the guests at house-parties all over the country. At first little general notice was attracted, but the Wellingham diamond robbery made the public sit up with a jolt. After this had followed the theft of plate and jewels from Oakley Grange, Mossleigh Manor, Wyndham Place—from a dozen "stately homes of England." People continued to entertain of course, but always with a detective present in the role of guest. Sometimes weeks would elapse and all would be well. Then society would be startled anew. The robber always covered his tracks up so cleverly that not the slightest clew was available. He was bare-faced, subtle, and amazingly knowing, for he took only the most valuable treasures. At length someone conceived the idea of securing and comparing the guest lists of the places robbed. This helped materially in arriving at an approximate conjecture in regard to possible suspects, but ended there for, narrowed down to a small group, it was established that the handful of guests who had been present at every party scandalized by robbery was composed of old, tried

friends of the family or else persons whose credentials were such as to permit of not the slightest shadow of doubt. For instance, the Bishop of Bolchester and his wife! Or the several army and navy officers, immune by the very nature of their calling! Besides these there were Lady Throckton and her daughter Maud—old country family; the Misses Norbridge, ditto; Mrs. Grace Floydwebb, noted author; Admiral Wells and his wife; two popular Canadian nurses, Miss Arden and Miss Taylor; Mrs. Marsh, a vivacious young widow, the favorite of all, men and women alike; and lastly Montague Rice himself.

"You can see the absurdity of it," said Monty with a rather forced laugh. "Fancy suspecting any of them!"

"The war," said Ames, reflecting, "has metamorphosed human nature. Sometimes a person who was the soul of honor—"

partly open. It was found undisturbed this morning. Besides, there is a sheer drop to the ground—the balcony doesn't run on that side—and the lawn was carefully examined and was found untrampled in any way. The nearest tree is a small oak and too far from the window to permit of it having been a factor in the case. No, I think we can count out the windows. The next nearest are my own and the west window of her bedroom was locked from inside because it rattled a bit. She locked it herself just before retiring. You'll remember there was rather a brisk breeze from the west last night."

"And the doors?"

"Ah, the doors! One or other of them must have served the thief and yet both were locked. When the jewels are out of the safe the mater always locks her doors—more I think from force of habit than from fear."

"You own apartments are next?"

"Mine pro tem. Because of the present crowded condition of the Manor I'm occupying the mater's dressing room. And I'm a very light sleeper. I should have heard the least untoward sound."

"Last night in London we had very bright moonlight," the Captain remarked after a short silence.

"Here in the country too. A remarkably lovely night."

"Your stepmother, then, missed the jewels on rising?"

"Before rising. At eight Angele came in as usual. It was she who discovered the loss. A valuable jade bracelet and some rings lying beside the pearls had been left. We think that rather strange."

"Was anything else disturbed? No chair misplaced or any sign that an intruder had gained entrance?"

"None."

"And so Lady Irma laid the—er—quarantine at breakfast."

"Yes. Bully of her, don't you think? It was no easy thing to do. But she declared that it was high time somebody took a stand—forced things to a head—or there wouldn't be a jewel of any considerable value left in England! So—nobody leaves the premises till the mystery is cleaned up."

"She's the right sort! How did the guests take it?"

"Good-humoredly enough. Some of them regard it in the light of a great adventure. You see, it brings a bit of excitement into our dull, conventional lives."

"Got Scotland Yard on the scent?"

"Rather! One chap—Grierson—was with us all along and two others came out on the noon express."

"Grierson's a smart fellow. Often heard of him."

"Well he's completely stumped. He admitted as much to me. I say!" Monty added, struck by an idea.

"Yes?"

"Why not put your own wits to work? You've been dealing with spies and looters and whatnot. If there's a clew lying about you'll have it before anyone!"

"You flatter me. My chief successes have taken me weeks and even months to compress. Afraid this is too subtle for yours truly. Don't let it get about that I—"

"I haven't. All they know is that you're attached to the staff at Gollenberg. You'd asked me not to give you away. You wanted a lazy holiday, free from any hero-worship and parade. Well, you shall have it! Everyone is engrossed in the present distressing situation. Even Reggie Grey our ace guest is almost ignored—not that the jolly beggar cares a hoot."

Nevertheless Captain Ames created no small impression at the Manor. Many welcomed him as a diversion if nothing more, and amongst the women he became immediately popular. By long odds the handsomest man there he

Continued on page 8

# THE REJUVENATION OF JANE

By M. C. McGeoch

JANE BEVERLY stopped powdering her nose and looked at it critically. It was a very good nose, short and straight, with spirited nostrils, but the powder had been bought at a bargain counter during the noon hour rush, and it suited her in neither color nor texture.

Jane had the blues. They had arrived unheralded at 3:45 p.m. clung tenaciously throughout the rest of the afternoon, and gained momentum with every jolt of the street car on the way home. The car was crowded, and she dangled wearily at the end of a strap for the full distance. It was a common experience for Jane, and one which hitherto she had always dismissed lightly from her mind, but the sight of the sprawling men, immersed in the sporting page and spreading themselves over a seat and a half, brought back the dull lonesome ache to her heart with increasing force.

"I wonder if they'd offer me a seat if I wore a Hudson seal coat and had my face calcimined," she thought, bitterly.

Despondency seemed to have marked her for its own that night, and to make the fact more certain, the first course at dinner was macaroni and cheese, her pet abomination. By 8:30 she had yielded her soul completely into the keeping of the little blue devils and was revelling in an unprecedented orgy of self-pity.

She reviewed her past from the time she left high school to take a position as junior bookkeeper with the firm of Seman & Bullard, at a time when junior book-keepers were a drug on the market. To-day she held the safe, lucrative and responsible position of secretary to Harrison Seman, Jr., son of Harrison Seman founder of the firm, who at the age of thirty-five had proved himself, by his long-headed business acumen, to be a true son of his father.

"And he never even sees me!" Jane threw the book she had been trying to read across the room. "He always has to look twice before he recognizes me on the street. And I'm twenty-eight years old, and I haven't had a beau for two years, and my skirts are far too long, and I wish I were dead!"

By this it will be seen that Jane was really in a bad way.

With the intention of aggravating her misery still further, she switched on the light above her dressing table and sat down to take stock of her defects.

Grey-green eyes. "Cat's eyes," said Jane, viciously.

Complexion—very good. "Red headed complexion!" said Jane.

Straight, red hair. "If it could only have been curly!" Jane had mourned a thousand times.

Mouth—but Jane in her most critical mood could not honestly find fault with the mouth in the mirror. Nature had meant it for love and laughter and romance, and not even eleven years of self-repression could totally destroy Nature's handiwork.

And suddenly, even more quickly than it had come, Jane's black fit folded its tent and departed. A half shamed smile touched her mouth, and presently broadened into a laugh.

"You crazy old fool!" she said, shaking a hair brush at her reflection. "It would be a lot better for you if you would spend your time in thinking up ways of improving what you already have, instead of wishing for something different."

She looked at herself critically, but in a different spirit to that of her first survey. She held up a strand of hair, looked at it long and thoughtfully, and argued the case "to bob or not to bob."

"Too old," was her final decision. "A permanent wave is the thing for you, old girl. A loose, ripply one to make it look natural."

Before Jane dropped off to sleep she had gone a long way on the road that leads to Adventure and Romance. She formulated three ambitions, and swore solemnly with her hand on an ivory powder box to do everything in her

power to achieve them, but they looked so foolish on paper that she immediately destroyed it. They were firmly fixed in her mind as follows:

- (1) To dance to a \$1,000 orchestra.
- (2) To wear a very short skirt.
- (3) To be kissed by a good looking man in a dimly lighted conservatory.

Jane fell asleep in five minutes. Such is the power of a fixed resolve, whether for good or ill, on the human mind.

And while she slept, Opportunity in the guise of an innocent looking bit of pasteboard measuring three by five inches lay forgotten in a neglected pigeon hole of Harrison Seman's desk.

Shall we call it chance that Jane should have chosen the next day to institute a house-cleaning campaign in Harrison Seman's absence, with that gentleman's desk as the principal seat of war? Rather let us believe that Jane's fairy godmother stood at her right hand, an unseen director of every movement. Jane was about to shove the card back into the pigeon hole when the words "fancy dress" in the corner caught her eye and touched a rejuvenated chord in her imagination. She glanced at the date.

"Why, it's for to-night!"

From fancy dress balls to orchestras and short skirts is not a long step, and Jane took it at a single leap.

"Why not?" asked Imagination, and Conscience echoed, defiantly, "Why not? Mr. Seman can't go when he's in Chicago, and the firm really should be represented." Which was an argument not really worthy of Jane and she knew it.

But Jane was blessed with a decisive mind. She closed her desk with a bang, put on her hat, left word in the outer office that she would be gone for the day, and started down town to the hair-dressers. The office staff gaped after her. For Jane to quit work in the middle of the day was an event of rare occurrence; for her to leave the office in Mr. Seman's absence was a phenomenon good for an hour's speculation.

Jane was nothing if not thorough. From the hair-dressers she visited a noted beauty specialist where she was kneaded, steamed, massaged, and cold-creamed for two blissful hours. They did everything but flay her, and Jane looked at their work in the mirror and found it good. But the hole it made in her bank account was something to marvel at, and it was only by sheer force of will that she was able to thrust it from her mind and concentrate upon her costume. Jane was careful by nature, training, and necessity, and the habits of a lifetime are seldom overcome in a day.

But it was finished at last, and when Jane stood in front of the mirror at

9:45 p.m. she was youth and beauty personified, from the tiny heels of her silver slippers to the last molten copper strand of her perfectly marcelled head. Her grey-green eyes danced as she looked at herself. She was out for a killing and looked it. The man who could look at her without a quickening heart beat must needs have his fingers crossed, a rabbit's foot in his vest pocket, and a lucky penny on his watch chain. She gave herself a final critical inspection, threw her rented evening cloak around her shoulders, adjusted her mask, and went down to the waiting taxi.

She had a tense, breath-holding moment when an awe-inspiring footman in gorgeous livery opened the door. The ordeal was over before she could have counted three, and she was carried along with a small crowd of masked figures up the broad staircase to the dressing-room, where an admiring maid paid her the unusual compliment of unsolicited attention. It said a good deal for the grande manner which Jane had assumed as a cloak for a spasm of demoralizing fright.

The murmur that went around the ball-room at her entrance acted on Jane like a tonic. Her chin went up, her shoulders went back, and she glided into a fox-trot with an enterprising cowboy who had outdistanced a phalanx of rivals by the simple expedient of doing the last fifteen feet at a run.

And Jane was worth looking at, and running after. Her ballet costume of silver tulle reflected the glittering candelabra at every movement, and excitement had tinted her cheeks the exact shade of the roses at her girdle.

"And to think," the cowboy was whispering, confidently, "that I tossed a coin to see whether I would come to this party or not!"

Jane laughed.

"And to think," she said, "of what would have happened to me if you hadn't come! There would have been one more lonesome dahlia along the wall."

"Yes, there would! Why, if I hadn't sprinted at the last lap you would now be dancing with that big hulking brute in the John Bull outfit."

Jane scarcely listened. Never in her wildest imagining had she pictured an evening crowned with such success as this. It stretched before her in a fairy-like panorama made up of a wonderful orchestra, wonderful partners, and a wonderful dancing floor. Two of her ambitions had already been gratified, and the chances of the third looked decidedly good. Things were certainly coming Jane's way.

And then she saw the Laughing Cavalier. Saw and recognized him, not only as the exact replica of Franz Hals

famous picture, but as the man whose poorly constructed sentences and grammatical errors she had been transcribing and correcting for the past eleven years, Harrison Seman, Jr.

To say that Jane was astonished is to give no idea as to her state of mind. According to the railway-time table, Seman should be in Chicago. But here he was in the flesh, with lace at his throat, lace at his wrists, hand on sabre, and a devil-may-care smile on his lips.

A shiver ran over Jane as she met his eyes and saw a flash of interest in them. For a moment she forgot the revelation her mirror had given her and did not realize that he looked at her for the very good reason that she was good to look at. Then remembrance returned, and she lifted her head with the pride of conscious beauty and turned to her companion, who had noticed the battle of looks and was scowling sulkily.

"Who is the cavalier?" she asked, carelessly.

"Don't know," grumbled her partner. "And don't care either. But I'll bet ten dollars to a half cooked doughnut that he cuts in on me in this dance."

He was a true prophet. They had gone a scant ten feet when he was struck on the shoulder, and the cavalier stood at his elbow, twirling his moustache, and grinning down at him.

"Monopoly of beauty isn't allowed at this dance," He smiled at the other's glare, and whirled Jane into the maze of dancers.

Fear held Jane tongue-tied. Would he recognize her? If he did, what would he do? Have her exposed and arrested? Undoubtedly she would lose her job. For the first time that night the truth of the old Biblical proverb "the way of the transgressor is hard" struck Jane forcibly.

Seman lost no time.

"I'm perfectly certain that I've met you somewhere. Where was it?"

Jane drew a deep breath and made a mighty resolve to play the game to the limit, come what might. She smiled provokingly behind her mask, and began to feel more at ease.

"You can hardly expect me to recall the occasion to your mind when it made such a small impression upon you that you've forgotten it."

"Forgotten nothing! How can people expect to be recognized with these confounded masks on? That's why we wear 'em."

"I knew you the moment you came into the room."

"You DID?"

"Certainly. I knew your feet."

For a moment he forgot that he was dancing. He stood still, and looked at his feet. Jane was enjoying herself. She was making the pleasant discovery that the art of "shooting a line" once acquired, is never entirely lost.

Seman gave up the effort and caught the step again. He looked at Jane suspiciously.

"Are you, by any chance, trying to kid me?"

Jane gave a gasp of mock horror.

"Kid? Shades of Shakespeare! Did I hear the correct Harrison Seman say 'kid'?"

Seman reddened to the band of his plumed hat.

"If you want to hear me swear, just keep on."

"Oh, I've heard you swear before. More than once, in fact."

"You've heard me—what did you say? Say that again!"

But relief was at hand. An Indian chief tapped Seman on the shoulder and he released Jane, dazedly. He made no attempt to secure another partner, but worked his way to the wall where he addressed a question half loud to no one in particular.

"Now, who-in-the-devil-is-that?"

That was a question he was to ask himself frequently during the next hour. He danced with Jane as often as he

Continued on Page 16



The above photo shows a class of girls belonging to the Little Mothers' League which is doing such good work in the rural districts of the West. The girls are instructed by trained nurses, and the work covers all branches of infant care and feeding.



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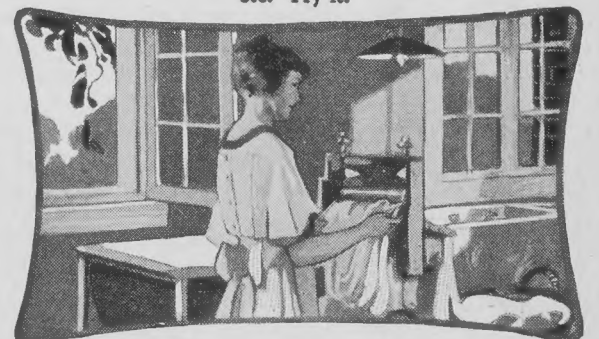
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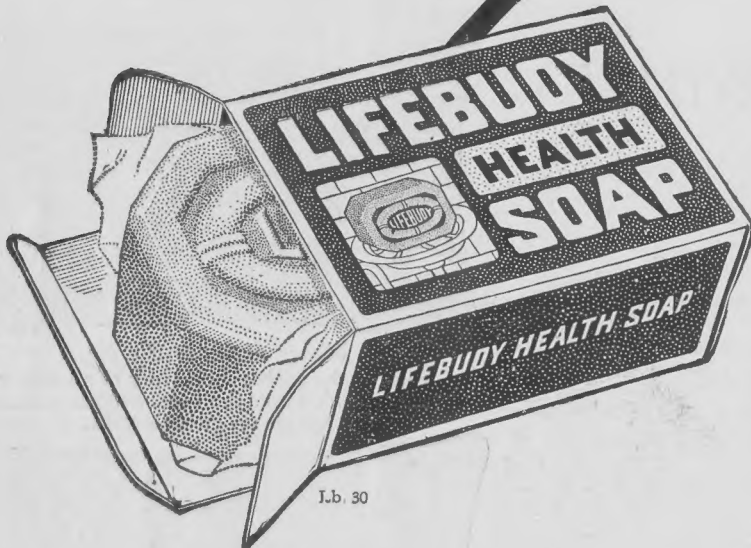
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B-53

## Mystery of the Sunset Pearls

Continued from page 5

found additional favor by reason of a certain air of aloofness and inscrutability that was part of him at all times. Women love mystery and Ames, though he didn't know it, was the very embodiment of it—a kind of walking enigma. It soon became evident to him that the guests, while good natured and unruffled on the surface, were seething with excitement. All were under a palpable strain. This was attested by glances, whispers, furtive looks, suddenly-hushed conversations and a sort of high-strung gayety designed to cover suspense. Yet in no face could he read the slightest sign of guilt—and reading faces was one of his specialties.

Lady Gresham was a tall, fair, somewhat faded woman addicted to pastel shades and highbrow conversation. Having no children of her own she lavished all of her affection on Monty. The Captain studied the guests at his leisure. For him two at least stood out from the rest as having much charm and individuality. These were Mrs. Marsh, vivid, golden-haired and coquettish and Miss Arden, dark-haired, rather quiet and yet oddly magnetic. He took Miss Arden in to dinner and he didn't learn for some days, and then only by accident, that

it over. Nothing interesting ever happened to me till I crossed the sea. So you can guess how perfectly thrilling a jewel robbery in an old English manor is to one like me! And if I could only get a clew, unaided!"

"Perhaps you will!"

Miss Arden's glance happened to fall at this juncture on a lady across the table and further up.

"I've just caught Mrs. Marsh gazing at you in such a steadfast, puzzling way," she remarked. "I believe she thinks she's seen you before. Ever met her anywhere?"

"Not to my recollection. The name is quite unfamiliar."

"She's very popular."

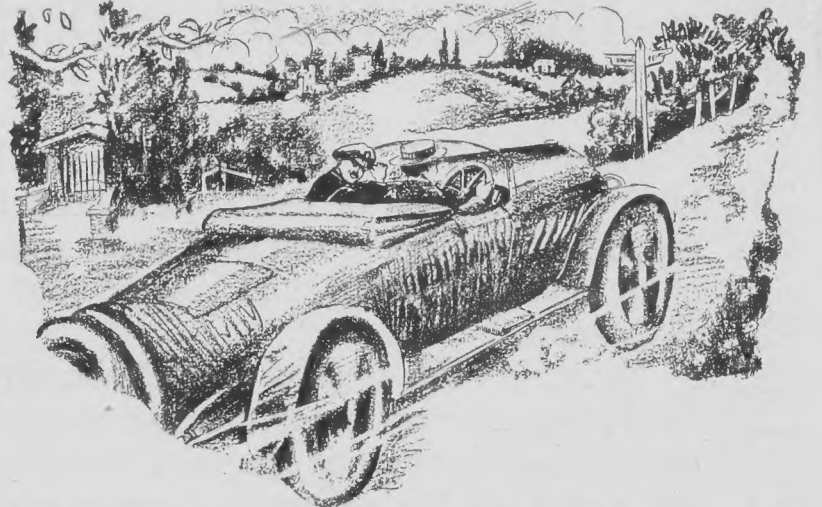
"So I can see. Are Monty's intentions in that quarter serious?"

"Are they ever serious?" smiled Miss Arden.

"Thought so once—when he and Miss Throckton went about together. That was in London."

"Oh, Maud? Yes, I've heard his ultimate choice will be her. But how we're gossiping!"

The others were gossiping too, however, tacitly avoiding any allusions to the painful topic so much under discussion all day. Admirably they



she held the Royal Red Cross for extreme courage on the occasion of a bombardment at the Front.

"What steps have already been taken?" he asked her in an aside.

"They called back the morning post-bag but nothing was found," she said. "Of course the rooms have all been searched. I must say everybody behaved beautifully. There wasn't any panic at all. And no hard feelings—at least outwardly. Oh I'm sure it can't be a guest! It must be one of the servants—some valet or caterer seized with avarice. Don't you think so?"

"No, I don't. A servant might pilfer. He seldom pulls off a stunt like this. And a whole series of them! It's almost incredible. This fellow is in a class by himself—a kind of super-Raffles, I should say."

"It's dreadfully exciting, waiting for him to be caught!"

"Probably it will come about in any way but a dramatic way, so one may as well keep cool."

"How unromantic you are! Why I'm just tingling," declared Miss Arden with a glance of curiosity at his keen cold profile. "You look as if nothing in the world could possibly excite you. You look as though you know more than you would tell! Oh! I—I've just had a horrible thought!"

"Yes?"

"Perhaps you're a detective! We've got three already!"

Ames laughed.

"Not guilty," he said.

"Why I'd be proud to be one! I'd like nothing better than to ferret out this mystery—be a kind of Miss Holmes! You see, at home my life was so dull and uneventful. I come from one of those somewhat small towns that have crawled halfway uphill and then sat down to rest and think

skirted it, as one skates round a hole in the ice.

"Which is Inspector Grierson?" asked Ames, presently.

"That dark, keen looking, oldish man next to Mrs. Floyd-Webb—the stout lady in grey, you know."

"I see. By the way, what are you doing immediately after dinner?"

"Nothing in particular."

"May I have the pleasure of your society in a walk about the grounds? I want to see the rose terrace and the abbey and a few of the many other interesting features of the estate. I judge we could get in an hour any way before dark."

"All right. But these nights there's no such word as dark. The moonlight flooding the terraces and the shrubbery and the pond makes everything stand out as clearly as in daylight. Last night it was wonderful—like molten silver!"

"Hardly the night Bill Sikes would have chosen for his work."

"No," said Miss Arden, reflecting, "But our porch-climber apparently spurns all precedent. He doesn't use such clumsy tools as a jimmy and nitro-glycerine, and then, being of the house-party,"—this in a whisper—"the moon's phases wouldn't need to enter into his calculations, would they?"

"No, if he was of the house-party," said Ames.

Several hours later Captain Ames met Monty at the door of the library.

"Oh! There you are!" cried the latter, who was in motor coat and cap. "Just ran in to find you. Want to come to the station?"

"The station?"

"Got to run in with some telegrams—messages from some of the guests telling their people that they are—er—staying on a bit. Do come. Only you or I may leave the premises and



I'd like company. Don't bother finding your own things. There's a coat and cap in the car outside. We ought to hurry. It's past ten."

"Has the Yard cabled Amsterdam and New York to ascertain if any of the booty has been unloaded on the big jewel centres?" Ames inquired as they sped smoothly and swiftly along the English pike.

"Assuredly. But the thief is evidently a wary bird. Nothing has been heard of any of the jewels from the first diamond down. All known fences have been tried and all ports watched. Once some weeks ago there was a rumor to the effect that the Mossleigh diamonds had been found in a bale of cotton goods sent from Manchester to Brussels. But it was never confirmed."

"Just why," asked Ames, then, "is it assumed that the thief is of the house-party?"

"Well, no strangers have been seen in the village lately. And in England a newcomer is always noted."

"That's scarcely proof enough. Arguing that way the pearls must still be on the premises."

"No doubt they are. If so, you or Grierson will find 'em. I haven't a doubt of it. Queer how your company bucks a chap up! Until you came I was feeling woozy. You see, old top, the sunset pearls are willed to me. Naturally I take a heartfelt interest in the matter. How in Hades can I ask Maud to marry me if I haven't the pearls to hang on her lovely person!"

"Does Miss Throckton require such an inducement?"

"Hanged if I know! But I know women."

"Take my advice and ask her before the pearls are found."

"I haven't got the nerve, old top. In her presence I lose what little original courage I possess. I get shaky at the knees. You probably know what I mean, eh?"

"Yes. Not from experience though. And with the pearls to back you up you were about to take the plunge?"

"I was. They gave me moral support, you know," and Monty sighed despairingly.

"Has your stepmother any suspicions? Wait—that's hardly a fair question, is it? I mean did she not realize that she was doing a careless thing in leaving those priceless pearls unguarded? There are such things as skeleton keys. It is strange that she felt no qualms."

"Well, as I said, she was very much fatigued. We had danced until nearly two. No, I think she simply didn't pause to reflect. There was one thing though—but it may mean nothing whatever!"

"Let us hear it."

"It is this: just before daybreak she woke very suddenly. In fact, she could scarcely have slept above an hour and a half. At this season dawn comes early. Now the mater is a sound sleeper. Seldom or never is her sleep broken and this sudden awakening for no apparent reason puzzled her. In addition her heart was beating a little rapidly as though from an exciting dream. But she hadn't been dreaming, she says. Everything was quiet. The house was wrapped in that heavy silence that precedes daylight. She could hear the faint twittering of birds and that was all. So in a moment or two she turned over and went to sleep again."

"The maid has a key to the rooms?"

"Yes, Angele sleeps with one of the parlor-maids. Her key is on a chain. It is a key to the bedroom and no one ever touches it but herself. The dressing-room key I have myself as I occupy that chamber at present. The mater has the only other keys."

"This Angele is French?"

"A middle-aged, discreet, rather pleasant Frenchwoman. No temper, no bad habits, no airs, and devoted to the mater. She's been with us nearly fifteen years. The loss of the pearls has been as keenly felt by Angele as by either the mater or me."

At the station while Monty transacted his business, Ames paced up and down behind him, pondering deeply.

In spite of a certain reluctance he had felt about putting in his oar, as he would have termed it, the various baffling aspects of the case piqued his curiosity. As gun-powder to a war horse so was a mystery to Stephen Ames. It called to him like a lover. It was his natural and most congenial environment.

The telegraph clerk was an elderly man, short-sighted and deliberate. It seemed to require an interminable time to take and then re-take each message. Once the outer door opened, causing a draught which fluttered all the papers on the window-ledge. Of the sheaf which Monty loosely held in one hand several papers drifted to the floor. Ames stooped to retrieve them for him. One he missed. It had fallen behind the door and only became visible when the door closed again. Ames picked it up and was in the act of extending it when his eye chanced to rest on the pencilled lines. Something in the caligraphy seemed to arrest his attention. He drew the paper closer and read the few lines that comprised the message. Then with a swift glance at the wicket he quietly pocketed the note.

When the pair reached the Manor again it was to find it in a state of confusion and terror. Captain Reginald Grey, a good-looking young airman had been shot in the arm while walking on the terrace. There had been two shots, the first missing him by a few inches. Although many of the guests had retired all had heard the shots and panic reigned everywhere for the shooting had been too close to the house to attribute it to poachers. It was quite apparent that Grey had been deliberately aimed at—which was the more unaccountable as he hadn't had a personal enemy in the world. He was the most genial and light-hearted of all the gentlemen at the Manor. An army surgeon among the guests had attended to the wound, which was merely a flesh one, and the young man was nonchalantly finishing his cigar, while scouting parties were already abroad in the grounds and neighborhood. Grey had not worn anything on his head as the night was close. The shots, he declared, had come from the direction of the spinney on the nearer side of the park but he was unwilling to go on oath as to this, having, naturally, been considerably startled and possibly confused about the direction.

About one o'clock the search-parties came back—with nothing whatever to report. No footprints. No word of a stranger seen in the neighborhood. Nothing.

Miss Arden had been the last person with Grey. They had paced the terrace several times, the full length of it on the moonlit side. Then she had said good-night and gone indoors. Less than five minutes later the two revolver shots had rung out. Mrs. Marsh on receipt of the intelligence had nearly fainted. She and young Grey had been very good friends—even more, it was thought—and one or two ventured to assert that had the pretty widow not retired early on account of a headache it would certainly have been her and not Miss Arden who had walked the terrace in his company. Mrs. Marsh had a way of "fading out" all the other women whether by sheer force of personality or by deliberate method, and the young ace was frankly infuriated.

Ames slept but little. Very early he rose and went out into the dew-drenched grounds. He had an idea that the cool air of morning might help to clear the mists in his brain. In a thin little copse near the artificial pond he came suddenly on very soft springy ground, moss and lichen covered. His footfall made no sound whatever and that was probably why he was almost upon another person before he was altogether aware of her. It was a woman in a grey jersey. She too was out for an early ramble and looking for wintergreen berries or else the blue violets indigenous to this region for she was stooping over the ground, searchingly. Ames drew back

Continued on page 10



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# Blessings from Heaven

By Aug. E. Matthews

GEORGE DALE arose at an early hour; it was his usual habit. He was young, physically and mentally, but upon his once smooth brow were knitted a network of wrinkles. Not wrinkles of age but of worry. His sky blue eyes glistened under burdensome anxiety; his general expression was gloomy and sad. With a motion full of disgust he pushed the bed covers slowly and carefully aside and landed on the floor with a heavy step. At once his anxious eyes wandered out of the window unto the suffering field of wheat. He did it not only this morning but had it done for the four past weeks, always hoping to see some change, some turn of weather in favor of his only fortune—his crop. The wheat was headed but it was still very close to the ground from whence it had sprung with conflict against the lack of moisture. But worse than this, its soft hue of green was rapidly fading into an uninviting brown and yellow. George felt sick. His heart beat heavily.

Two previous years he had witnessed the very same sorrowful sight, two tiresome years he had hoped in vain, two long years he had experienced the sharp teeth of failure. And here was the third; very near indeed! All his hopes, his bright and happy dreams of the future were lost. He had lived in them incessantly busy, bright and happy, always ambitious and content. But now? Now they had vanished, disappeared like a bubble that once glowed prominent and real, and then in an instant was lost and gone forever.

Yes, he had lost them and now he lived in hard, grim reality. The unwelcome change suppressed him, his feelings and his spirit. He turned with a motion prominent of a burdened mind from the window from which every morning, dull, bright and dismal he viewed his fields, once his flourishing gardens of hope and promise now but a desert, embracing a myriad dying souls. He turned, and as a matter of habit more than intention, led his weary foot steps down the stairs, entered the kitchen, shut the door behind him with an echoing bang and with a heavy heart and motion that displayed weariness and fatigue despite the night's repose, he began to light the fire. His fingers worked mechanically or rather instinctively with the kindling; his conscious mind was too occupied, too suppressed by the problems of his life to be aware of such a common task. Somehow his fingers found a match. When he lighted it it dropped from his feeble, unconscious hold and, luckily, landed among the shavings. As the tongue of the new born flame rose gradually to a crackling fire he sat down, crossed his feet and stretched his hands towards it. He began to think and to reflect on his financial condition and was soon lost in the sea of perplexed problems that had crowded his brain during the last two years.

Soft steps were audible in the hall but George heard them not. Presently the door opened gently.

"Got the kettle boiling already, darling!" It was Marion, his beloved partner in his life's hard routine. She looked at him fondly, her other hand holding the partly closed door. Here eyes sparkled with fire of ambition, intelligence and passionate love. Her complexion was as fresh and sweet as that of a delicate rose after a summer rain shower. Locks of her auburn hair wandered over her brow and added grace to her beauty. She was a busy farm woman and she felt no inclination to lay long in bed after her husband had resumed his daily duties. So here she was, already out of night robes and ready to begin in earnest every duty that fell on her part to perform.

"Have you been to the barn yet? Daisy was quite sick last night. She might have got worse during the night," she ended softly.

George remained silent as if he heard nothing, or else cared nothing. He was gazing blankly before him as if in a trance.

Marion did not fail to notice that George was troubled. She stepped softly beside him, caught his heavy wrist into her gentle grasp, let her other hand wander his feverish brow and kissed him fondly on his hot cheek. "What is the matter with you, dear," she enquired.

George was startled by the application of her cool hand and looked up at her wide eyed, as if silently questioning her attitude towards him.

"What's the matter with you, darling?" Marion repeated. "Did something unexpected happen to you in town last night?"

"Oh, I wish it was only that but—we are doomed. We are ruined," he said with a heavy sigh that carried an under current of agony.

"What has happened?" Marion enquired hastily.

"We are ruined. That's all. We will lose everything."

"Well—darling, tell me what has happened. Please do tell me what has happened," she pressed on George, her voice vibrant with fear over the unexpected news which she would hear in the next few moments.

"Oh well," he sighed again, "there is nothing to tell. You know it all your self." Then he paused as if bereft of all words. To Marion this pause seemed to be eternity, so anxious she was to know what had occurred.

With a great effort George broke the deadly silence that ensued: "I was to the bank yesterday, you know, and asked them to loan me a few hundred dollars and they refused me and—"

"Oh, spaw! a thing like that to worry about." Marion broke in greatly relieved. "We can plot along without their blooming money. Let them keep it. As long as our cows won't go dry we will get our little needs from the cream cheques. And I am sure Mr. Farrington will not press us with our grocery bills. Come on, cheer up, you foolish little dove."

"Wait. That wasn't all. I asked them to loan us some more money on our stock. They refused absolutely to do anything of the kind. To make the matters worse they know that our crop is a failure and now they are out to get their money. They told me frankly that if I could not settle with them when the note became due (that is three weeks from yesterday, you know) they will hold a judicial sale and dispose of our stock—and implements and other property. The mortgage comes due in two weeks time. I tried to get this money to pay off the overdue interest, you know. Then they might have renewed mortgage and we would have had a chance to pay it off when the better years come; but now we will lose everything. The bank will take our property, the mortgage company our land. We will be reduced to tramps," he ended with agony.

Marion stood still like a statue, awe stricken and speechless. She had not realized that the total of the circumstances had culminated into such a critical epoch. Before her eyes floated bold and vivid visions of forced departure from their beloved home, visions of hard, endless roaming among the large army of failures, visions of poverty, misfortune and misery.

She had always taken a first hand interest in all the items of farming, whether they belonged to the household or the field, to raising of chickens or breeding of horses or cattle but she had not acquainted herself with the responsibility of meeting liabilities. It was therefore a sudden, unexpected, practically unknown revelation to her. It left her stupefied, a victim to the situation. Her brain was no more clear. She gazed before herself blankly just as George had done. A dismal cloud came over her eyes; her heart began to beat heavily as if she saw a horrible monster in act of devouring her and her husband. She clenched her fists and unconsciously drove the tips of her slender fingers into the flesh

Continued on Page 14



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# SETTING THINGS RIGHT

Continued from page 4

nurse and also someone to do the housework. On returning he found a comforting change in his home. The children had been cared for and his wife resting more easily. "You're a friend worth having, Miss Graham," he said gratefully, then added rather anxiously, "I could not get any help. I telephoned to my mother in Edmonton. She is coming to-morrow evening and will bring a nurse with her, in the meantime—"

"In the meantime I am here to do what I can," she interrupted cheerily.

"But—but, Miss Graham, you are not accustomed to such difficulties."

"A few unaccustomed difficulties won't hurt me," she returned with a merry smile. "Eat your supper and then you will feel more hopefully about everything."

After supper he went to put the children to bed. She heard them demand their usual bedtime stories and the father trying to hush them to quietness. Soon the stillness told her that they were all asleep.

About an hour later Mrs. Lyle's brother, Jack Hawtry, came to enquire for his sister.

"Where is Tom?" he asked.

"He's asleep with the children. He's very tired and needs rest. I will remain with Mrs. Lyle. She requires constant care and constant attention."

"I'll stay with you," he said. "I may not be able to help much, but I'll be company and be on hand if you need me."

As the hours passed, and he watched her tender, watchful care of Mrs. Lyle, he whispered gratefully "You are a faithful nurse, Miss Graham."

"This is my first case," she said with a smile, "I have never had such responsibility. I hope I am not blundering in any way. I am trying to follow the doctor's orders implicitly."

"I'm sure that no one could do better," he answered sympathetically.

When Mr. Lyle's mother and the nurse came Evelyn took the children home with her so that Mrs. Lyle would have the quiet she needed.

THE boy was a sturdy five-year old and the girl three. The first evening, when bedtime came, the little girl cried for her mother. Then Evelyn called to mind almost forgotten nursery rhymes and recited them while she rather awkwardly prepared the child for bed. This diversion had a quieting effect on both children. The girl cuddled in Evelyn's arms and coaxed for more and yet more stories, and the boy brought his chair close beside her and enjoyed them too. But she soon observed that story telling kept them awake, so she began to sing in a low voice, and in a few minutes the little one was asleep. After she had been carried to bed the boy pleaded for more songs until his eyes began to close in spite of his determination to keep them open. Then he said sleepily, "I guess I'll have to go to bed, but I must say my prayers first. Mother always lets me say them at her knee, will you?"

"Say them just as you do for your mother," she whispered softly.

He knelt down and folded his hands, then looked up and said, "Put your hands on my head, mother always does."

She did as he told her and with bowed head listened to his simple petition.

Her brother was reading the paper, but he stopped to watch the little homelike scene before him. "Her woman's heart is true. I have misjudged her," he thought.

After the boy went to bed he said to her: "It is such training as that child is getting that helps to regenerate the world."

"Parents have big contracts," she returned earnestly, "to fit their children for both earth and heaven is a great responsibility."

"Yes," he replied thoughtfully, "but the joy must outweigh the responsibility."

JACK HAWTRY came over to visit the children, and the boy, just at the age to be communicative, told him: "Miss Graham sings to us and tells us stories and makes us little cakes and pies. She lets me pray beside her knees just like mother does, and kisses me good-night too." Evelyn was busy in the kitchen when this confidence was given, but Jim heard it and, somehow, was glad that Jack knew.

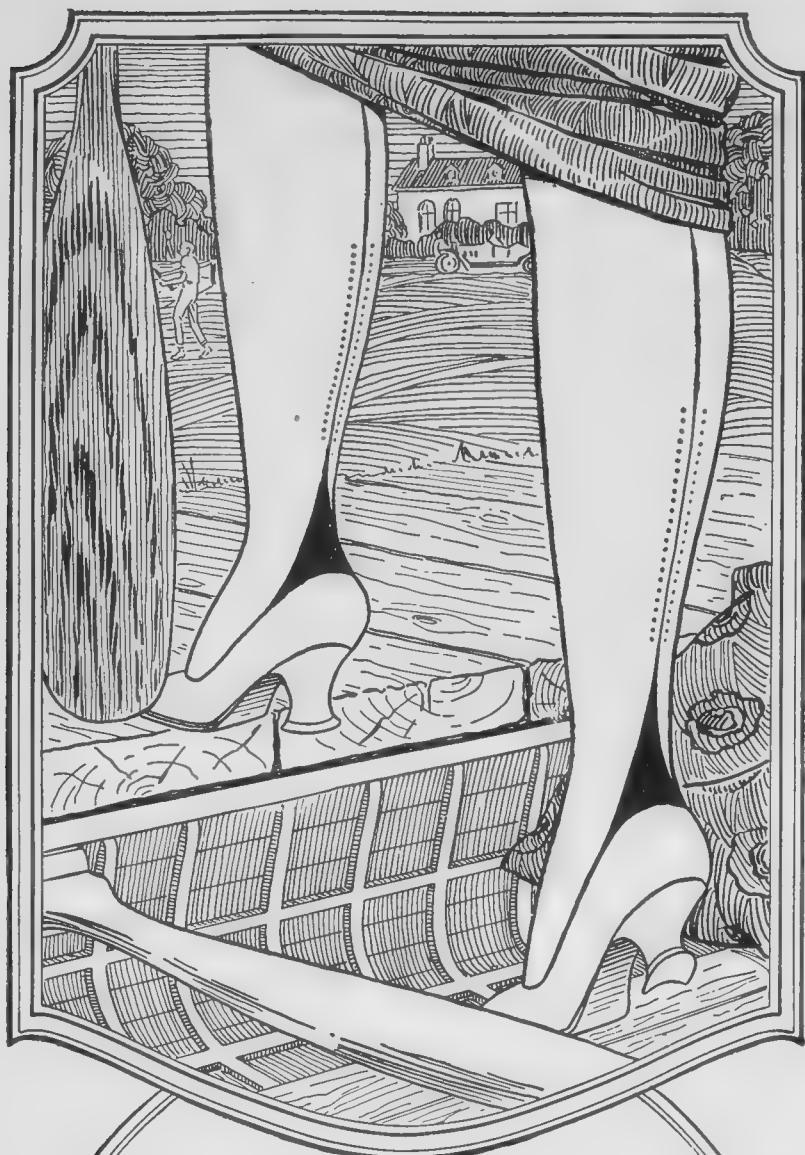
When Mrs. Lyle was well enough to have the children return home, Evelyn used her spare time in learning to drive their car. One afternoon she was longer away than usual and her brother was rather anxious about her absence. When she came he said: "I was afraid that you had met with an accident. I was greatly worried."

"Quite unnecessary," was her merry reply, as they walked towards the house. "I was at Mrs. Simpson's attending a Women's Institute meeting. I did not intend going when I left home. I called on Mrs. Simpson and found the meeting in progress. I was invited to remain, and then to become a member. I did both. There seems to be room for all kinds of legitimate expansion in this organization, from the laws affecting women in Alberta to the best way of curing a ham."

That evening when work was done and they were having their usual talk, she said: "If any one had prophesied six months ago that I would be living on a farm in Alberta, and be a member of a canning, cooking, and general domestic institution, I would have considered such a one in the last stages of imbecility. Some of the women I met today have had university training, too. Quite a descent is it not?"

"Descent, indeed, in my opinion it is a decided ascent," he rebuked, tersely jerking out his words. "Get rid of such educational snobbery. These women have good, practical common sense, which is an excellent asset to their education, and their homes and the community are better for it."

"Don't get wrathful, Jim," she said laughingly. "We have different viewpoints that's all. Perhaps it will appease your indignation to learn that Mrs. Simpson is going to teach me more about cooking. I am to go to her home every



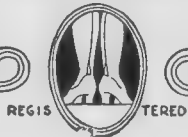
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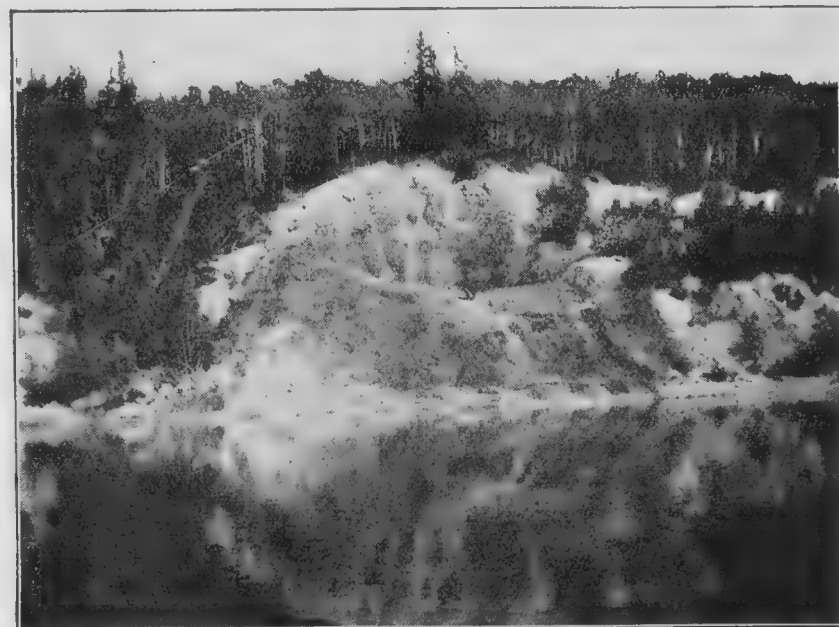
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Friday morning for lessons. She does her weekly cooking that day. Now, are our educational extremes meeting?" she asked merrily, much amused at the expression on her brother's face.

"Splendid," he returned approvingly. "I have a favor to ask and this seems a propitious time for it. I am going to help Jack Hawtry to-morrow, and he will help me the next day. Will you come with me to cook our meals? Work is crowding us hard now. Mrs. Lyle always helps Jack out, but she is not fit yet."

She hesitated and he said quickly, with a hurt in his voice, "Never mind we'll manage somehow."

"You are too impatient," she quietly rejoined. "I am not such an adept at preparing meals that I care to exhibit my ability in another person's home. You allow no margin for my self-depreciation. Of course I'll go. I'll take my cookery book along and do my best."

"Pardon my explosion, Sis," he apologized rather contritely. "I'm satisfied with your cooking. You'll do all right to-morrow. We'll both be mighty glad of your help."

She made no answer, so he continued: "Jack's a good fellow. I like him immensely."

"He seems to be a fine farmer," she answered in a level, indifferent voice, intimating by her tone that she gave him little thought.

"I suppose he's not clever enough to interest you, but he is a downright good fellow just the same," he replied emphatically.

"I see no reason why I should be interested in him," she returned imperturbably. "As for his good qualities, I do not doubt that he possesses them since you say so. I treat him well when he comes to see you. I even prepared a special dinner for him last Sunday because you invited him, and this was an exceptionally difficult thing for me to do. Now, where have I failed in courtesy?" she challenged.

"Not in courtesy; oh, no," he replied. "You have too much innate good breeding and training to do that, but you are so freezingly polite and as distant as the farthest star. How on earth do you ever expect a man to fall in love with you?"

"I'm not expecting anything so dramatic, comic, or tragic, whatever way it might be staged. You are in such a glamour of love yourself that you are trying to see a halo of it around my head too. It's not there, so don't imagine it. Allow me to live my life in my own way and I will be satisfied."

"Well, of course, I want you to be happy," he explained in a puzzled way, "but, honestly, I believe that too much learning has chilled your woman's affections. I'm expressing it badly but you get my meaning don't you?"

"You are ridiculous," she laughed but gave no admission whether she knew his meaning or not.

THE next morning she went with her brother to Jack Hawtry's. His home was larger than Jim's. In fact, it was quite pretentious for the prairies. He kept it always in very good condition, but now when work was so urgent it was neglected. He apologized to Evelyn for the dusty corners, and other evidences of bad housekeeping, and left her in control.

Some lurking ambition urged her to achieve more than was expected of her. She inspected the larder, consulted the cookery book, and began preparations.

Jack came first to dinner, possibly to give assistance if needed. He did not disguise his surprise and appreciation, but gave expression to his feelings more by his tone and looks than by his words, "something smells good. How homelike everything is."

She was pleased at his honest appreciation, but only answered in a pleasant, nonchalant way "Hungry men must be considered, you know. Tell Jim to hurry."

On the way home that evening her brother said to her, "You are a splendid specimen of a sister. You did your part well today. Poor Jack envies me."

"He needn't," she returned quietly, while her heart glowed at this praise, "he has an excellent sister of his own, and if she were able would have helped today instead of me."

"I wish you would remain with Janet and me after we are married," he said, irrelevantly.

"It would not be wise," she answered quite philosophically, "people should begin their married life alone, so as to grow accustomed to each other's idiosyncrasies. I'll have these pleasant months to remember, and when I am assisting Professor Ellis, I can think of my burnt fingers, my many failures in making pies and biscuit, my qualms over my first batch of bread, and how the meat would frizzle almost out of sight, and the potatoes boil dry or into pieces. I can also recall the beauty of the prairies with their flowers and vast wheat lands, and the marvellous sunsets. Oh, I will have countless reminiscences."

"Bother your reminiscences," he returned irritably, "you are surely teasing. Hasn't the appeal of the West gripped you yet?"

"Yes, Jim, it has," she confessed hurriedly. "I don't want to go home. Perhaps I can get some satisfactory position."

"I'm tremendously pleased," he said. "You'll stay with us until the satisfactory something turns up."

THE next day, when Jack came to work with Jim, she cooked and worked as usual. In the evening when the men came in Jack said to her, "I'm going to the village. Will you come along? You have been working hard all day."

"Yes, I'll enjoy the ride. I miss our car. Jim has been too busy to replace the tire I punctured so badly. Is he coming too?"

"I did not invite him," he answered, as they drove off.

"Could we not call for Mrs. Lyle?" she asked with some hesitancy.

"No, we'll not ask Nan," he laughed. "You seem to want the whole family along. I invited only you."

Jim was sitting outside smoking when they returned. Evelyn gave him a bundle of papers saying, "Here is your weekly budget," then passed into the house.

He looked up searchingly at Jack and asked, "Have you and Evelyn quarrelled? She seems rather quiet, or different somehow."

"No, we have not quarrelled," he replied with evident confusion, "on the contrary, she has promised to remain with me always. I hope you do not object."

"Jack, old boy, I'm immensely pleased," Jim said heartily. "I hoped for it, but I saw no evidence of the hope ever being fulfilled. She certainly kept her feelings for you carefully controlled. I often tried to find out her opinion of you, but I never could. In fact, I thought she didn't care for you."

"I thought so myself," Jack admitted "until that night when my sister was ill. She was kind and considerate then. But yesterday finished me," he continued joyously, "when I saw her so at home in my home, bravely doing her part in the vastness of the work here. I can hardly believe in my good fortune, for I am a common-place sort of fellow."

"She evidently does not think so," Jim replied with feeling. "I'm glad that she is wise enough to look straight into a good man's heart and make her own conclusions."

"Where are you Evelyn?" Jim called after Jack had left.

"Here," she answered coming from her room with a happy, conscious look on her face.

"I'm as pleased as possible," he said joyfully. "But you have sprung a big surprise on me. I had no idea you cared for him."

"I did not want you to have," she confessed, happily. "You see Jack upset all my theories about my career and—and—"

"I understand," he laughed, "and many things are better imagined than explained. Then he quizzed teasingly, "What about setting the world right now?"

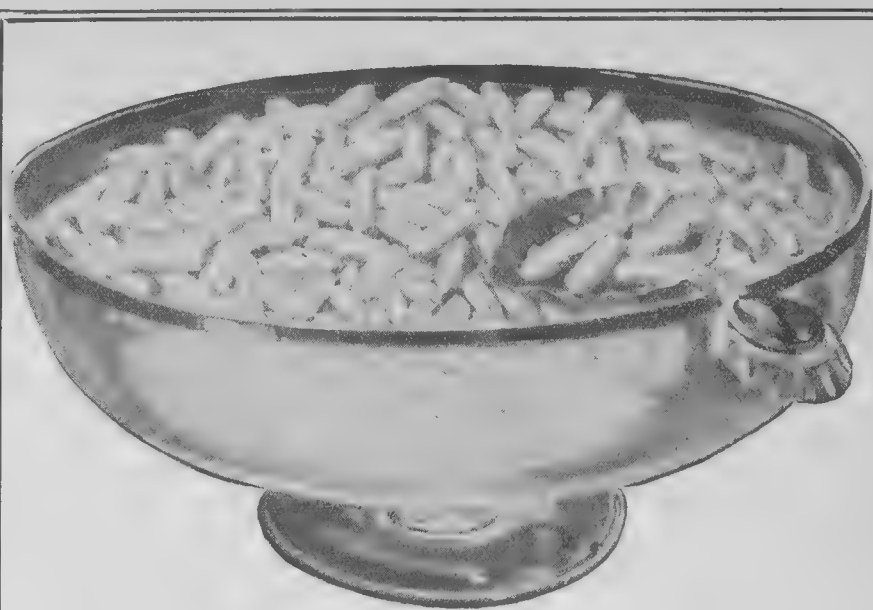
"I have set myself right," she answered earnestly, "and the world seems—beautiful."

#### A Mild Adventure

He was telling a thrilling story of his hair-breadth escape, says the Chicago News, and the young girl leaned forward and hung upon his words breathlessly.

"And they were so near," he said, "that we could see the dark muzzles of the wolves."

"Oh, how lucky," she gasped. "How glad you must have been that they had their muzzles on!"



## Like Fairy Foods

### Yet shot from guns

The queerest foods in the world are Puffed Rice and Puffed Wheat. They look and taste like food confections — airy, flimsy, flaky morsels, almond-like in flavor.

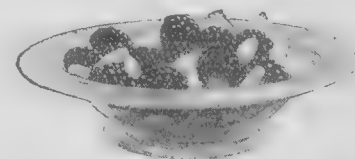
Yet they are Prof. Anderson's creations — the utmost in scientific grain foods.

The grains are steam-exploded — shot from guns. Every food cell has been blasted. Every granule in the whole grain has been fitted to digest.

No other process makes from whole grains such ideal foods as these.

### The finest cereals homes ever serve

Puffed Grains have made whole grains tempting. Children revel in them. Millions of homes are serving them morning, noon and night. They make whole grains wholly digestible, so that all of the elements feed.



It doubles the delights of berries

### All-hour foods in summer

Make them more than mere breakfast dainties.

Crisp and douse with melted butter for hungry children at their play. Mix in every dish of berries. Use like nut-meats on desserts.

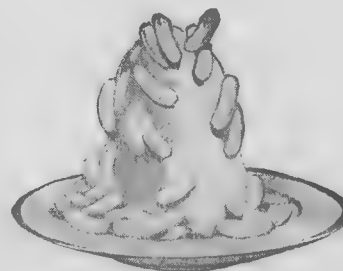
For luncheons and suppers serve Puffed Wheat in milk. That forms a practically complete food which does not tax digestion. It lends a fascination to the diet children need.

## Puffed Rice

Steam-exploded grains

## Puffed Wheat

Puffed to bubbles



Like airy nut meats on ice cream



Puffed Wheat in milk  
The good-night dish

## The Quaker Oats Company

Peterborough, Canada

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Enough reading matter to supply your needs for the coming twelve months, and you will be delighted with the Tray Cloth which is stamped on good quality crash, and all ready for embroidering.

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I enclose \$1.25, for which please send me The Free Press Prairie Farmer for one year, The Western Home Monthly for one year, and the Stamped Tray Cloth

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## BLESSINGS FROM HEAVEN

Continued from Page 11

of George's wrist.

"Have mercy, dear!" cried George, trying to free himself from her deadly grip.

This brought Marion out of the checkered world of illusions and she became herself again.

"But our grain is not a failure yet," she began slowly, after a grave reflection on the subject, as if uncertain about the soundness of her statement. "It is not dead yet."

"Yes, but it's no better than a total failure. A few more days of this hot weather and no rain will scorch the last living blades to ashes."

"Oh, no, it is not a failure yet. It can't be," she said, to bring herself to believe that everything was all right, even though it was at the expense of the truth about the matter, because she was one of those precious, diligent beings that seldom allow themselves to worry but remain happy and take everything as it comes. "Rain? We don't have to worry about rain. It will come. It has been due long enough. And say, dear, I am sure it is going to rain to-day. I remember I dreamt something last night that certainly signifies rain. I am certain that it will rain. I bet you a whole lemon cream pie," she ended laughing and kissed him with a feeling of love mixed with duty.

The kettle was now boiling vigorously and sent out a steady stream of hot steam. Marion began her duties about the kitchen. It was rather a hard and dull beginning, with the sharp points of "the truth of the circumstances" beating mercilessly against her soul; but her life path up to this moment had not been strewn with flowers by any means; she had gone through many a trying strife, through grief, melancholy and sadness and had always arrived on the other side as a victress, and from her experience she had formulated her most precious maxim of human life,—"be always happy—come what may." Thus, clinging to her most useful principle, she forced the troubling thoughts out of her mind and, in accompaniment to her busy hands, she began singing songs of love and lovers, folk songs, and the harmonious melodies she had learned in her childhood. The tunes and the impressive verbal composition went to the depths of George's troubled heart, moved his imagination so that he lived again in the joyous days of his childhood and the early days of his manhood when he wooed his priceless bride. He rose from his seat, light hearted and gay and turned to mind his chores.

As soon as he crossed the threshold his eyes wandered instinctively to the sky, the same way as they had during the past four weeks, always expecting to see some sign of rain. There was the crimson sun, yet low in the eastern heavens; over all spread the cold, blue dome of the pitiless skies. Not even a fleecy fragment of a cloud displayed itself. A cold chill ran down his spine but he was used, very used to greet a morning like this and rather than sink back into the melancholy mood from which his wife had just rescued him with her charm and her charming songs, he hurried to do his chores.

Although this morning was like, very like other mornings, yet there was something strange in the atmosphere, something different that attracted his attention. The cow bell had never sounded so clearly. When the horses neighed it seemed as if the voices came from the distance of only a hundred yards while in reality the pasture where they fed that morning was over a mile away. When his neighbor began his farm yard dialogue he could hear him quite distinctly and when the rumble of a freight train, some ten or fifteen miles distant, vibrated through the morning air his surprise grew to a climax. From his long experience as a farmer and a rural resident he knew that this was a sign of abundant moisture in the atmosphere. His hopes began to come back to him.

"It may rain after all," he admitted to himself but the thought inspired no confidence. After experiencing two years of severe drought it seemed to him too good even to imagine that such an uncommon incident should take place as a fall of rain.

Towards the noon, as the sun worked its way higher up into the dry sea of firmament, the weather became intensely hot. The air that held a spark of promise in the morning changed back to the usual condition. The fierce rays of the sun seemed to shrivel up the remaining blades of dying grain. On the whole it was a typical day of obstinate drought.

Although the appearance of the sky did remain the same, there were, however, other signs of rain and George noted them closely. The crows cawed and sat on the fence posts, their shining black coats of mail beating back the fierce rays of the merciless sun and their wings drooping, just as they usually do before rain. And the little striped snakes, they were everywhere. Yes, this was another sign of rain. In a measure they all gave George hope and satisfaction but he could not solve where the rain was hiding that so many things in the nature were prophesying.

Both George and Marion watched the sky whenever their duties took them outside. Their hopes vanished when the wooden hands of the wooden clock in the kitchen proclaimed the time for supper. As soon as they had satisfied their appetites they strolled out together again in hopes of finding some unmistakable sign of rain. But nay. Not even a cloud floated along the blue sea of firmament; only the fierce rays of the sun shone more dimly and with less force, and the air seemed heavy and humid. Their hearts sank in final despair. They fully realized that they had spent another day in fond imagination, an imagination which was bound to be unreal, bottomless, fruitless, only an amusement to get away from the aims, their chosen life path.

The cool air of the evening held no attraction for them. They wished to be away from the world, away somewhere in seclusion; they wished to be away from Mother Nature, that cruel Mother Nature that had made itself a curse to them; that had shattered their hopes and aims. So, clutching their only treasure—one another's hand, they retreated into the shelter of their dwelling.

Books were the only friends that were left. With them alone they might spend a few hours at ease.

"You had better get that pie baked," George remarked, when Marion was seating herself to read.

"Never mind your pie, the day isn't over yet."

"Yes, but the rain is over with the day," George replied musingly and seated himself to read, preparing for the worse that was apparent to come.

Marion read and was deeply in love with her hero and heroine and interested in the theme of the story but George—he knew no rest. Nothing interested him. Nothing. He glanced from one page to another, tried one magazine then another, all with the fruitless hope of finding something to interest him; something to carry him away by means of imagination from the grim reality, which was torturing him.

As the evening shadows began to lengthen and the room that embraced the two troubled hearts became dim, George rose and lit the lamp. Marion had apparently finished her story. She laid the magazine aside on the neat pile of others and looked up at George. His manly form was perched up in a arm chair. His complexion was tanned to brown, his hands chapped, his knuckles bruised. These were landmarks of hard, earnest toil to which he had devoted himself. His poise and countenance was surrounded by an air of grief and sorrow. The combination moved Marion to uneasiness.

"What is the matter now?" she enquired soothingly.



"This condition of ours tortures me. It is getting unbearable. I hate to live another hour of it. I just wish to die, commit suicide or something else," he sighed, his voice vibrant with regret and his tone undermined by anguish.

"Dear, why should you worry? It won't do any good. Suppose our grain did fail and we lost everything. What about it? We would both go and find some useful employment and live peacefully and happily. Thousands upon thousands are doing it. Why shouldn't we?" She tried to make her voice and manner as comfortable as possible.

"Yes, that's all right—but that isn't all. Remember, when I married you I promised you a comfortable home, with electric lights and everything else. And now you talk of going wandering with me and seeking employment,—to be at the mercy of the one that furnishes it. To seek employment, and to be homeless like a wandering Hebrew!—it breaks my heart to think of it."

"For me alone it would be all right," he continued, "but for you, you whom I inspired with glowing promises which I will never be able to fulfill now, though so far I have tried so hard. I have risen early in the morning and gone to bed late at night; I have sacrificed many hours of recreation and repose, all to achieve what I had promised but I must admit that I am a failure, a total failure; and I am ashamed to have engaged you with myself for life." George was evidently moved to passion by Marion's remark and big tears gathered into his eyes.

"George Dale!" Marion broke in, "You are silly, you're foolish to speak like that. It is by no means your fault that everything has not turned out as was expected. You have done even more than ordinary man would do in twice the time and with twice the chances you have had,—and I am proud of it—proud of you. We are not the only ones that are suffering. Everybody is feeling the effects of this drought. It's the way of Mother Nature, not any of your fault. I feel only too proud to be able to call you my husband, to be able to share the life's routine with you and to—"

A sudden flash, like a magic light beamed through the room. Marion stopped short in her plea to comfort George and became startled. George noticed it too; but neither could make out what it was. They were both too moved, too stirred to pay much attention to it, to regard it anything more than a wild flight of imagination. Marion began to expose her heart to George again:

"Without you my life would be empty and unhappy. I love you more for our troubles. I respect you more for—"

A murmur, or rather a roar, low and muffled, as if it had broken loose from some immense encumbrance, as if it had raised one half of the earth to issue forth from a huge throat of some mysterious, hidden, subterranean cavity, sounded through the room with some unperceivable power that shook the

house and rattled all its windows. Had George and Marion lived that evening some fifty or sixty years ago, when people believed in horrible ghost stories and let superstition influence some of their actions, they would have been stratified to stone, so supernatural seemed that totally strange sound that forced itself on their benumbed perceptions. Even with their modern views and ideas of life, an uncontrollable fear came over them that their house may be haunted by some mysterious force or power, or some evil that had already undermined their success. They both sat still, not even whispering a word to one another; their senses were now alert to take notice of the slightest sound that should occur. They could not even hear one another breathe so still they sat and so deadly was the silence that followed. A few moments of that unearthly silence passed, then another flash shot through the room, more powerful than the first. Before their startled faculties of mind could reason as to the source of this strange phenomenon, a rumbling roar broke into their ears. As if by some magic spell or some power of instinct they both jumped to their feet. They did not have to guess any more. They knew what it was—a mid-summer thunder shower!

They wasted not another instant but raced outside to welcome their deliverer. Sure enough there was a cloud, quite formidable in size, seemingly born from nowhere but in reality a rapid condensation of moisture under the influence of suddenly lowering temperature. Like a gigantic sail unfurled amid the blue sea of firmament it sailed majestically, reflecting a hue of ultra-marine blue while from behind its massive form shot the last crimson rays of the setting sun and tinted its fleecy edges with a touch of charming scarlet. To George and Marion, who stood aghast, motionless and speechless, it was the garden of Eden, the paradise of their hopes and fancies, perched high on the universal pillar of atmosphere, yet rapidly advancing; advancing to save them from inevitable plight and financial ruin; rushing like a benevolent angel of mercy and pity to nourish and save their crops, their only means of living, from certain destruction!

The feeling of relief that inspired them was tremendous, indescribable and beyond the limits of human tongue. They stood motionless, gazing steadfastly, their arms and hands folded as if in an unconscious, or rather silent, endless speech of thankfulness.

Then as the sun sank behind the horizon, bidding the drought stricken country farewell, the world grew dark and those beautiful scarlet fringes that adorned the most welcome visitor disappeared and gave place to the margin of the rolling, twirling gigantic mass silhouetted against the gray blue sky, intersected every second instant by weird strands of vivid lightning accompanied by roaring and deafening peals of thunder.

Continued on Page 21



## This Test of Taste Gives Zest to Appetite

The true test of flavor is in the taste.

One taste of Post Toasties rouses the most capricious appetite and makes it call for more.

There's a lingering delight in the full, rich, "toasted" flavor of these golden-brown flakes of choice, selected corn.

That oven freshness is achieved by toasting in huge ovens of special construction.

The firm texture and tender toothsome-ness are produced by giant rollers, which iron out the creamy white corn kernels and preserve them intact.

Post Toasties, the superior corn flakes, do not crumble in the package. They retain their appetizing crispness, even after milk or cream is added.

Let the promptings of your own good appetite guide you to this dainty and satisfying cereal.

Always ready to serve, and so economical.

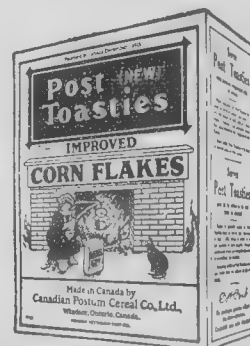
Be sure to ask your grocer for Post Toasties. Look for the name, Post Toasties, on the distinctive Yellow and Red, wax-wrapped package.

Always in Good Taste—

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3 single or 2 double mesh nets. Guaranteed perfect. (State color).

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## REJUVENATION OF JANE

Continued from page 6



## How to Overcome Constipation in Children

Physicians tell how to combat this condition in children without laxatives

NATURE is a stern taskmaster. She asks for strict obedience to certain hygienic laws, chief among which is regular and thorough elimination of poisonous food waste. Upon the mother rests the responsibility. Incomplete and irregular evacuations lead in time to chronic constipation, with its long train of major and minor ills.

Biliousness, coated tongue, loss of appetite—all warn that poisons from the intestines are flooding the little body. It is a serious condition. Not only is nutrition and proper growth interrupted at such a time, but the child is a prey to serious diseases. The germs of many contagious diseases find favorable lodgment in a child weakened by constipation.

### Laxatives start dangerous habit

Noted specialists point out that laxatives bring only temporary relief at the expense of permanent injury. They start a danger-

ous, often life-long habit, unless a more rational means is used in their stead. An authority on child care advises mothers that the so-called lubricating method is the proper one, as its tendency is to correct constipation permanently.

### Lubrication

In perfect health, a natural lubricant keeps the food waste soft. Thus it is easily eliminated. But when you are constipated there is not enough of Nature's lubricating liquid produced in the bowel to keep the food waste soft and moving. To find something to take the place of this natural lubricant, leading medical authorities conducted exhaustive research. They discovered that the gentle lubricant, Nujol, acts like this natural lubricant and thus replaces it. As Nujol is not a laxative, it does not gripe, upset little stomachs nor interfere with school work or play. It is not a medicine in any sense of the word, and like pure water, it is harmless and pleasant to take.

Doctors recommend Nujol for children of all ages. It is used in hospitals and by leading physicians the world over. Test Nujol yourself. Your druggist sells it.

For Constipation  
**Nujol**

A Lubricant—Not a Laxative

Mistol, a new product, for Colds in head, Nasal Catarrh, Laryngitis, Bronchitis, Hoarseness and acute paroxysms of Asthma and Hay Fever. Made by the makers of Nujol.

Guaranteed by Nujol Laboratories



Standard Oil Co. (New Jersey)

Mail coupon for 16-page booklet, "AS THE TWIG IS BENT"—Constipation in infancy and childhood—to Nujol, Room 877T, 22 St. Francois Xavier Street, Montreal.

Name.....  
Address.....

could, which was four times, and the more he talked to her the more interested he became, and the wilder grew his curiosity. He began to look forward to the time for unmasking with unconcealed eagerness.

Jane was looking forward to the same moment with growing apprehension. For her to linger until the time for unmasking was to invite certain disaster. To escape, with men stepping on each other in order to dance with her, was a problem of more than elementary difficulty. For the first time she began to regret the prominence caused by her remarkable costume and newly-found personality. She was discovering what every prominent man and woman discovers sooner or later, that to be in the public eye frequently has its drawbacks.

And then the sword of Damocles descended suddenly and without warning. The orchestra crashed out a discordant measure and stopped short. Ferdy Wickman, Mrs. MacPherson's favorite satellite, appeared at the front of the orchestra platform, and for once his chronic grin had deserted him. He held up his hand for silence.

"Mrs. MacPherson regrets to announce that one of her guests has lost a pearl necklace. She believes it to have been stolen, but wishes to assure you that no guest is suspected. However, to assure herself that no thief has gained access to the house disguised as a guest, she will accompany the detective on an identification tour. She hopes that you will take this precautionary measure without personal offense."

A stir went over the room followed by the loud buzzing of many tongues. An unexpected sensation had given the ball a new lease of life. Even the blase younger set pricked up their ears at the first faint scent of scandal. There might be a thief in their crowd!

But that was merely a mild thrill to the satiated flappers meant black disgrace to Jane. Turn which way she would, the net of circumstances held her firmly in its meshes. And while her brain worked fiercely, conceiving plans of escape and rejecting them as soon as formulated, Seman was saying in a low voice:

"You thought you were going to fool me, didn't you? You only fooled yourself, because I'm going to stand right here until it is your turn to unmask, and if you move away I'll follow you. So there you are!"

Jane gave up. With the resolve to face the music unflinchingly, a certain cool impudence of bearing came to her aid.

"On your head be it," she answered.

"But remember! You're in for a shock."

"I'll chance it," retorted Seman. "I can bear anything but suspense."

Mrs. MacPherson and a man in the costume of a clown whom Jane had noticed lounging near the door, were rapidly approaching. They paused in front of Seman, and he removed his mask and grinned at his hostess.

"Hello, Molly. Looking for trouble?"

"Hello, Harry. I never have to look for trouble. It comes uninvited."

Another moment and it was Jane's turn. With a rapid movement she removed her mask and smiled at Mrs. MacPherson.

"You probably don't know me, Mrs. MacPherson, but Mr. Seman can vouch for me. I am his secretary, here on business at his request."

She turned and faced Seman squarely, with an air of careless confidence.

Harrison Seman's business associates had been wont to say that he had a perfect poker face. And it stood him in good stead as Mrs. MacPherson turned an amazed countenance toward him for confirmation. But speech was beyond him, and he could only nod dumbly as Mrs. MacPherson and the clown moved on.

The examination was over, the guests had all been identified and vouched for, and Jane Beverly and Harrison Seman were having it out in the conservatory. Seman was getting an insight into the lives and minds of his employees seldom enjoyed by any employer without

could, which was four times, and the more he talked to her the more interested he became, and the wilder grew his curiosity. He began to look forward to the time for unmasking with unconcealed eagerness.

"And if you had to work day in and day out, and year in and year out, and go home every night to a boarding house so dead that a lively bed-bug would be a welcome diversion, and see yourself getting older and plainer every time you looked in the mirror, you'd break loose too, and you'd do lots worse than come to a party uninvited."

Jane swallowed something that sounded suspiciously like a sob.

Harrison Seman did not lack imagination, and the thought of the girl, who as she had said, had grown older and plainer in his service, brought a lump to his throat similar to the one that Jane was vainly endeavoring to swallow.

Jane gave up the fight at last, and hiding her face in the crook of her arm, she wept forlornly. Seman leaned over her.

"Jane." At the break in his voice Jane looked up wonderingly.

"I didn't know. Please believe me when I say that I had no idea that your life wasn't one continuous round of pleasure out of office hours."

At the sight of Jane's face, down which the hot tears showed as tiny rivulets through the powder, a barrier of pride, hardness and self-satisfaction which Seman had spent years in erecting, was swept away in a moment on a flood tide of irresistible emotion.

"Jane, do you think that you could ever care for a fool like me?"

Jane gulped.

"Do you think you c-could ever c-care for a fraud l-like me?"

Seman laughed shakily.

"Could I?"

And Jane achieved her third ambition.

It was an hour later. There was very little powder left on Jane's face—but neither were there any tears.

"Jane," said Seman. "I've a confession to make."

"Can it beat mine?"

"For downright meanness, yours isn't in it."

"Well, at that rate, the sooner you get it off your chest, the better."

"You won't be angry?"

"How can I tell until I have heard it?"

"You have to promise that you won't be before I tell you."

"Such a man! All right, I promise."

"You see, it was this way—remember, you've promised."

Jane made a movement toward a nearby flower vase and he hurried on.

"I had a hunch that you were going to try and make a get-away before the time for unmasking. Wasn't I right?"

"You certainly were."

"I knew it, so I went to Molly, Mrs. MacPherson you know, and she faked that lost necklace affair. There wasn't any necklace. It was all a put-up job. I could laugh my head off every time I think of the look on Molly's face when you told her that you were there at my request."

Jane looked at him.

"You pig!" she said.

But the tone of voice would have reassured an even more exacting man than Harrison Seman.

### OUR FUTURE STATESMAN Reba Ray

These are the things he loves:  
Mud-puddles, bogs;  
Ponds, woods and pasture-fields,  
Old rotten logs.

Mud-turtles, bumble-bees,  
Wasps, hornets, ants:—  
What does the urchin care  
For Sunday pants?

Tadpoles and garter-snakes,  
Beetles and bugs;  
Snails, crabs and angle-worms,  
Fish-worms and slugs.

Birds' nests and butterflies,  
Tree-toads and frogs;  
Chipmunks and flying-squirrels,  
Stray cats and dogs.



# The Crees Of The Peace River

By Cameron Kelley

"Where are the real Crees, the pure Indians?" an old-timer of the Peace River district was asked recently. He replied, "There are no real Crees. The Cree race has become the half-breed race."

The half-breeds of this district have for the most part for their white ancestors the Scotch factors of the Hudson's Bay trading posts. There is a sprinkling of such names as Gagner, Desjarlais, and St. Germain; but the MacKies, MacDonalds and MacKenzies greatly outnumber them. Here one may see a dusky individual of purely Indian type rejoicing in the name of Sandy MacKie; and it is just as likely as not that he can dance the sword dance or the Highland fling with an ease and grace not to be outdone by any native of the land of heather.

These people long ago learned to build log houses after the fashion of the early Hudson's Bay forts; and though the teepee still persists, it is used by them much as a summer tent—for sleeping out-of-doors in summer, and not unfrequently for accommodating their visiting kin, for whom they have no room in the house. Many of them are good farmers, but farming has not encroached very far on their ancient vocation of trapping, which in the outlying districts still continues to be their main source of obtaining a livelihood. Besides the pelts they bring into the trading-posts many different articles of clothing, made from moose-skin, which they tan themselves; and practically every article made is lavishly decorated by the skilful fingers of the women. Some of the things they make are buckskin coats, shirts and pants, fringed and beaded, or embroidered in brilliant-hued silks; and moccasins, slippers and gloves, beaded and embroidered, and bordered with

noon, or occasionally hung on a nail where it can see what mother is doing. Uncomfortable? Perhaps. But the half-breed baby cries much less than its white cousin, and you should see what straight legs it has!

Very few of the Cress have the high, aquiline features commonly ascribed to the Indian. Their broader, flatter features have much in common with the Eskimo and Mongolian types. Physically they are tall and strong, but like many dark-skinned races are very susceptible to pulmonary tuberculosis and scrofula. When one individual contracts tuberculosis, the whole family often succumbs to it. Its progress, however, is sometimes arrested by their custom of leaving a house in which someone has died, and letting it stand vacant for a year or two, believing that there is an evil spirit there which may cause another death.

Some of them are very handsome, and the percentage of white blood in their veins does not seem to be at all a determining factor in the fairness of their skins. It is peculiarly a fact that the quarter-breed is likely to revert to a more purely Indian type than the half-breed; and the child of a white father and a half-breed mother is frequently darker than the mother. The non-Aryan eye often persists for many generations; yet on the other hand, I have seen quarter-breeds with blue eyes, red hair and freckles.

Once I asked the half-breed wife of mine host, referring to a handsome youth I used to see about the house, "And how much Indian is Philip?" Without the glimmer of a smile she answered, "I think about one-third." To this day I have not the ghost of an idea whether she spoke in good faith or was "kidding" me.



A typical Cree half-breed couple. When the railway was putting up the telegraph wires near his home, this old man said, "These white men are fools. Anybody could get under that fence".

beaver or ermine. Perhaps the most gorgeous of all are the moss-bags which the native mothers make for their babies. These are sometimes made of moose-skin, but more often of dark-colored design, against which the barbaric magnificence of the beaded design shows in bold contrast. They are made in the form of a bag, just large enough for the baby's head to be outside, and are open down the front. The baby, packed around with a special kind of soft moss which grows plentifully there, is put into the bag, which is then laced securely down the front. Then baby is put away for the morning or after-

Their language is musical and soft. Being a member of the great Algonquin family to which the Objibways also belong, they have many words akin to the Indian words used in Longfellow's poem "Hiawatha." For instance, the likeness to "Gitche Manito the Mighty," can readily be seen in "Kisemanto," the Cree name for God, and "Muchemanto," which means a devil. The Objibways called a rabbit "Wabas-so;" the Crees call it "Wapoose." The Peace River is often called by them "Missou Seepee," meaning Big River, which is almost identical with

Continued on page 31



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## ODD AND CLEVER METHOD USED TO TAKE FISH IN SARAWAK

Capturing fish in large quantities by setting off dynamite in the water has been a method used by many white men in various parts of the world. While a quick and sure way of getting results, the use of dynamite in many cases kills far more fish than are needed, or, where the water is swift, many are lost. In most civilized countries this method is now illegal. Along the tributary streams of the Rejang River in the independent state of Sarawak, in the island of Borneo, the native Sedowans and Dyaks have a unique method of taking fish, and one much superior to dynamiting. Near the mouth of a creek a barrier of lattice work is erected. In this space is left an opening wide enough to permit the canoes to pass through. After the boats go up the stream a net is placed across the opening. From twenty to fifty canoes engage in fishing. When the point is reached where operations are to begin, two small dug-outs, which have been towed, are emptied of their liquid contents. This muddy looking concoction is tuba poison, from the plant *colocynthis*. The poison is made by pounding the root to shreds and then mixing with water in certain proportions known to the fishermen. Quick results are obtained. In about five minutes stupefied fish begin coming to the surface gasping for breath. The numbers increase with every passing minute. Standing up in their canoes the natives spear the helpless fish with great rapidity. In half an hour the boats are generally filled to capacity. How potent the tuba poison is may be realized by the fact that within half an hour after a few gallons have been poured in a good sized creek as shown in the photo, fish a mile and a half down stream are brought to the surface in considerable numbers. Where the tuba poison method is admirable is that the poison does not kill the fish, only stupefies them temporarily. Thus all not taken for food soon are normal again. So no unnecessary destruction is caused or occurs as when dynamite is used.

—F. J. Dickie

## THE TRUMPET CALL

By H. Mortimer Batten, F.Z.S.

IT was an April evening. We had left Spring behind us on leaving the valley, and here on the moors it was winter still. Every hollow was white rilled; a wild wind blew from an occasional stinging shower, during which I drew the rug over my face—hardened to the acid fumes of the city, but not to those winds. The old horse took it quietly, as men and things do in these lands. To me the very leisureliness of the journey and those wild, lashing storms bore a new lease of life, for I was moorland bred, wherever I may have lived since.

As we topped the first stony ridge of the occupation road, I heard a sound wilder still—the clarion call of geese, or rather of a goose, as it happened. It bore the conquering triumph of the stormcock's song aloft and aloof above the storm, a golden thread in winter's sombre fabric; it bore the triumphant glory of the spring.

Stark and grim beyond the wind-swept loch stood Windydoors, our destination, whither the sound came.

"You keep geese, then?" I observed, more by way of making conversation than for the information.

My pilot nodded. "Two," he said. "That's the old steg (gander) you hear."

"He owns a penetrating voice," I observed. "Evidently he feels the spring though he can't see it."

"Aye," agreed my companion. He urged the old horse on the down grade, and at the third assault she shuffled into an easy trot. Inwardly content that his momentary object was consummated, my pilot pursued, "Aye, that's the old steg. He's kind of uneasy because his mate is locked up in the calf hole. That's why he's shouting." "Locked up?" I echoed. "Why? Not done anything wrong, I hope?"

He gave me a quick glance, then looked down at my city clothing forgivingly. "She's set," he confided. "Kitty reckons she may make something out this year, but I don't hold no faith. Five addled eggs last spring, and three dazed goslings which died within a week. I reckon nought of geese."

So I summed things up. Jane, as I came to know her later, had completed her clutch. The farm girl, collecting each egg as laid, had yesterday made a nest in the calf house for Jane; her eggs were placed under her, and there she was now proceeding with her duties even more leisurely than the rest of them.

During the days that followed, I became better acquainted with Jane and Billy. Ever and anon I saw Billy pacing up and down opposite the calf house door, on the other side of which Jane was imprisoned. Not a hen was allowed near the place, and even the sheep dogs were hissed and clattered out by that vigilant sentry. Now and then he would pause to mutter sweet nothings under the door—"Nest comfortable, Jane? All O.K. in there?" and she would answer him as the fit took her. If she did not answer, Billy would crane his neck to peep through a crack in the door, by means of which he could just see the stern quarters of his best beloved, then satisfied, he would resume his sentry go.

To me it was all very fascinating, this ardent love affair of the domestic farmyard. At sundown Billy was driven into the cow house next door, where, at any rate, he could carry on a conversation with Jane through the wall. One night a fox yapped, and instantly there was an immense hubbub among the dogs. I heard one of them, glad of an excuse, chasing one of the stable cats till she treed up in the damson.

Thereafter Billy, fearful for his wife's welfare, made the night hideous, beating the door with his wings, trumpeting, cackling, and when he was liberated next morning he dashed straight to the calf house door and talked long and soothingly to Jane, one eye against the crack all the time.

So for thirty-one days Billy kept his vigil, and then, to the intense disappointment of all, only one egg chipped. So it was amply proven that though the union between Jane and Billy seemed entirely happy, it was not a particularly fruitful match. Last year not a gosling had lived; this year there was only one, and a lone, pathetic little thing he was

as he waddled slowly for the first time out into the cobbled yard at his proud mother's heels.

They were, indeed, a pathetic three during the days that followed, father and mother waddling contentedly, each with one eye on their chick. Of all our birds, wild or tame, the geese are the most solicitous and gentle as regards their young, and the pathos of that little family scene was supplemented by our knowledge that the little fluffy gosling was not normal. He had begun life at a handicap, for he had no brothers and sisters. Thus he was an unnatural chick, and over and above this, since he was an infant goose, his solitude very much lessened his chances of survival.

Normally young grass is cut and placed on the backs of the little goslings, and so they learn to eat by taking the grass from their brothers' and sisters' backs. Kitty tried all sorts of tricks to induce the little fellow to take his food, but when on the fourth day he accepted a morsel from her hand, the triumph culminated in tragedy, for no sooner had the solitary one swallowed the morsel than he fell over on his back, kicking grotesquely.

Then followed an immense hubbub, Billy and Jane flapping their wings, calling and entreating, prodding him with their beaks in an endeavor to set him on his feet again, yet trusting to the girl, so it seemed, to help them in their trouble.

Eventually Kitty took the little creature in her hands and carried it into the house. The oven and warm flannel were tried, but Nature had designed that the little fellow must go, and so he went. When Kitty returned to the yard nearly an hour later she found Billy and Jane still waiting at the door for her, looking up into her face with sad but hopeful enquiry.

That evening it was decided that Jane must go back to the farm at the other end of the loch, owned by a brother of the tenant of Windydoors, and that in due course a younger wife should be sent along for Billy. During the days that followed, Old Billy and Jane moped side by side in the quiet nettle bed, Billy trying occasionally to

cheer his mate by nibbling her scalp. My heart went out to them, for I knew that by the goose law they were mated for life, and that the pending separation would be an even sadder blow for both and each of them.

Yet, so it came about. One morning Jane was carried off under the arm of a shepherd, and taken to the farm four miles away. When evening came Billy called and called. He peered through the crack in the calf house door, he waddled at immense pains down to the loch margin, he returned to the nettle bed again and again, but Jane was gone.

So for a time Billy lived a sad and sedentary life. Each evening he let forth the wild trumpet call. Maybe his wife heard him, for the prevailing wind was from him to her, but if she called in answer Billy could not hear.

So the April gales blew themselves out. May came with its swallows and its sandpipers; in every dell the white sorrel blew, and every sunny bank became golden with primroses. The wild fowl on the loch below were never silent day nor night.

Faint and far the answer came, and Billy paused and listened. He called again and yet again; many geese seemed to be calling, but it seemed that Billy was listening to one among them all.

All this life the old gander had never ventured more than fifty yards from the homestead. There he and Jane had lived and a very small home range had satisfied their needs. The great wild loch had held no attractions for them. The frivolous ducks loved it; every morning they were in such haste to get there that they had no time for breakfast at home. With the two geese it had been different. They loved their own quiet surroundings and each other.

That morning we beheld a surprising thing—old Billy the sedate, the home lover, flying frenziedly down the moorland face, to land eventually with a splash far out among the quarrelsome wild fowl, at least one hundred yards from the loch margin. Kitty reckoned it meant another stormy spell, my erstwhile pilot thought 'told goose' had taken leave of his senses, the dairy-woman prophesied a sudden death in the household, and all eyes were turned upon me, the prospective bearer of deadly disease from the city's billion microbes.

For a long time Billy was missing. No one cared very much, for he was not a valuable bird. I happened to be out fishing on the loch one day, a fortnight or so after his disappearance, and as our boat neared the little pine-capped island in the centre of the sheet of water I saw a goose, which looked very much like our old Billy, doing sentry go round and round the narrow water front. He did not seem to appreciate our intrusion, so we left him alone. Wild birds of all kinds nested on that island.

So my holiday in those wild, free lands drew near to its close. I had seen many things which live in the memory of a city man, but I knew that the love affair of old Billy and Jane would live longest of all. I only regretted that I could not carry away happier memories of their faithfulness to one another.

So that morning Bob, my pilot, harnessed the gig. Kitty hoped that I had enjoyed my holiday, and assured me that I looked a different man. Lady, the sheep dog, stood with her forepaws on my thigh, knowing that I was going, and wishing me luck in a dog's way, but Bob was anxious to be off, possessing all countrymen's dread of "missing the train." I was just on the point of climbing in when Bob pointed with his whip and remarked, "What's that coming up the loch road?"

We all looked, and we saw a quaint little procession—old Jane waddling slowly up, and behind her a veritable mob of yellow jostling goslings. At the tail end of the procession, with head aloft and watchful, waddled old Billy. They were coming home—yes they were

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# HER SECRET HOARD

By Olive M. Delahaye

WITH new hope glowing in his eyes, Frank Garland hurried into the library where his wife sat reading one of the latest magazines. "Curtis tells me that you have been making deposits in the Dominion Bank every day for years," he began eagerly. "You must have quite a bank account Joan. Why didn't you tell me? I need a few thousands in order to hold the property on Royal Avenue, which is my biggest asset. To let it go would mean starting my business career all over again."

"I'm sorry then," returned Mrs. Garland gravely. "You should not have depended on what Mr. Curtis reported. If you had stopped to think you would have remembered that I have been the treasurer of our Women's Club for years. Of course I made deposits in the Dominion Bank, but that doesn't mean that I have a personal account there."

"There goes another hope!" exclaimed her husband. "I might have known it was a mistake. You have spent money like water ever since we came to the city. You don't know the meaning of economy."

At these disparaging remarks, Joan's temper rose. "Who insisted on my spending money?" she demanded. "Who said that we had to keep up a good front? Who objected two years ago when I got frightened and wanted to move into a cheaper house?"

"Objected, because I had to," replied Frank Garland coolly. "Any person with gumption would know that we could not retrench so obviously without attracting the attention of our creditors. Not that they need worry. Even yet I could break even if we sold out, but I won't. I'll keep going until times get better."

"Do you think that is wise?" asked Joan quickly. "It is two years since you have made a profit out of your Real Estate Office. People are not buying many houses in these days. Let's sell our place here and go back to the West. It was a mistake to come to Toronto. We were not intended for a big city."

"You did not think so when we left the ranch," observed her husband accusingly. "No one was more anxious than you to make a change. As for going back, I don't believe you could do it. You have grown too fond of a different sort of life, tea-parties and golf with theatres thrown in by way of good measure."

With this scathing comment, Mr. Garland picked up a pad of paper and began to set down row after row of figures. For a minute or two, Joan stood watching him. Then she slipped upstairs to the little room at the back of the house, which had become her sanctum whenever she was troubled or distressed. From a drawer in the old-fashioned bureau she took a pasteboard box filled with odds and ends of lace and ribbon. Tumbling these on the table, she came finally to a little green, bank book in its cardboard case. Joan knew its entries by heart. Even now she could remember how she had saved most of the deposits entered in it; but the balance of six thousand dollars

seemed incredibly large. Still, Frank had been very generous in those first years after they had made money. Looking back, Mrs. Garland realized that she had always been afraid of his lavishness. She knew that her husband was not a great business man. Only the unprecedented growth of the western city near which they lived had brought them wealth. It had been easy for Frank to dissipate much of this money in many sanguine schemes. Supposing Joan lent him the six thousand dollars which she had saved, would he use it to enter some productive business, or would he spend it, as he had already spent so much, in an effort to retain possession of property which had really lost half of its nominal value?

Puzzled about the decision she ought to make, Mrs. Garland's fingers tightened lovingly around the precious symbol of her savings, until at last, anxious and uncertain, she put it back into its hiding place in the drawer. "I won't tell Frank yet," she decided. "Perhaps he will be able to get the money he needs somewhere else, and this is all I have."

For several years, ever since ready money had become more difficult to obtain, Mrs. Garland had done a great deal of her shopping for the household in a distant part of the city, where customers were numerous and prices moderate. She used to park her car on its outskirts, and make her purchases on foot, so that no quick-witted Greek or Italian merchant would charge her too much for fruit or vegetables. The morning after her conversation with her husband, while the question of what to do with her bank account was still rankling in her mind, Joan had just finished buying her supplies when some one caught her arm with the delighted exclamation, "Why Joan, Joan Garland!"

"Winnifred Orde!" cried Joan in her turn, "Where have you been. I've lost sight of you ever since you left Rosedale, after, after—"

"After the crash," finished Mrs. Orde, calmly. "It is good to see you Joan. Where can we talk? Jim does not expect me back until the eight o'clock car to-night so I have some time to spare for a confab."

"The eight o'clock car," repeated Mrs. Garland wonderingly. "Do you live out of the city, Winnifred?"

"We live in my old home near Newmarket," explained Mrs. Orde. "We have been through hard times since I saw you Joan, such hard times. Things are better for us now, but it was a pull at first. You see Jim and I had grown soft. The failure caught us just in time. A year or two later and we never could have taken hold and made good again."

JOAN looked around the crowded shop, and out into the sunny noisy street. "Won't you come home with me Winnifred," she pleaded. "There are so many things for us to talk about, and perhaps, if I have the courage, I may ask you for

Continued on page 51



Valley of the Ten Peaks, Canadian Rockies

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### NEED FOR CHANGING BANKING SYSTEM

The Bank Act, which is the federal law governing the operation of chartered banks in Canada, is due for revision next year. This act is revised every ten years, the last revision having taken place in 1913.

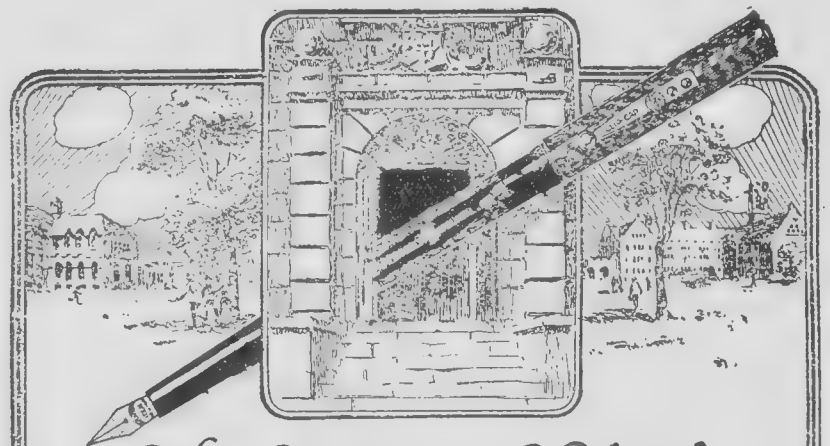
During the past few months a number of incidents have occurred which reveal the necessity for some important changes in the Bank Act. The proceedings in connection with the Merchants Bank show that there are some loopholes which should be closed up. The outstanding need is that an efficient system of government inspection of banks should be put into force. Had such a system been in force the Merchants Bank troubles might have been avoided and certainly would have been offset to some extent. Sworn evidence given in the proceedings against D. C. Macarow, late general manager of the Merchants Bank, states that loans totalling \$230,000 were made to Mr. Macarow, \$80,000 being without security. It was also shown that loans totalling \$4,000,000 made to gambling stockbrokers, who had been insolvent

for months, were still carried on the books as assets. These transactions could not have been carried on if efficient government inspection had been in force.

As an illustration of the value of government inspection we may refer to a recent event in Ontario. The Ontario government has a very efficient department which makes regular inspection of the affairs of the financial institutions in that province. This department recently discovered that a loan and savings association was getting into deep water. The government promptly took the matter in hand and arranged for the taking over of the institution by a stronger company. Efficient government inspection in that case probably saved the people of Ontario from a nasty financial crash.

### Capital Waiting to Come West

The gradual improvement in the exchange situation between Canada and Great Britain, the reduction of the Bank of England rate to 3 per cent.—the pre-war rate—and the consequent accumulation of idle funds for investment in Britain, foreshadows a resump-



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## CAPITAL WAITING TO COME WEST

The gradual improvement in the exchange situation between Canada and Great Britain, the reduction of the Bank of England rate to 3 per cent.—the pre-war rate—and the consequent accumulation of idle funds for investment in Britain, foreshadows a resumption of investment of British funds in Western Canada. If—

There is always an If in the question of investment, and the particular If we have in mind is plainly shown in the following letter, which was recently received in Winnipeg from the Canadian Manager of a British investment company:

"Dear Sir:

Your favor of the 2nd ult. was forwarded to and reached me in Edinburgh, where I discussed with our general manager the question of advancing further sums of money for loans in Manitoba. As you will appreciate from the correspondence which has already taken place between you, he and our directors are very much upset over the continuance of the Moratorium in Manitoba. They stated that the loaning of further money in the West would not be consistent with their stand, and have naturally declined to consider any further loans until the Moratorium legislation has been rescinded."

British investors gained a rather unfavorable impression of Canadian investments during the war years, and this has not improved in recent years. Moratoriums, municipal defaults, the Grand Trunk trouble, vexatious provincial legislation—each of these have served to alienate investors. Some people see little danger and no harm in these matters, but it should be remembered that the investor views these things from his own particular standpoint. The man with money to invest has the whole world to choose from. The West is a borrowing country and must compete in the financial markets of the world for capital. If the legislation above referred to remains on our statute books we are starting off with a bad handicap, just when our need for capital is greatest.

## ARE MUTUAL POLICYHOLDERS LIABLE ON NOTES?

A question which often arises in connection with taking insurance with mutual fire insurance companies will probably be disposed of definitely in a short time. At a recent meeting of some of the policyholders in the Western Mutual Fire Insurance Co. of Didsbury, Alta., now in liquidation, the big question was "Shall we have to pay the balance on our notes?" A letter from the Department of Insurance stated that a test case was proceeding through the courts in connection with the payment of such notes to another mutual company, and until that case was settled it would not be possible to state whether policyholders are liable or not for the balance of notes given to a mutual company.

## Blessings From Heaven

Continued from page 15

A sigh, a sickish and mournful sigh bore into their ears. It rustled the withered leaves, rather silently but yet audibly. It swept over the lawn, evoking a sensation hard to describe. It came over the wheat field, low mournful, filled with the voice of anguish and suffering—the voice of those who are doomed to die.

Marion was moved to pity and tears stood in her eyes. They were tears of sorrow and regret intermingled with those of joy and content. As she looked through them the whole world flickered and weird lightning became more weird. A sense of fear, rising from source unknown, now overtook her for the second time. She suggested to George to retreat within the walls of their dwelling. But George heard not. With untold interest he watched and followed each flaming tongue as it stretched across the broad amphitheatre of clouds.

That half silent, sickish sigh rose

every moment, every second, first into a soft breeze, next to a throbbing wind and then into a hurricane. A cloud of dust rose over the road and the fields as the last scorched blades bowed to its irresistible force. Sticks, stones and pebbles took wing and flew in the air, some ending their sudden start against the wall, window pane and the lawn fence; others flew on unrestricted. Every house corner whistled, every fence post whined and every rafter shrieked and bent, every door slammed and banged and every window shook and shivered. Marion trembled with fright and George toiled under sunken hope and despair.

In another fleeting second they hurried to get inside. The door tore itself free from George's firm grip and slammed open with a bang, so fierce was the enraging storm. The curtains and the blinds folded and unfolded in turmoil and the prized pictures scattered in panic. The light was blown out. Coats and hats went to the floor. The carpets rose and fell and the dust blew in thick and fast. The papers, books and magazines rushed everywhere. Marion screamed in fright. George clenched his fists, got his teeth, groped hold of the door and forced it closed.

Once again within the protective walls of their dwelling, they felt a light sense of relief. The reflections of the constant flashing of lightning danced on the wall in such a rapid order that it seemed as if the next one came before the first had vanished. This mimicry of searchlights fairly lighted the room but its effect was far from the pleasant. It was blinding; simply horrid. George lit the lamp in hurry to get away from such a weird result.

"Bang, bang, bang," sounded a fusillade of missiles against the wall and the roof of the house. "Bang, bang, bang," they came again, as if fired from a machine gun. Marion was terrified. She stood still like a graven statue, her face pale, her whole body trembling. George moved a chair to the window and sat down to calmly watch the havoc that was raging outside. Despite the constant and blinding flashes everything seemed in utter darkness. In his eagerness to see he bent forward till his nose and brow touched the cold surface of the pane—a contact that sent a benumbing shudder through his system. By the aid of a prolonged flash he was able to discern several white missiles strike the floor of the veranda and then pounce against the wall.

"Hail!" he groaned, and sank back into his chair. He realized that the ultimate end had come, that the final role of destruction was played. A few moments ago he was at the gate of prosperity, he saw his fortunes about to burst into bloom, to bear fruit that he was graving. But what had it all been? A disguised scimitar of destruction that cut the last thread that bound the last atom of fortune to him. He felt dazed, his brain was benumbed. The final blow was too sudden, so utterly against his lately inspired expectations that he fell into a state of semi-paralysis and closed his eyes.

As by a wave of some magic hand the urge of the killing storm began to pass; its force began to abate. The active differences in the temperature had evidently come to a balance and rain began to fall softly and gently. Its soft ripple against the roof sounded like a low, soft, tumultuous music.

George opened his eyes. Marion was beside him. She was still trembling—not with fear but unrestrained delight. Her face was radiant, her eyes beamed with joy and passionate love. George drew her to his bosom.

The clouds that pitied and mended the two broken hearts, and wept over their fate that was destined to come, began to pass away. The moon looked down from the rifts of floating vapour. The thousand pools that decked the ground reflected its soft light like a myriad mirrors. The rumbling peals of the distant thunder came to the ears of the happy couple like a low, monotonous drone—a Mother Nature's lullaby that lulled them to sleep in their fond embrace.

## The Mother's Help

### Vision

Nellie had never considered insurance until Ned explained his policy to her. Then she began to think it out for herself.

No money could cover Ned's value to her and the children.

Still it was true that it was his duty to value and protect his earning power, so that if he died they should not suffer a double loss—home as well as husband and father. For the sake of the children it was necessary to consider such possibilities and guard against them.

But children are a joint responsibility. "If I were to die", thought Nellie, "Nobody could really take my place to my blessed babies. But I would like to know that they would have as good a substitute as money could buy."

"The housekeeping would cost the



same even if I were not here, perhaps more—because no outsider would plan and work as I am happy to do for them. The kind of a woman I would like to have in my place—educated, efficient—trained—would cost money. Could that money be provided at a moment's notice?"

### Value

Nellie told Ned that she wanted to be insured too. He was opposed to the idea, feeling that he should carry the financial responsibility. But she asked him—Was she of real value to the children?—Had she not

a right to direct their education?—Did he not think that every mother had a lasting responsibility towards her children?

Ned was honest. He had to agree.

### Variation

Ned got his friend—the London Life agent—to talk it over with them both.

He advised a 20 year endowment policy of \$1,000 for Nellie. It was really a glorified savings account.

Nellie was 26. The yearly premium was \$48.65. If she paid that sum

twenty times she would have saved \$973.

Should she die while the children were small they would receive \$1,000, a much larger sum than she could save in the same time. If she lived for 20 years, and the children were grown up and settled, she would have \$1,000 with interest and profits.

### Vindication

"That will be 95 cents a week. I can easily pay that out of the house-keeping money," said Nellie.

Ned paid the first premium for her and Nellie began to save the second, week by week. Ned adds an extra 95 cents weekly to this amount so

that she can carry a \$2,000 policy. It is wonderful how easy it is to save that little amount.

And Nellie does not mean to die. She means to cash that check when she is 46 and spend it on a silver honeymoon with Ned.

Nellie's policy was based on one that had already matured with the London Life.

Policy 6598 Issued 1902 Amount \$1,000  
Age at Issue 26 Premium \$48.65

| Year    | Profits Paid | Premium Paid |
|---------|--------------|--------------|
| 1902-06 | \$ 19.35     | \$243.25     |
| 1907-11 | 38.11        | 223.90       |
| 1912-16 | 87.44        | 205.14       |
| 1917-21 | 125.73       | 155.81       |

Settlement at maturity—

Face value of policy—\$1,000

Last distribution of policy—\$125.73—\$1,125.73

Return for each \$100 paid—\$135.94

Judging from past results, she would have a good return for her money, as well as sure protection for the children in the meantime.

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### THREE LINES ALONG WHICH TEACHING MUSIC IN PUBLIC SCHOOLS SHOULD PROCEED

When the Public See the Schools Using Music to bring Sunshine and Elevation into the Lives of Children, They will Heartily Endorse a Music Programme for the School, says Superintendent of Education

"There are numerous songs which have grown out of the hopes and aspirations and the loves of the great masses of the people which children should be given the opportunity to sing. Then there are numerous fine old ballads that have come to us from England, Scotland, Ireland and other places, the most of them set to music, which should be utilized in the schools in the singing programme. If I can find a book of this kind, containing a hundred or two hundred songs that are filled with rhythm and fine, elevating sentiment which appeal to children, and which they sing, if given the chance, as naturally as they breathe, that is the music book which I shall have adopted for use in the public schools here, and my instructions to the teachers will be to teach the children to sing and to pay little or no attention to the mechanics of music."

Such was the declaration of Mr. T. H. Harris, Superintendent of Education for the State of Louisiana, in an exceptionally appealing address lately to a group of teachers. "If a programme of this kind is put into practice," continued the speaker, "my impression is that music, more than any other subject perhaps, will secure the co-operation of the public. Children will learn in school fine old songs that their parents and grandparents sang and loved fifty or seventy-five years ago, but have forgotten."

"When the children begin to sing these songs in their homes, their parents and grandparents will join them. The home will be made brighter and better for their doing so, and its co-operation with the work of the school will be secured. The public has not endorsed the music programme enthusiastically because it has not seen the wisdom of spending money upon that branch of study; but when the public sees that the schools are using music to bring sunshine and elevation into the lives of children and to place them in a position to spend their leisure delightfully, all opposition to the music programme will disappear."

"There, is another large body of fine music which we are neglecting, and that is the negro spirituals. These old songs grew out of the hopes and aspirations of a struggling people. They are practically all deeply religious, and they should be so treated. The practice of making a burlesque of them is, in my judgment, not only short-sighted and misrepresents their spirit, but it is little short of sacrilegious. White people like to sing these songs, but if it is not practicable and feasible to use them to any great extent in the schools, they should certainly be taught to negro children, and in that way keep alive some of the finest creations of the negro race."

"I think we shall succeed in the field of public school music if we are careful to proceed along three lines:

"First—We must teach children to sing, and in doing that, use suitable songs."

"Second—The normal schools, which furnish teachers for the public schools, must equip their teachers to teach children to sing."

"Third—Supervisors of music who know music, and especially those who know how to sing, must be employed to direct the efforts of teachers."

"When these three things have been observed, and the music period is treated as a recreatory period in which teachers and children enjoy the best of a good time, we need have no further concern as to the success of the music programme; it will find its way into all of the schools, and in a short period of time the people of this country will be singing and taking a delight in it."



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### The Island that the Blue Jays Love

A craggy island rears its head;  
Its granite rocks of gray and red  
Are clothed with verdure, wondrous green—

The graceful Birch, a queen serene,  
The lofty Pine, a haughty king,  
Whom lowly shrubs must homage bring;  
Quaint gray lichen and fairy moss  
Cling to the rocks, and fern leaves toss  
With saucy nod up to the trees,  
And flowerets call to passing bees—  
Such is the island that the Blue Jays love.

Along one shore a peaceful bay;  
Outside the wild white horses play;  
But here no ripple breaks the deep  
Calm pool where water-lilies sleep;  
And overhanging trees may greet  
Their image lying at their feet,  
As if a lavish nature tried  
To paint a scene that with it vied,  
And so, in failing to create,  
Provided thus a duplicate—  
Here in the island that the Blue Jays love.

And here the Blue Jay, fearful thing,  
May flutter with a carefree wing,  
And utter taunt to all who heed,  
And flirt his wing through waterweed;  
Or with his playmates, in a row,  
Perch on a branch growing so low  
That he his image may espy,  
And start up with a shrilling cry  
Fly to the depth of woodland glade,  
And laugh—nor need to be afraid—  
Here in the island that the Blue Jays love.  
—Mabel Harbour.

(Channel Island, Lake of the Woods is much frequented by these birds.—M. H.)

### A Second Offense

The tramp arrested for vagrancy rarely displays any humor, but the New York Tribune mentions one whose mild waggishness enlivened his own trial.

After the judge had looked the man over, he said, musingly, "I seem to know your face."

"Yes," the tramp agreed, pleasantly, "we were boys together."

"Nonsense," said the judge, frowning.

"But we were," the tramp said, with mild insistence. "we're about the same age. We must 'a' been boys together."



### Lines from Women's Lives.

MADAME de Stael's salon became the centre for the great men of her time. The most eloquent of the Republican orators were those who borrowed from her most of their ideas and telling phrases. Most of them went forth from her door with speeches ready for the next day, and with resolution to pronounce them, a courage which was derived from her. Bonstetten said: 'In seeing her, in hearing her, I feel myself electrified. She daily becomes greater and better; but souls of great talent have great sufferings, they are solitary in the world, like Mont Blanc.' When her little daughter was dangerously ill she said: 'Oh, what would become of a mother trembling for the life of her child, if it were not for prayer!'

ROSA Bonheur after determining to paint animals had no money to procure models so she walked into the country to study them at abattoirs. Though obliged to mingle with drovers and butchers no indignity was ever offered her. As she sat on a bundle of hay with her colours about her, they would crowd around to look at the pictures, and regard her with honest pride. The world soon learns whether a girl is in earnest about her work, and treats her accordingly."

THE Italians who loved Mrs. Elizabeth Barrett Browning placed on the doorway of Casa Guide a white marble tablet, with these words:

"Here wrote and died E. B. Browning, who, in the heart of a woman, united the science of a sage and the spirit of a poet, and made with her verse a golden ring binding Italy and England."

HARRIET Martineau was deaf—her mother called her stupid, but she set herself to acquire knowledge and she did. At twenty a great love came into her life, and set her spirit free—and she began to write. Six years passed and the name of Harriet Martineau was recognized as a power in the land. Sir Robert Peel wrote her a letter of encouragement, Lord Brougham bought a thousand copies of her illustrations of Political Economy, Richard Cobden had publicly endorsed her books. Florence Nightingale sang her praises. She influenced the thought of her times and consequently the thought of all time."

A mere profession is but painted pageantry to go to hell in; it is like the plumes upon the hearse and the trappings upon the black horses which drag men to their graves—the funeral array of dead souls. Take heed, above everything, of a waxen professional that will not stand the sun; beware of a life that needs to have two faces to carry it out.

Invented excuses illustrate the fertility of the imagination.

Afflicted? Crushed flowers are most fragrant.

The man who walks the streets with unruffled brow and peaceful heart, though his business is ruined, his prospects be clouded, and his family reduced to want; who maintains his integrity amid temptations, and bravely, hopefully struggles against adversities, upborne by an unyielding faith in Providence, is a hero. And in yonder room, where that poor, pale-faced girl, through long, weary days and dreary nights, with aching eyes and wasting frame, bravely battles off the gaunt starvation, or flouting infamy with no other weapon than a trusting heart and a little needle—there is one of God's heroines.

Wilfulness blinds the soul surprisingly. Following the will of God makes the soul clear-eyed and far-sighted.

One who cannot sing may inspire song in others.

To work without visible reward; to be unappreciated; and to make small progress in the work undertaken is better, far better, than to have made no effort, for who may measure the real foundations being laid.

No rules, however heartily adopted, will work themselves.

What is the most characteristic in true religion—what is the most wonderful—is the fact that it wells up right against a man's desires, his inclinations, his pre-conceptions. It shatters his old, mouldy crust of habits; it changes the current of his thoughts; it makes the dumb, stupefied conscience talk right out, and speak to the purpose; it transfigures him, it regenerates him. If it cannot make a small power large, it makes it good.

## "Sally"



Sally was a pretty girl, but in spite of this she was a well-flower at parties. When men were asked why they didn't dance with her, they just said, "Sally don't dress like the other girls. When I dance with her, I feel like apologizing for her clothes." Then, one day, a married sister told her of this. Ten weeks later, at a house dance, Sally astonished her friends by saying, "Why I made that gown myself. Otherwise, I could not afford to have it. I took up the Franklin Institute system and after 10 weeks' fascinating spare time work, I can now design and make my own gowns, waists, skirts and suits. I am now making an evening dress for mother."

Over 13,000 women and girls have, like Sally, learned Dress Designing and Making at home, and are much better dressed at one-third the former cost. Sign and mail the following coupon—at once. This two cent stamp may save you hundreds of Dollars and make you better dressed than ever.

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### PARAMOUNT PICTURES

At a time like this when hard things are being said about the evil influences of the Movies—and perhaps some of these aspersions are not entirely unjustified—it is pleasant to note that even the most prejudiced have had naught but good to say about Paramount Pictures.

Most of our readers are undoubtedly familiar with this famous brand of moving pictures, as the Paramount has spent some \$15,000,000 on their productions to date, and it is not surprising to know that a large majority of our screen favorites appear under the Paramount banner.

In the first place the Directors, including the famous De Mille brothers, have all got reputations which have been built on scores of successes. The greatest screen artists naturally seek the greatest field for their genius, the plots of the most famous authors, the unique equipment of the biggest organization. Like a precious stone, their genius requires setting, and so they have come to Paramount, attracted by the lure of a world-wide audience. The great stars and stock company out of which all star casts of supporting players are drawn, constitute an organization that has taken years to build up. Today it represents the largest and by all odds the most famous group of artists in the entire amusement world.

A glance at the list of forthcoming productions will give our readers some idea of their quality.

Wallace Reid in "The Dictator."  
Marion Davies in "The Young Diana."  
Thomas Meighan in "If You Believe It, It's So."  
Betty Compson in "The Bonded Woman."  
May McAvoy in "The Top of New York."  
Emil Jannings in "The Loves of Pharaoh."

Alma Reubens in "The Valley of Silent Men."  
Theodore Roberts in "The Old Homestead."  
Mary Miles Minter in "The Cowboy and the Lady."  
Dorothy Dalton in "On the High Seas."  
Alice Brady in "Anna Ascends."  
James Kirkwood in "Ebb Tide."

Particular note must be made of one of Paramount's very latest productions, namely "Beyond the Rocks," featuring Gloria Swanson and Rudolph Valentino. The story was especially written for the screen by Elinor Glyn, and the directors claim that it represents the acme of elaboration in the moving picture art. An Eastern critic says:

"'Beyond the Rocks' is a flaming romance as only the author of 'Three Weeks' could write it; as only Glorious Gloria, with dashing Rudolph Valentino playing the lover, could make it live in all its ardent splendor. The story of a passionate young heart, bound by society's convention, struggling and risking all for happiness—of gay nights of revelry in the Paris world of fashion—of tingling adventure on the snow-clad crags of the Alps—of intrigue and coquetry in the gilded resorts of London high society. Never before have such lavish settings, such dramatic love-scenes, such spectacular adventure been seen upon the screen. The love-drama with all the thrills and luxury of a life-time. The one picture you'll never forget."

Your local Moving Picture House will be showing Paramount Pictures and on inquiry the manager will very gladly let you know the exact date of the presentation of these screen successes.

By  
H. J. Russell, F. C. I.

## The Young Man and His Problem

St. John's Technical High School  
Winnipeg

### Reading for the Farmer

A CRITICISM of the farmer and his reading, made by one of our Canadian writers, was to the effect that the Bible and a catalogue of a certain department store constituted all the literature available on many farms. Ten and twenty years ago, there was a good deal of truth in this criticism although perhaps the ground of it does not exist to-day. As a matter of fact, I worked on just such a Saskatchewan farm early in 1900. I enjoyed the out-door life but on \$10 a month and board there was little left to buy literature and as a consequence I made little progress mentally in those days.

On the same subject, Horace Greeley wrote: "I know right well that he who would succeed in any pursuit must carefully husband his time, making every hour count."

What I maintain is that, while every hour has its duties, they are not all muscular; and that the farmer who would wisely and surely thrive must have time for mental improvement as well as for physical exertion.

I know there are farmers who decline to take regularly any newspaper, even one devoted to agriculture, because they say they can't afford it, or have no time to read it.

I say no farmer can afford to do without one. To attempt it is a blunder and a loss; and if he has children growing up around him, it is moreover a grievous wrong.

If every hard-working farmer who says he cannot read in summer, because it is a hurrying season, were to set apart two hours of each day for reading and reflection, he would not only be a wiser and happier man than if he gave every hour to mere labor—he would live in greater comfort and acquire more property.

To dig is easily learned; but to learn how, where, and when to dig is the achievement of a lifetime.

### Carnegie and Promotion

THE complaint is not uncommon that men are not promoted because some men in a higher position have an interest in keeping them down. Andrew Carnegie holds an opposite view.

The condition precedent for promotion, he says, is that the man must first attract notice. He must do something unusual and especially must this be beyond the strict boundary of his duties.

He must suggest, or save, or perform some service for his employer which he could not be censured for not having done.

When he has thus attracted the attention of his immediate superior, whether that be only the foreman of a gang, it matters not, the first great step has been taken, for upon his immediate superior promotion depends. How high he climbs is his own affair.

We often hear men complain that they get no chance to show their ability, and when they do show ability that it is not recognized. There is very little in this.

Self-interest compels the immediate superior to give the highest place under him to the man who can best fill it, for the officer is credited with the work of his department as a whole. No man can keep another down.

### Questions of Great Writers

#### DO YOU BELIEVE

That some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested?

That the gains of ordinary trades and vocations are honest, and furthered by two things chiefly, by diligence, and by a good name for good and fair dealing?

That men in great place are thrice servants: servants of the sovereign or state, servants of fame, and servants of business?

That democracy has yet to prove itself?

That friendship maketh daylight in the understanding out of darkness and confusion of thoughts?

That the true universality of these days is a collection of books?

That society is a joint-stock company, in which the members agree, for the better securing of his bread to each shareholder, to surrender the liberty and culture of the eater?

That what I must do is all that concerns me, not what the people think?

That the harm of the improved machinery may compensate its good?

That the world is growing better?

### Two Ways of Learning

THE man who desires to be informed in regard to any line of business should bear in mind that there are two ways of learning a thing—by chance and by conscious intention. One way is merely to absorb the information that can be found in ordinary experience. A man naturally learns something just by being around. The other way is to set yourself to the task of learning what there is to know about a given subject.

—W. P. Warren.

### They That Go Down to the Sea

A FAVORITE type of problem that is set in geography examinations is one that runs something like this: A ship sails from London, England to Melbourne, Australia, via the Suez Canal. Mention the points at which it may touch and describe its probable cargo, going and returning.

After a few such problems, the student ceases to be interested in them, the probable reason being that there is nothing heroic or dramatic in the question as it stands. This condition exists not only in the teaching of geography but in other subjects as well and so teachers are under the strain of trying to make interesting what ought to be inherently interesting.

"The heavens declare the glory of God and the firmament sheweth His handiwork." When the student is studying geography, he is studying the work of the great Architect of the universe and should find little difficulty in keeping interested but, for lack of enlightenment, he regards the study as a grind.

All of which is preliminary to reference to a report on "The Teaching of English in England." This report, the work of a committee under the chairmanship of Sir Henry Newbolt, has attracted the attention of the educational world and one of its most interesting chapters is that which relates to the reading of the Bible.

After describing the literary riches of the Bible, the chapter concludes with a strong argument for the use of the Bible as literature, supported by the following quotation from the writings of Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch:

"...if the English Bible holds this unique place in our literature; if it be at once a monument, an example and (best of all) a well of English undefiled, no stagnant water, but quick, running, curative, refreshing, vivifying; may we not agree, gentlemen, to require the weightiest reason why our instructors should continue to hedge in the temple and pipe the fountain off in professional conduits, forbidding it to irrigate freely our ground of study?"

The significant part of the last passage is the expression "to irrigate freely our ground of study." Students find subjects dry. Is it just possible that in shutting out the Bible as literature, we have shut off the source of irrigation?

In the 107th Psalm is to be found a description of another voyage which might have been used, but, of course, was not, in irrigating the problem referred to at the beginning of this article and who shall say that the interest of the student might not have been quickened if the comparison could have been made.

"They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters;

"These see the works of the Lord, and His wonders in the deep.

"For He commandeth, and raiseth the stormy wind, which lifteth up the waves thereof.

"They mount up to the heaven, they go down again to the depths: their soul is melted because of trouble.

"They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man, and are at their wit's end.

"Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and He bringeth them out of their distresses.

"He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still.

"Then are they glad because they be quiet; so He bringeth them unto their desired haven."

Of course, it is admitted that the difficulties of Bible use in our schools are many and yet probably every teacher has felt at times that the "refreshing" and the "vivifying" were too often absent from his lessons. Certainly many lessons are in need of irrigation, and the source, according to the Report, is in the English Bible.

### Franklin on Credit

REMEMBER this saying, "The good paymaster is lord of another Man's purse." He that is known to pay punctually and exactly to the time that he promises may at any time and on any occasion raise all the money his friends can spare. This is sometimes of great use.

After industry and frugality, nothing contributes more to the raising of a young man in the world than punctuality and justice in all his dealings; therefore, never keep borrowed money an hour beyond the time you promised, lest a disappointment shut up your friend's purse forever.

The most trifling actions that affect a man's credit are to be regarded. The sound of your hammer at five in the morning or nine at night heard by a creditor makes him easy six months longer, but if he sees you at a billiard table or hears your voice at a tavern when you should be at work, he sends for his money the next day.

### Finding Your Place

"IF THERE be one man before me," writes J. G. Holland, "who honestly and contentedly believes that, on the whole, he is doing that work to which his powers are best adapted, I wish to congratulate him. My friend, I care not whether your hand be hard or soft; I care not whether you are from the office or the shop; I care not whether you preach the everlasting gospel from the pulpit, or swing the hammer over the blacksmith's anvil; I care not whether you have seen the inside of a college or the outside; whether your work be that of the head or that of the hand; whether the world account you noble or ignoble;—if you have found your place, you are a happy man."

### Advice from a Manufacturer

E. C. SIMMONS, a successful manufacturer, is responsible in an interview, for the following sentence sayings:

"The way to success in life is as plain as the way to market. Am I willing to pay the price?"

"It is integrity of purpose and deed—good habits, earnest and persistent hard work."

"One of the most important matters is that a man should select a business that he likes."

"Among the necessities for success is absolute truthfulness and perfect fairness in business."

"Study the details of your work, consistently, persistently, perseveringly, and without cessation."

"I never asked for an increase in compensation—I determined that I would command it by results."

"I endeavored to find out what my employer expected from me, and then not only to do that, but to do more."

"Don't ever think you have the hardest work; others have just as hard work as you have, and perhaps still harder."

"Another very important matter is to take a careful inventory of yourself."

"I am a great believer in the value of 'Early to bed and early to rise.'"

"Many a time, one single bad habit will stand in the way of a man's progress in life and cause him to be a failure."

"Don't allow yourself to be influenced to frolic and keep late hours in such a way as will prevent you from getting to work early the next morning, fresh, vigorous and clear-headed."

### Integrity, Energy and Ambition

"MY EXPERIENCE," says E. Y. Sarles, a banker, "is that success is attained principally by energy and ambition. Of course, environment has its influence."

"My education consisted only of a high school course, but I selected the West for my future operations."

"I saved my early earnings and came West in the spring of 1881, and associated with a brother five years older."

"We started in the banking and lumber business. We had only what we had saved, to start with, and the good name of an uncle who had made a business success in life, and with honesty and integrity as our motto, we succeeded."

"There is always room at the top for young men who are strictly honorable. The public is not slow to appreciate men of fine character, whether it is shown in the social, business or political life."

"I use the golden rule in my business."

### A General Knowledge Test

AS A matter of general knowledge, there are certain allusions met with in literature, with which familiarity is desirable. The answers to the following questions will be given next month.

1. What is the Appian Way?
2. What is meant by the expression Argus-eyed?
3. In what connection is the term Barmecide's Feast used?
4. What is signified by the Sword of Damocles?
5. How did the expression Eureka (I have found it) originate?
6. What is meant by the Fabian Policy?
7. What and where is the Leaning Tower?
8. What is the meaning of a Roland for an Oliver?
9. What is the significance in conference, of a Round Table?
10. What is the Darwinian Theory?

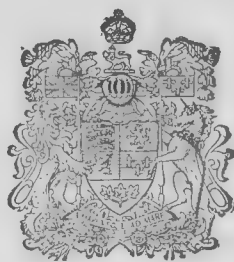
### When a Man Sews, It Does Not Rip.

Somebody asked can a man sew on a button properly? We don't know what is properly, but we have observed that when a man does the sewing—for himself, not a tailor—the button stays until the garment is no more.—Stratford Beacon.

### Tourists in Germany.

American tourists are complaining that the Germans are charging them robbery prices this year. Well, there's nothing under the sun to compel tourists to go there.—Kingston Whig.





# To Holders of Five Year $5\frac{1}{2}$ per cent Canada's Victory Bonds

Issued in 1917 and Maturing 1st December, 1922.

## CONVERSION PROPOSALS

**T**HE MINISTER OF FINANCE offers to holders of these bonds who desire to continue their investment in Dominion of Canada securities the privilege of exchanging the maturing bonds for new bonds bearing  $5\frac{1}{2}$  per cent interest, payable half yearly, of either of the following classes:-

- (a) Five year bonds, dated 1st November, 1922, to mature 1st November, 1927.
- (b) Ten year bonds, dated 1st November, 1922, to mature 1st November, 1932.

While the maturing bonds will carry interest to 1st December, 1922, the new bonds will commence to earn interest from 1st November, 1922, **GIVING A BONUS OF A FULL MONTH'S INTEREST TO THOSE AVAILING THEMSELVES OF THE CONVERSION PRIVILEGE.**

This offer is made to holders of the maturing bonds and is not open to other investors. The bonds to be issued under this proposal will be substantially of the same character as those which are maturing, except that the exemption from taxation does not apply to the new issue.

Holders of the maturing bonds who wish to avail themselves of this conversion privilege should take their bonds **AS EARLY AS POSSIBLE, BUT NOT LATER THAN SEPTEMBER 30th**, to a Branch of any Chartered Bank in Canada and receive in exchange an official receipt for the bonds surrendered, containing an undertaking to deliver the corresponding bonds of the new issue.

Holders of maturing fully registered bonds, interest payable by cheque from Ottawa, will receive their December 1 interest cheque as usual. Holders of coupon bonds will detach and retain the last unmatured coupon before surrendering the bond itself for conversion purposes.

The surrendered bonds will be forwarded by banks to the Minister of Finance at Ottawa, where they will be exchanged for bonds of the new issue, in fully registered, or coupon registered or coupon bearer form carrying interest payable 1st May and 1st November of each year of the duration of the loan, the first interest payment accruing and payable 1st May, 1923. Bonds of the new issue will be sent to the banks for delivery immediately after the receipt of the surrendered bonds.

The bonds of the maturing issue which are not converted under this proposal will be paid off in cash on the 1st December, 1922.

W. S. FIELDING,

Minister of Finance

Dated at Ottawa, 8th August, 1922.

## CLASSIFIED DEPARTMENT

If you want to buy or sell anything in the line of Poultry, Farm Property, Farm Machinery, or if you want Help or Employment, remember that the Classified Advertisement Columns of The Western Home Monthly are always ready to help you accomplish your object. Cost 5c. per word. Minimum 75c. Cash with order.

### AGENTS WANTED.

**AGENTS, MEN AND WOMEN**—We have positively the greatest household necessity on the market. A patented curtain rod. Instantly adjusted, no nails or tacks required. Samples free. George Grattan, manufacturer's agent, New Glasgow, Que. t.f.

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**SALESMAN WANTED**—for Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta to represent "Canada's Greatest Nurseries." Largest list of hardy varieties, recommended by Western Experimental Stations. Highest commissions, exclusive territory, handsome free outfit. Stone & Wellington, Toronto, Ont. 9-22

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**STAMPS** 100 different foreign stamps, catalogue, hinges, album, 15 cents; large packet, album, with war stamps, 25 cents; ask for bargain approvals we buy stamps; large lots; for spot cash. Marks Stamp Company, Toronto, Canada. t.f.

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**CHOICE SILVER BLACK BREEDING FOXES** Instructions furnished. Colin Reid, Bothwell, Ontario, Canada. 8-22

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**WANTED**—to hear from owner having farm for sale; give particulars and lowest price. JOHN J. BLACK, 14th Street, Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin. 10-22

**WANTED**—To hear from owner of good farm for sale. State cash price, full particulars. D. F. Bush, Minneapolis, Minn. 9-22

**WANTED**—To hear from owner of good farm for sale. State cash price, full particulars. D. F. Bush, Minneapolis, Minn. 8-22

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**WOMEN—GIRLS**—Learn Dress Designing \$35 week. Sewing experience unnecessary. Sample lessons free. Franklin Institute, Dept. G530, Rochester, N.Y. 9-22

**Detectives Earn Big Money**—Travel. Excellent opportunity. Fascinating work. Great demand everywhere. Experience unnecessary. Particulars free. Write, Dept. 75 American Detective System, 1966 Broadway, New York. 9-22

### MISCELLANEOUS

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### STAMMERING

**ST-STU-T-T-T-TERING** and stammering cured at home. Instructive booklet free. Walter McDonnell, 109 Potomac Bank Building, Washington, D. C. 3-23.

# PEOPLE WILL TALK

By May Heward

MOLLY stood at the window looking out at the dreary November drizzle.

Could it be, she wondered, but a few months since she had sat in the office of her father's solicitor and heard with relief that something had been saved from the wreck of his affairs when he died, something that was sufficient to enable her to start in the way she had always wanted to. Rent this tiny cottage and grow flowers, which she sold in the neighbouring town. She had been wonderfully successful too through the summer; and was in a fair way to make a flourishing little business of it, but today she looked out at her neat row of sticks, pre-saging next year's blooms, with rather dissatisfied eyes.

After all, it was very lonely her present life; she would have been glad of a girl partner, could she have found one to suit her, but all her friends were doing their own work and she did not care to ask them to give it up for a project which, though interesting, was not yet on its feet. There was a dance in the town, too, to-night, only a distance of three miles; nothing on a bicycle, but Molly did not care to go alone.

Then her dissatisfaction culminated in another point. Her neighbour, the Smallholder! Why had he thought it necessary to take the particular field next her garden, much less build his horrid concrete house almost within shouting distance of the cottage—it was disgusting! It was worse, for Molly was certain he wanted to be friendly. He wasn't such an impossible person, come to that, but she didn't want to know him—it would make things so awkward and people would talk so. She knew how they had talked about Fanny Dallow down in Devonshire, though there was nothing on earth to make a scandal about. Well, she was not going to give them the chance to talk. She was not going to know the Smallholder, even if he did grab at his slouch hat every time they met, and look so grieved and disappointed when she looked over his head.

Rat! Tat! came smartly at the back door of the cottage. Molly jumped, the sound was so sudden and so unexpected. Who could it be? The postman had gone long ago, so had the baker. She wasn't expecting anything from town. She had taken a step towards the kitchen when a sudden thought struck her—her neighbour; she was certain it was he, as certain as if she had already opened the door, coming on some trumped up excuse to make friends with her. Well, let him knock. She was out. She sat down in the big arm chair by the fire, stooping to stroke the cat as she did so. After all she had as much company as she wanted really, anyone else would only be a nuisance.

Suddenly she straightened up, glancing uneasily towards the window. Suppose it occurred to him to come round to the front door! He was bound to pass the window and the blind did not fit. Reluctantly she rose. Perhaps after all it would be better to answer the door, she could always snub him.

The knock was being repeated patiently, rather as if he meant to stay there all night. As Molly crossed the tiny kitchen, she hesitated a moment with her hand on the latch. Outside she could hear her visitor whistling softly under his breath.

"Good evening," he said the instant the door opened. Molly saw his eyes go appreciatively to the cosy room behind her. "I wondered if you would be so awfully good as to let me have a drop of boiling water in my tea-pot. My d—er—fire's gone out and I'm afraid it'll take some time to re-light."

"But—er—" stammered Molly a trifle taken aback, and he broke into hurried explanations.

"You see I'm not well used to doing for myself, awful muff at it in fact, and something's gone wrong with the bally chimney or grate or something. Anyhow I've been wrestling with the d—er, blessed thing for the last half hour, till I got a bit fed up. Then I saw your fire through the window, you know, and guessed you'd have a drop of hot water, so I thought

I'd just have tea and then have another go at it."

He thrust forward the teapot suggestively, with a glance at the kettle singing on the hob.

"Of course you can have some water," answered the girl, trying to make her voice cold and distant as possible. "What sort of a stove is yours?"

He leaned against the doorway watching her as she filled the teapot.

"God knows," he answered cheerfully. "It's some patent I know that, supposed to be something wonderful. Do you know anything about dampers and things?"

"Perhaps the flues are blocked," she suggested, "is it by any chance a Cook's Joy?"

"A what? I should call it a Kill Joy myself."

Molly handed him the teapot thoughtfully.

"Where's the lid?" she asked.

"Oh, by Jove! I've forgotten it. Never mind, it'll be all right. Thanks awfully."

"Why, you silly boy—" the words were out before Molly knew and she bit her lip with annoyance, but went on, "It will get full of rain before you get back."

He turned round with a cheerful grin.

"Well, how about sticking a cup on top? I'll bring it back at once. I suppose now you can't suggest anything about the stove?"

He looked at her hopefully, holding the cup in position on the top of the little pot, the rain running off his hat brim and making rivulets down his shoulders.

ONCE more Molly hesitated. "If you do help a fellow-being in distress there is no occasion to, know him afterwards," she argued to herself.

"I'm afraid I can't without seeing it," she said.

"Then that's a washout." He turned away and stepped out into the rain. Molly noticed the tired droop of his shoulders and the disappointed note in his voice. She knew he had been out ploughing since early morning, and her heart smote her.

"Shall I come over and look at it?" she offered.

He swung round, sending a spurt of hot tea across the threshold. "I'd be everlastingly grateful if you would," he said warmly, "but I can't let you, it's a rotten night."

"I've not changed my boots yet," said Molly coldly, "and I've an umbrella."

He did not seem to notice the coldness, but led the way, chattering cheerfully, along the puddly path to his house. It looked disgracefully naked and unashamed, standing there all by itself in the bleak rain-swept field, even the thin coppice behind did not come near enough to make a pretence of clothing it. Vines and creepers it had none.

"I'm afraid it's in a beast of a mess," the man beside her said, apologetically, as he opened the door.

It was. Molly glanced about her with horror, pausing on the doorstep. On the hearth were littered the contents of the grate, which itself loomed black and empty above the heaped grey ashes of former fires. Several day's mud marked the way from door to fire-place, also to the opposite door. On a side table were piled a heterogeneous collection of dirty plates and dishes and on the deal table in the middle stood the remains of breakfast.

"You see I wanted to get the ploughing done," said the Smallholder with a glance out of the uncurtained window to the brown furrows beyond, "and I thought I'd have a go at this to-night, as it isn't fit to do anything outside. Only," he paused, "I thought I'd like a cup of tea first."

"I should think so," said Molly, "for my own part I should want a dozen before I tackled this."

"But then, you haven't got to," he reminded her. "After all it's not so bad."

To the girl standing in that dreary untidy little room, the gloomy dusk of November fast closing in, it seemed about as bad as it could be. She stepped gingerly across to the stove, and inspected it. All the dampers were jammed hard in and when she moved them felt heavy with soot.



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"You must have been burning some very bad coal," she said, "I'm afraid the flues want doing."

"Do they?" He looked at her rather helplessly, adding ruefully, "Smallholding isn't the catch folks make out."

"It's so silly," said Molly severely, "to go in for a thing you know so little about."

He shrugged his shoulders with the first touch of seriousness she had seen.

"There didn't seem anything else going," he said. "When I had the offer of this piece of land from the Government I naturally jumped at it."

A wave of compassion swept over the girl, the compassion that all women must have for a man struggling helplessly in a sea of domestic difficulties, and she spoke impulsively.

"You'd better come over to my place and have tea first, and then I'll help you put this straight."

He came a step nearer.

"I say, d'you mean that? It's most awfully good of you, your little room looks like heaven after this. Can you see your way back? If I'm a little late don't wait for me if you haven't had your tea, I must tidy up a bit first."

"There's no need to do more than knock the mud off your boots and wash," said Molly. "You'll only get dirty again over this cleaning, so don't change anything." Privately she doubted if he had anything to change to but the khaki slops he wore. Then she turned and ran back, skirting the puddles skilfully, and proceeded to prepare for her guest.

"But remember this Molly my dear," she apostrophised herself, "you are not going to know him, and you'll have to tell him so. That is the honestest way. Then there can be no mistake."

UNDER those circumstances, it seemed hardly necessary to put out all her best China, the little batch of cakes she had made for Sunday tea and the last pot of strawberry jam, because all men like strawberry. But Molly did all these things for the man she was determined not to know. She had hardly finished these preparations before a diffident voice at the still open back door asked, "May I come in?"

"Yes," she cried gaily. He crossed the kitchen and paused at the sitting-room door, his eyes going from the cosy little tea table to the picture of the girl on the rug before the fire toasting herself and a crumpet at the same time. He caught his breath sharply. Molly, noticing nothing, waved him to an arm chair. "Sit down," she said, "I'm going to pour out and I'm sure you need a rest."

He dropped into the big arm chair and stretched his feet to the blaze with a long drawn sigh of content.

"This is priceless," he murmured, still with his eyes on her, "absolutely priceless."

"It is rather nice." Molly glanced round her tiny domain rather proudly. Then, remembering she was not going to make a friend of him she switched the conversation on to general topics and kept it there all tea time. They both enjoyed that tea, perhaps the man most, as it was many months since he had sat at a table with anything but bare necessities on it, both as regards food and furnishings. When they had finished they both felt fresh enough to tackle a dozen untidy kitchens. Of course, he helped her wash up and then Molly took a huge sacking apron from behind the door and led the way back to work.

They had brought a kettle of boiling water with them and, while Molly washed up, the Smallholder, under her instructions, cleaned the flues and learned something of the internal workings of his own stove, with the result that they soon had a cheery little fire crackling and roaring up the chimney.

"That's better," said his instructress. "Now put on some water in the largest thing you have, that pail would do, and while it's heating you can sweep the floor."

He obeyed meekly, wondering if he dare ask a question, one that kept his eyes turning constantly towards the clock.

"We haven't been long," he remarked tentatively.

"No," agreed Molly. "I think the water's hot enough now; you can get on and scrub the floor while I do the tables."

Silence for a while, save for the sound of the two scrubbing brushers working now and again in unison.

At last, as he stopped to wring out his cloth, the Smallholder put the question.

"Are you going to the dance tonight?" he asked.

"No," returned Molly promptly, adding mendaciously, "I don't care for dancing." "You little liar," murmured the Smallholder to the floor cloth as he went down on his knees again.

"Are you going?" queried Molly airily. "Oh no, of course not," he growled, "shouldn't dream of it. Though I believe if you know anyone they're great fun."

"Humph, maybe," said Molly. "There, I think we've done now. It looks a little better. Just give that mat a good shake and put it here in front of the fire. That's right. Now you want a window curtain badly and a table cloth and a picture or two and a vase of flowers and then it will look quite homey."

"Um, yes," said the Smallholder, thoughtfully surveying the result of their combined labours.

"Now I must be off," went on the girl briskly and hesitated. It was a little hard to say what she meant to say while he looked at her just like that.

"Thanks a million times for all you've done," he said, following her to the door, "It's no end good of you."

"Oh, it's nothing. Look here," she turned abruptly and blurted out "I don't mean to know you, so we shall have to pretend that this hasn't happened. I can't help it," she finished, desperately. "Our positions make it awkward and you know how people talk."

"What does it matter," he asked, "so long as we know it's all right?"

But Molly shook her head.

"It won't do," she said, "and I've made up my mind. Good night," and she turned and ran home.

It was earlier than she thought when she reached home. There was still a large portion of the evening to be got through. She felt restless and excited. The picture of the Smallholder as she had left him standing at his lighted doorway haunted her. She had done quite right she reflected. They could not know each other and anyhow—oh, bother! She tossed aside the book she was trying to read and looked at the clock. Half past six, just time to dress and go to the dance. Should she go? It would be something to do, and perhaps she could forget her uncomfortable neighbour for a time.

Luckily for Molly she knew quite a number of men there, so did not have to wait for partners, and once at the dance she soon forgot her worries, until towards the middle of the evening they returned upon her full fold, when the M. C. bustling up to her said, "Miss Kildare, may I introduce a near neighbour of yours, Mr. Standen."

Molly swung round to face a half sheepish, half triumphant grin on the face of the Smallholder.

"You two are such near neighbours you ought to be good friends," said the M. C. as he bustled away, thinking he had done a good work.

"How dare you?" breathed Molly furiously.

"What was I to do?" asked Standen, "the chap said 'would you like to be introduced?' and I couldn't say I would not."

"You could have said—Oh! any old thing."

"Couldn't have said 'Thanks, but my programme's full,' because I don't know a soul in the room, and if I had said I didn't want to be introduced he'd have thought it very strange."

"Well! but what on earth are we to do now?" exclaimed Molly pettishly.

"Make the best of a bad job and enjoy ourselves," answered the Smallholder promptly. "May I have this dance?"

He had it, also two or three more, which Molly gave him absent-mindedly, so engrossed with her problem of how to deal with the situation that she did not notice how many times he came for her or that he danced with no one else.

THEY met constantly after that at dances, in the town and perpetually about their own holdings, but Molly kept to her word and gave him nothing but a curt "good-day," grin he ever so invitingly. Every now and then she repented heartily of her treatment of him, and then a great bunch of late chrysanthemums would appear on his doorstep. Seeing it he would glance tenderly across at the little cottage with its faintly gleaming windows and carry the flowers gratefully indoors.

Yet in spite of Molly's care, or perhaps because of it, people began to talk. And

Continued on page 31

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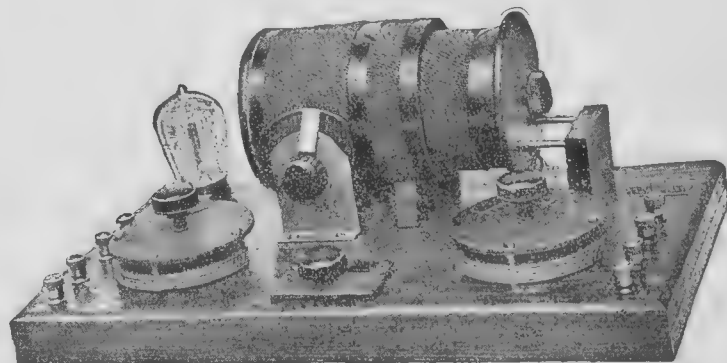
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### No Prouder Name Than "Canadian"

ONE OF the most widely read writers in Canada is Stephen Leacock, who was born in England and was brought to Canada when a child by his parents. He has lived in Canada ever since, and is now Professor of Political Economy at McGill University, in Montreal, and is celebrated as a humorist. In his latest book, entitled "My Discovery of England," written after a most successful lecturing tour in Great Britain, he uses the word "American" as a description of both the Canadian people and the people of the United States. "I am a Canadian," he writes. "But for lack of any other word to indicate collectively those who live between Rio Grande and the North Pole, I have found it necessary to use the word 'American'. If the Canadians and the Eskimos and the Flathead Indians are not Americans, what are they?" surely the answer is that they are the Canadians, the Eskimos and the Flathead Indians. And why does Professor Leacock stop at Rio Grande? Why does he refuse to allow the word 'American' to extend across that river, which divides Mexico from the United States? If the Mexicans, too, are not Americans, what are they? They, too, like ourselves and the Eskimos and all the dwellers in the United States, live on this continent of North America. The Flathead Indians, as well as the other Indian tribes, including those in Mexico, can claim that they have an older title to the name 'American' than the people of European racial origin who inhabit this continent. But what is the use of raising this periodical question of the right of the Canadian people to the name 'American'? By usage that name belongs to the people of the United States. We have our own name, and we are proud of it. The name 'Canadian' is ours, beyond possibility of change.

### Country and City—a Vision

THE DRIFT of population to the cities presents a problem of formidable importance. It is a problem that must be solved, or there cannot be true progress along right lines. It is an economic problem and a social problem at the same time. How are life and work in the country to be made more interesting and attractive, so that the too great centralizing movement will be lessened? A striking vision is presented in the address made by Charles A. Coffin, upon his recent retirement from the presidency of the General Electric Company of the United States. He set forth a picture in words showing the social and economic changes which he believes will be brought about by the use of electricity. In the great cities the purposes which electricity is made to serve are many and are constantly increasing. Life and work in the cities depend more and more upon the electric current. He believes that the time will come when the electric current will be the main force in bringing about decentralization, by carrying to the dwellers in the country utilities and advantages and means of making life more attractive. For the sake of the children and the true welfare of the race, for the elimination of the social and economic ills that have developed from the too great congestion of humanity in the cities, and for right economic development and true progress in democracy, the right balance must be re-established between country and city. If electricity is to play a main part in re-establishing that balance, it will prove itself to be, indeed, an agency of incalculable importance and value in promoting the true progress of humanity. All this may be regarded as yet as visionary; but it is a vision towards the realization of which work is being done constantly. Everything that is best in civilization was a vision to begin with.

### The Stars Over the Prairies

WHAT long thoughts are inspired by the sight of the starry heavens on a cloudless night, when the starshine fills the clear air and gives its dim, vague illumination to a sea-like expanse of prairie! Moonshine is a lovely light, but starshine over the prairie, when there is no moon, can be even more magical than the light of the moon. It was on the plains of Asia that shepherds, watching their flocks by night, and men journeying in caravans first studied the stars moving across the sky in regular order, in the same patterns we see now when we gaze at the sky in the night. As the ages went by, such early astronomical scrutiny developed, and became a most important part of human knowledge. "Look now toward heaven," we read in one of the most ancient of writings, "and tell the stars if thou be able to number them." The knowledge of the stars gradually grew, and the first men who put forth to sea learned to guide their courses by them. Always men have gazed at the stars. Babylonians in rock-paved courtyards studied them; Arabs on desert journeys stood at the doors of their tents and watched the Dipper and the other constellations, while their camels nearby munched their fodder by flickering camp-fires in the grateful coolness of the desert night air. But surely no watchers of the stars except the modern astronomers who, clad in furs, study them through the immense telescopes of the great observatories built high on mountains for the sake of the clearness of the air, have ever gazed at the star sprinkled sky through clearer air than that of Western Canada. "The heavens declare the glory of God and the firmament showeth his handiwork." What deep thoughts beyond words to express are inspired by the spectacle of the stars in their courses!

### A Hill of Retribution

STONY MOUNTAIN, that rocky shoulder which lifts itself up out of the prairie some fifteen miles north of Winnipeg, would not be called a mountain in the East, but a hill. But the grim grey walls of

# The Philosopher

Stony Mountain Penitentiary which enclose its summit make it a formidable looking eminence; it is visible for miles on the level prairie, and stands out on the skyline like a fortress. What thoughtful person, coming within sight of it, can fail to be impressed by questionings about the problems of human life and of evil in the world, as his mind tries to pierce those high, forbidding walls and realize the lives that are going on inside them! Men who transgress the law are dangers to public safety, and conviction by due process of law and imprisonment protects society from them, and serves as a powerful deterrent to others who may think of preying on their fellow-beings, whether by criminal cunning or by violence. The problems presented by crime are manifold and endlessly complex, and are being dealt with more and more justly as knowledge increases. In Canada the mistake is not made of relaxing the severity of justice in favor of a loose, sentimental and careless disregard of the consequences of letting crime go unpunished, as in some sections of the United States. It is also satisfactory to know that in the penal institutions of our country there is increasingly in operation the idea that every means of dealing with a man sentenced to a term of imprisonment, so as to turn him towards real reformation and help him to make himself a law-abiding man should be used. In doing this work there is need of great sagacity and of the wisdom that comes from long experience in dealing with men sentenced to prison; the reports of the Department of Justice show that in the application of the parole system and the other methods in use in this work, good results are being obtained.

### The Immigration Problem

THERE is much discussion in the London papers over the proposed Australian plan for taking 6,000 boys between sixteen and eighteen years of age from Great Britain and placing them on the land in Australia. The objection is made that instead of allowing the pick of the population of Great Britain to go to the antipodes, Great Britain should keep its young men. At the same time it is obvious that in many cases a new country of vast extent and resources and needing population presents better chances for attaining comfort and independence than there are in the old world. It was the greater opportunities in the new world that caused the great flow of immigration to this continent from the old world—not only young men, but old men, and women, old and young, and boys and girls. They all counted upon making homes and finding a road to fortune under the new skies that arched the new lands to which they were migrating. Our cities were comparatively small then, and it was not thought that, in spite of the vast expanses of land open to settlers, the European evil of crowded cities might establish itself in the new world. Consequently, both in Canada and in the United States immigrants were welcomed, not only from Great Britain but from the continent of Europe. There was plenty of free land. Our own fertile lands in Western Canada lay open until little more than a quarter of a century ago to settlers who would go on them and develop them. The time came when these lands were taken up quickly not by settlers but by speculators. The area of fertile land available for homesteading became less and less and more remote from the railways. Then it was found that not a few of the immigrants had no desire to settle on the land, but preferred to crowd into the cities; others tried farming, but failed from lack of perseverance, or of training, or of capital. The result of the experience thus far is that the necessity for discrimination and system in securing settlers for the land stands out as the greatest of Canada's national needs.

### Some "Radio" Problems for the Future

A great deal of what is soundest and best in modern political thinking is derived from ancient Greece. Our Word Democracy is a Greek word in English dress. One of the ideas held by the thinkers of ancient Greece was that a democratic state must of necessity be a small state, a "city state," as Athens was. They believed that a state in which the assembly of all the citizens was so large that everyone present could not hear the words of a speaker addressing the assembly was too large to be a true democracy. Popular government, they were sure, could not continue in such a state. The invention of printing gave democracy a vastly greater range than that of the human voice. And now wireless telephony, or "radio" as it is termed in our everyday talk, has enlarged the range of the human voice miraculously, in a manner that not alone the wisest of the ancient Greeks, but the wisest of the moderns of only a generation or two ago would have regarded as a wildly impossible dream, beyond any possibility of being realized in this actual world, which is constantly becoming a world of more and more wonders. There

are broadcasting stations which can transmit the voice many hundreds of miles; and there are said to be already more than half a million receiving "radio" sets in actual use on this continent, and the number is rapidly increasing. Anything that is being transmitted, speech or song or instrumental music, can be picked up by any receiving instrument capable of being attuned to the ether waves carrying the transmitted sounds. Nobody can stop any owner of a "radio" set from listening in, or charge him a cent for the privilege. The ether waves are free to all. In the present general interest in this wonderful scientific novelty, newspapers are conducting free broadcasting stations. But when the wireless telephone has ceased to be a novelty, how will the broadcasting be done? Will there be public ownership and operation of the broadcasting stations? Will everybody in Canada be able, if he or she wants to, to listen to the debates in the Dominion Parliament? When there is an election campaign in progress, will the party orators do their best to drown out one another's voices? Or, rather, will each party organization provide a broadcasting station with a dynamo powerful enough to make it possible to shout down an orator proclaiming the doctrines of another party?

### The Candy Consumption of Canada

THE statement comes from Ottawa that the people of Canada are consuming between \$60,000,000 and \$65,000,000 worth of candy a year. The figures of the consumption of candy in the United States are prodigious. Throughout the whole of this continent the eating of candy—to say nothing of the chewing of gum—is being carried on as never before. Never before was there such chewing and such eating. Historians tell us that the "sweet tooth" is a distinctly modern development. A few centuries ago sugar was a rare delicacy, which only royalty and nobility and the wealthy enjoyed. Sweetmeats were imported at great cost into Europe from the East and from Africa before the discovery of America led to the development of plantations for the cultivation of the sugar cane. In the eighteenth century cargoes of sugar crossed the Atlantic from the new world in increasing number; but it was not until the middle of the last century that the development of candy-making on a large scale began. About 1860 a confectioner named Sebastian Chauveau, in New York, laid the foundation of a fortune by producing that early wonder of the candy-making industry, the gumdrop, which became immensely popular. Later on he originated the marshmallow. In 1866 there emerged from that home of culture, Boston, the "conversation lozenge," or as they used to be called in Ontario when The Philosopher was a boy, the "conversation lozenger," a boon to many a youth to whose unutterable calf love it gave ready-made, sweet words. Finally came the chocolate, which if it has not overwhelmed all competitors, has undeniably established itself in a dominating position. It will be interesting to watch from year to year the statistics of candy consumption by the Canadian people. No doubt they will be studied carefully by economists, sociologists, medical men and philosophers; and we may expect that eventually there will be some profound conclusions based on them.

### Another Alleged Centenarian

THERE died a couple of weeks ago in New York, a man named John Shell, who was said to have been the oldest man in the world. His age was said to be 134 years. But those who made that statement were the circus agents who discovered him a few years ago living in a remote district in the mountain region of Kentucky, and made some money by exhibiting him. Thousands of people paid the price of admission to the sideshow where he was on view, with an extra price for the honor of shaking hands with him. He was a very old man, but a New York doctor of the highest standing, who made an examination of him, said that there was no reason to believe him to be as old as he was represented to be. He was illiterate, and his mental condition would have warranted his committal to an institution, if he had been inclined to violence. It has long been noted that men who lay claim to being extraordinarily old, or whose age is declared by others to be far beyond the threescore and ten of the Psalmist, were born in places in which vital statistics were not carefully kept. Usually, indeed, there is no birth record in existence. As a rule, their births were not registered, and they have been, like their parents, illiterates. In the case of John Shell, it is true, there was a legal document dated 1809, in which his name occurred, but there was no proof that it was not the name of another John Shell. It is a well known characteristic of some old people they they are proud of their length of years and are inclined to exaggerate it. A genuine nonagenarian, lives in Winnipeg in the person of Mrs. William Cowan, whose ninetieth birthday occurred on the ninth day of last month. She is the cousin of Sheriff Inkster, and has a clear memory of her whole life. Her husband, Dr. Cowan, was the Hudson's Bay official in charge of Fort Garry when Riel seized that stronghold in 1870. Mrs. Cowan remembers crossing the plains in 1848 to Galesburg, Illinois, where she was at a boarding school two years; after her marriage she made the voyage to England twice by a Hudson's Bay Company ship from York Factory through Hudson Straits.





Edmonton

Jasper Park

1700  
Mile  
Trail

Yellow  
Head  
Pass

Edmonton to Victoria, via Jasper Park, Yellow Head Pass and Kamloops. Never before June 17, 1922, had an automobile crossed the Canadian Rocky Mountains. This trail has always been considered impassable for any vehicle.

Kamloops

# Ford CAR WINS GOLD MEDAL as Pathfinder of the Canadian Rockies

© Victoria

## Ford Car Piloted by George Gordon Makes Fast Time to Coast and Gets Gold Medal

(From the Edmonton Journal, July 15th)

Made Trip of Seventeen Hundred Miles Over Rocky Mountains in Eight Days Without Repairs or Change of Tires.

The recent pathfinding tour from Edmonton to Victoria, B. C., brought further laurels to the Ford car and it demonstrated that this popular car can be operated successfully under the most severe conditions.

When the city of Victoria offered a gold medal to the driver of the first car to blaze a trail from Edmonton to Victoria via Jasper Pass, Yellow-head Pass and Kamloops, it was considered an almost impossible feat, and if accomplished the trip would take from three to five weeks and the car would be almost a wreck.

The city of Victoria offered this medal during the recent convention of the Canadian Good Roads' Association which was held in that city. A motor road between Edmonton and Victoria has been the dream of western Canadians and to that date an automobile had never crossed the Rocky mountains and to the first pathfinding car this

trip presented almost insurmountable difficulties.

Such an adventurous journey appealed to several citizens and on Saturday, June 17, the first car set out from Edmonton and eight days later Mr. Geo. F. Gordon followed with his Ford roadster. Four days after starting Mr. Gordon caught up to the first starter at Albreda. When this news came through to this city it was presumed that the Ford car had taken advantage of the road-making that was done by the drivers of the other car, but this was not the case as Gordon traveled over a different route altogether from Edmonton to Edson and from that point to Albreda no road-making was done as there is a passable trail between these two points. From Albreda the Ford took the lead and was never at any time headed by the other car and arrived in Victoria, July 4, 24 hours ahead of his rival.

### Gordon Gives Ford Credit

Mr. Gordon returned to the city on Tuesday morning by train, as he left his car in Vancouver on display at the Ford showrooms in that city and it will be freighted back to this city and placed on show at the Dominion Motors, Limited, the local Ford dealers. Mr. Gordon gives unstinted praise to the Ford car and he says: "When I

first took the notion of making this trip I decided to take a Ford, as from past experience I knew that if any car got through in reasonable time it would be the Ford and to back my own faith in this car I purchased a new Ford roadster. I did not ask or take any financial assistance from the Ford dealer or any other person as I knew that the car would not lose any of its value from the trip unless we went over a precipice or some such accident. We took with us approximately \$60 worth of spare parts and tires and we accomplished this trip with no further damage than a broken spring leaf, and never used any of the spare parts.

### Pleasure to Drive

"It was a pleasure to drive this car as we knew that it was capable of overcoming any difficulties and as long as there was a place for four wheels to go through or over we went. We traveled approximately 1,700 miles and we never had the slightest trouble with the engine, and we found it both economical on tires and gas. The tires are at present on show at the Vancouver office of the Gregory Tire Company and do not show any wear at all; neither did we have a puncture. If I should ever have the occasion to take a similar trip I would take a Ford."

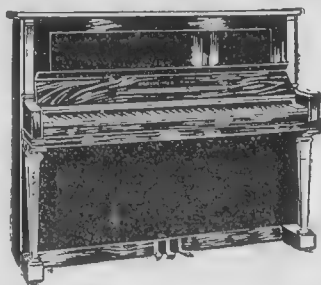
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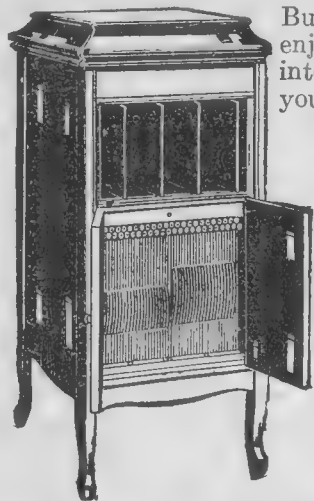
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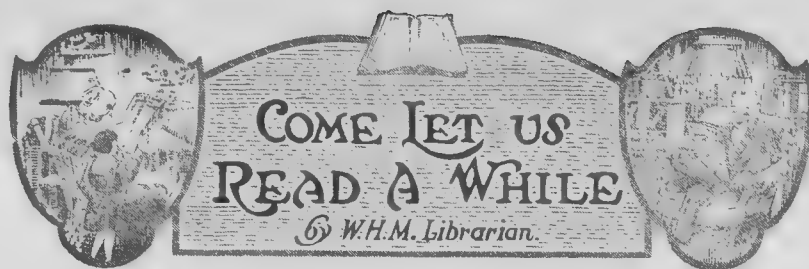
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**F**ASHION seems to invade even the world of books. I mean certain topics become the fashion at certain periods, and we find several new novels dealing with the same subject. For instance, just now, the Flapper is the centre of the stage. Authors are devoting entire novels to her Royal Highness, The Bobbed Haired Girl. In these novels we find the Modern Young Thing thoroughly discussed. Her physical appearance is faithfully portrayed, her mind analysed, her emotions described and her place in the Universe mapped out according to the viewpoint of the author. Flapperdom is a new kingdom through which the literary imagination roams gathering facts and fancies out of which new novels are woven.

### "The House Of Mohun"

**I**N this novel published by George McLeod of Toronto, the author has drawn a vivid picture of Cherry Mohun, daughter of a very wealthy man, and leader of a certain fashionable set of young folks whose idea of life is having "a good time".

Cherry and her youthful companions (flappers and he-flappers!) jazz, swear, drink, rouge, pluck out their eyebrows, cut off their hair, do nothing useful, and much that is harmful. Cherry has a mother who is more reprehensible than Cherry. For Mrs. Mohun ought to know better. She has known what it is to live in a very modest home, and she has seen how hard her husband has had to work to make the money they now enjoy. But she is as empty-headed as her daughter, thoroughly self-centered, and horribly materialistic. Her one ambition in life is to reach the highest rung of the social ladder. She has the beauty of falseness, and that youthfulness which is preserved only by women who never feel anything deeply.

Cherry has a brother, a masculine edition of herself. An idle spendthrift of no account in the universal scheme of things except to ride to the hounds and borrow more money from his mother.

Cherry has a father, a decent enough man, absolutely absorbed in his money-making, believing his wife to be the most beautiful, the cleverest, and the best woman on earth. It is true that once or twice his conscience has a twinge. Should Cherry be behaving as she does, and as reports that reach him, say she does? He broaches the subject to his wife who promptly tells him not to interfere with matters that do not concern him. Surely he can trust her, the mother, to know how to bring Cherry up. So Mr. Mohun is silent and returns to his money-making.

This then is the house of Mohun. Doesn't the name suggest disaster to you? It did to me. Somehow the title "The House of Mohun" made me think of the House of Israel and the prophecies that foretold its downfall. Before I had read a word, or even glanced through the book, I felt that the house of Mohun was to be razed to the ground! And so it was. While Mrs. Mohun planned still further social conquests, while Cherry danced till early morning, while the boy played cards, the father's business collapsed. Down the House of Mohun crumbled as easily as a pack of cards is scattered. Now what will this pleasure-loving, selfish, empty-headed flapper, Cherry Mohun, do? There is a rich man waiting to marry her. A man who is buying her with his money bags. Will she take this easy way out of the ruined house and swiftly enter a still more luxurious home? Read this gripping novel and discover for yourself the metal from which Cherry Mohun was minted.

### "The Dancers in the Dark"

**N**OW for another new novel about the Modern Girl. "The Dancers in the Dark" is written by Dorothy Speare and published by McClelland and Stewart of Toronto. It has been stated that Dorothy Speare is the pen-name of a young Canadian woman who does not wish to reveal her identity because she has given so truthful a picture of the life she led with her gay sisters down Boston way. A feverish life made up of a series of semi-debauches. Much drinking, little sleeping, joy-rides with young men unable to steer straight, dancing in the dark until three in the morning and afterwards some other festivity to finish up the "day". Young girls with minds as old as Time itself. Young girls with seared hearts and bitter tongues, with every drop of the sweetness of purity drained by the fevered lips of the pleasure-hunter. I do not know who Dorothy Speare is, but frankly her story does not convince me. Certain evils exist we know, but I felt as I was reading this hectic story, that Dorothy Speare had piled it on, as the girls piled on the rouge, to startle and horrify. I cannot believe that three girls lived the life she described. Nor do I believe that a motor smash up is the only way in which the modern flapper can be brought to her senses!

### Arthur Stringer's Flapper

**I**N a volume entitled "Twin Tales" published by McClelland and Stewart, Arthur Stringer has a story in which the heroine is again our friend the Flapper. This story is called "Are All Men Alike" and describes a certain Theodora who has been brought up in great and guarded luxury and who rebels. She takes a studio and decides to study art. We see her bump up against many obstacles in the form of men who insist upon making love to her. In disgust and weariness, she wails "Are All Men Alike?" After some amusing incidents, she finds that they are and then one day, most miraculously she discovers that she is glad one man is like the rest of them. The restless little flapper is at length in love with a man who seems quite different. In reality he is just like the others. Love puts him in a different light, that's all.

### The Prairie Child

**T**ALKING of Arthur Stringer reminds me that his newest novel is now to be procured. It is the third in his Prairie series, (The Prairie Child, it is called) and is published by McClelland and Stewart in Toronto. Of course you have read "The Prairie Wife," and "The Prairie Mother." Well, this continues the story of the married life of Chaddie McKail and it is about as unhappy a story as one could find on the length and breadth of these great western prairies. Duncan McKail is the same unfaithful, philandering husband; harder, bitterer, more objectionable than ever before. Chaddie is the Prairie mother devoting herself body and soul to her two children, quite unforgiving, and keeping her daily diary. The old idea that a book had to be happy to be a success, will have to be revised. This is a dismal performance from beginning to the end as we see Chaddie return to the farm and to the comforting presence of her great admirer, Peter, we wonder whether that wretched Dinky Dunk will turn still sourer and refuse to marry his bandy-legged teacher-stenographer with whom he has been so intimate for years. Of course Mr. Stringer will have to give us another story—the Prairie Dog?—otherwise we shall never know if Chaddie has her turn of happiness. I suspect she'll forgive the great lump of arrogance and mulishness, "for the sake of the children." Time will show.

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who enjoy the "Pollyanna" books and those by L. M. Montgomery will certainly be pleased with "Uncle Mary" which opens with an unusual incident and maintains its interest throughout.

## PEOPLE WILL TALK

Continued from page 27

they talked, until the vicar's wife meeting the girl one day dropped, as she thought, a friendly hint.

"Why don't you try and get somewhere else, my dear?" she said, "It must be so tiresome having that man so near to you, and you know people will talk."

Molly rode home in a fume. Leave her cottage? Leave her little garden that she had worked so hard over? Leave her market just as she was beginning to make a place for herself? It was not to be thought of.

Unluckily, for him, she met Standen at her own gate.

"Oh! I hate you," she burst out passionately, "I wish you'd never come here."

"What is it now?" he asked with comic resignation. Nothing seemed to put him out.

"They've been talking, the beasts! They say—they say—"

"What does it matter what they say?" he retorted coolly, chewing a straw, "we know it's not true."

"That makes no difference."

"It does, it makes all the difference. To stop the talk one of us must give up our living or we must marry. We are not," he went on as her eyes flashed up indignantly, "in a position to do either, so let 'em talk."

"It's all very well for you, you're a man," returned Molly, dubiously.

"That, too, makes no difference," he told her, then suddenly he stretched out his hand, "Put it there Miss Kildare," he cried, cheerily, "Let 'em talk. We'll stick it out. Though," he added, as she put her hand in his, "I'm perfectly willing to clear out if you think it best."

"Where would you go? What would you do?"

"Some old where I suppose," with a shrug of the broad shoulders, "I should soon find something, I expect."

But Molly shook her head.

"I'm not such a pig as that," she said, "We'll stick it out, and—as they talk whether we do it or not, you'd better come and have tea with me tonight."

He went.

Spring was coming. Rows and rows of tiny green heads were appearing in Molly's garden. Rows and rows of tiny corn blades were greening her neighbour's fields, when one morning just after the postman had tramped away down the lane, Standen came out to his doorstep, an open letter in his hand.

He hesitated for a second, then the little gate clanged behind him and he came resolutely up the primrose bordered path. The kitchen door was open. Molly was busy frying an egg for her breakfast. The sunshine streamed in on the white cloth with the vase of daffodils in the center. She looked up as he came in.

"Hello!" she said.

"Molly, I've had a letter from my father's solicitors."

"Oh really, I didn't know you had a father or solicitors," she laughed.

"He's dead."

"Oh! I'm sorry."

"You needn't be; he gave me the cold shoulder years ago, but—but he's left me the business, and I—I shall have to throw this up and go home."

"Go home?" Molly stared at him blankly, with wide troubled eyes, "Go away, you mean?"

He nodded, watching her. The cooking fork she held clattered to the floor. As the girl stooped to pick it up she recovered herself. "Oh, well," she said, turning to a hopelessly black egg, "I'm sure I hope you'll be very happy."

She had a confused idea she was congratulating him on his marriage.

A strong arm came round her, a strong hand deprived her of the cooking fork, the kettle was left to boil over at will.

"Molly, you know I'll be perfectly miserable unless you come with me. Molly, I've loved you ever since I first set eyes on you and you snubbed me so abominably. Say you'll marry me or else I'm hanged but I'll let the business go and stay on here—with you."

The last words were whispered to a little ear nearly hidden in his coat.

The silence after that lasted so long

that a robin flew on to the doorstep and piped his little trill of joy.

"Jolly little beggar," murmured the Smallholder happily.

"But you know," protested Molly, straightening her hair, "People will talk."

"Well let 'em. What do we care," returned Standen. "Let's have breakfast."

## THE CREES OF THE PEACE RIVER

Continued from page 17

Mississippi. One word of theirs, widely used till it has become a colloquialism among the whites in that part of the country, is "Key-am," signifying, "It does not matter."

If you speak Cree at all, the half-breed will usually confine his speech

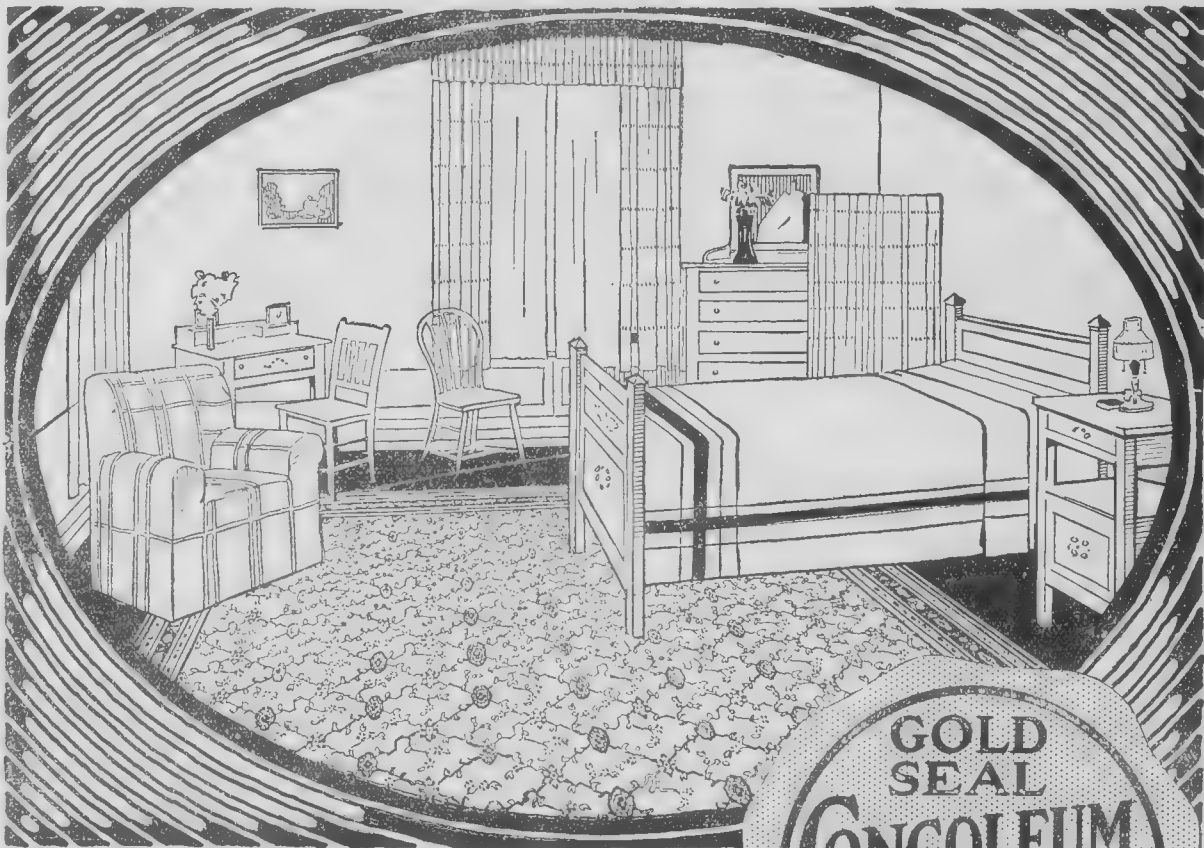
to that language in conversing with you, no matter how well he may speak English, for they are extraordinarily shy and sensitive about making mistakes. It is a common experience for a white person, after half-an-hour of animated jabbering and sign-language, to discover with exasperation that the Cree speaks English nearly as well as he does. I know a native woman whose husband, a white man, corrected her English before company. For eight years after that she never spoke an English word.

The half-breed is simple-hearted and kind, and possessed of a strong sense of humor. Though undemonstrative to strangers they are deeply emotional, and capable of expressing themselves in most romantic and picturesque fashion.

Whether this is a heritage from Celt or Cree, who shall say?

In the older and more isolated posts, where the white people are in the minority, there is no distinction made; whites and natives mingle freely at all public gatherings, and inter-marriage is common. But as soon as the whites begin to predominate, these unbelievably proud and sensitive people do not wait for them to draw the color line, but gradually retiring, leave the whites to themselves.

Farther and farther into the wilderness they have withdrawn, and whatever of animosity or resentment may lie behind the inscrutable eyes with which they view the advance of the whites, their only comment is "Key-am," the Kismet of the Cree.



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# Choose Your Laundry Soap with Care



HE subject of soap-selection is such an important one that we are moved to paraphrase the Earl of Roscommon's oft-quoted phrase thus: "Choose a **Soap** as you choose a friend." And, carrying the simile further, find the right laundry-soap and stick to it, as you stick to a friend who has been weighed in the balance and found faithful.

It goes without saying that fickle fancy and soap "sales" have frequently exerted a subtle, harmful influence on the whole laundry problem. Variety may be the spice of life, but it is a dangerous doctrine when applied to laundry-soap. Granted, the siren call of something-for-nothing in the bargain-sale advertisements may have an insidious and overwhelming appeal. But did you ever ask yourself why a manufacturer should **give** his product away if it is good enough to **sell**? He must get his profit **somewhere** if he is to continue in business.

For you, the housewife, the old adage of saving at the spigot and losing at the bung was never more applicable than in the soap "sale" proposition. You "save" a few cents on soap, at the probable expense of the clothes, and general wash-day efficiency. Why should price be a consideration, anyhow, in buying laundry-soap? You save at the most four or six cents a week on the "bargain" soap itself—and then entrust your filmiest fabrics, your most pampered pretties to its care. Is it wise?



## How Should Soap be Selected?

First of all, your laundry-soap should be **SAFE**. If it hasn't this quality, you shouldn't use it under any circumstances. It must not harm any fabric or color that pure water itself will not harm. Second, it must be **THOROUGH**. Wristbands and neck-bands must come from the wash as pure and clean as parts that were naturally less soiled. The soap must, in other words, dig deep down through the threads and rout embedded dirt with the same ease with which it removes surface dirt.

Third, it should be **SPEEDY**. No modern woman wants to spend any more time over the tub than is absolutely necessary. The big contributing element to this speed should be some mild, harmless, tried-and-proved dirt-loosener combined, in the making,

with good, pure laundry-soap. It is the dirt-loosener that saves your time by going through and through the threads, like some invisible weaving process, breaking the grip of embedded dirt so that the wash-water can easily and quickly flush it away.

Last, but, as the circus ballyhoo had it, not least, your laundry-soap should be **SANITARY**. This does not necessarily mean the inclusion of some druggy antiseptic. It means that it should do such a powerfully clean job of purging the clothes, if you will, that there is no attraction left for germs.



## Hidden Dirt, a Base for Germs

It is not enough that clothes **look** clean. They must be given the searching, penetrating, purging benefit of some soap that reaches down for those hidden dirt-patches where germs feed and breed and destroy the base. Germs dearly love these elusive grease-patches. Such nice places to pitch their tents and raise their families. Not only disease-germs, either. Consider our ancient enemy, the moth.

What attracts moths, where do they nest and breed? Nowhere but in those invisible grease-spots. And when you take the garments out again to wear them, what were once grease-spots are now holes. You know this from bitter experience. What does the professional dry-cleaner do to prevent moths? He gets rid of the grease-spots with that powerful yet harmless cleaner known as "Naphtha." He takes their "food" away:

Your laundry-soap must have the same good effect on washable clothes. It must rout the germs by making it so downright unattractive that they are completely and finally discouraged. Ordinary laundry-soaps will not fill the bill. You must seek a super-soap that possesses the four cardinal properties mentioned in the foregoing—Safety, Thoroughness, Speed and the quality of rendering all clothes Sanitary.

## Does Color Count?

The color of soap is no indication of its purity. Why should it be? Pure grape juice is usually of a deep-red or maroon hue. Pure cider is of a golden or amber shade. Pure tomato soup is bright vermilion. And take the soaps themselves. Pure tar-soap is a chocolate brown, but no blonde ever hesitated to wash her hair with it.

Other pure soaps, both toilet and laundry, are variously white, green, golden, or red. All pure. All safe. The color in pure soaps is the natural color resulting from a combination of soap-making ingredients. A lily is white. Pure. A jack-rose is red. Impure. Absurd. Same with soaps.

## Frequent Washings Advisable

Laundry-soap is cheaper than clothes. That sounds obvious, doesn't it? Yet there are those who wear clothes too long between tubbings, on the unsupportable promise that washing wears clothes out. It is the ground-in dirt, necessitating hard rubbing, that wears clothes out—not the washing.

These bodies of ours are constantly throwing off poisons and oils through the pores of the skin. Frequent changes of clothing are, therefore, as necessary as frequent bathing of the body itself. Aside from promoting better health, clothes last longer when changed often and washed with a safe and sanitary laundry-soap.

Specifically, underwear and stockings should be changed daily. Not that they are soiled or dirty in the accepted sense. But they have been on duty all day as "blotters"—catching the perspiration and natural oils exuded by the sweat-glands.

Your laundry-bill will be but negligibly increased by this daily change of underthings, while your health will be better safeguarded and the clothes themselves spared the wear and tear of hard rubbing.

## Find Your Laundry Soap

There may be one particular brand of laundry soap that meets your requirements better than any other. Whatever that brand is, find it. And, having found it, stick to it. Don't be lured away by price. For no soap is cheap if it does not do a perfect job of washing. This means the laundry-soap must be one that is Safe, Thorough, Fast, and Sanitary.

We want to urge our readers to choose their laundry-soap with care; to be guided by quality rather than price; and, finally, to stick to the soap that is doing your work as a good soap should, turning a deaf ear to the flirtations of inferior brands.





# THE HOME DOCTOR

## Modified Vaccine Treatment

SOME day the world may suddenly wake up to the fact that disease has been conquered—that cures have been discovered for all known diseases, and that the only way left for man to die is by accident or from old age. We fear that time is still long distant, for the number of diseases thus far found curable is insignificant in comparison with the sum total of all the ills that afflict mankind; yet we may confidently believe that it is coming.

Meanwhile it is interesting to observe the new ways of attacking disease that are discovered—some to be quickly forgotten because they do not fulfill their early promise; others, to be eventually adopted as part of the physician's armory against disease. One of those that look promising, at least, is a modification or development of the antitoxin and vaccine treatment of certain infectious diseases. We have seen in a former article on vaccines that the injection of dead bacteria excites the production of antibodies, or substances that attack both the living and the dead bacteria. Those bacteria are made up chiefly of complex chemical substances called proteins, which occur in all animal and vegetable tissues, and physicians have discovered that antibodies will destroy not only the protein contained in bacteria but also proteins of whatever character derived from animal or vegetable tissues.

At first physicians supposed that the destructive action was specific—that it affected only the special protein injected, and that the immunity so acquired had no relation to any other germ; but they now know that in some cases when once the body has acquired the power of destroying a certain protein it also exerts it against a number of other similar substances—even those elaborated by certain disease germs. Physicians discovered for example, that some skin diseases and so-called rheumatic affections disappeared after an injection of antityphoid vaccine—which contains protein—and then they found that the same thing occurred after an injection of various other proteins, even those extracted from the seeds of plants, which were in small doses wholly innocuous.

Whether all proteins, when injected in small quantity, have that general effect or whether they vary in that respect, and if so which are the best ones to use, are questions yet to be determined. Medical men are only, as it were, prospecting here as yet, but there is reason to hope that they are opening up a mine of great curative value by which the whole of humanity may some day benefit.

## Treatment of Bright's Disease

IN chronic Bright's disease there are certain definite degenerative changes in the structure of the kidneys, which, so far as is known, are irremediable either by the curative processes of nature or by the healing art of the physician. One who has the disease is therefore not what the insurance companies call a "good risk"; he is, as far as his kidneys are concerned, a cripple. But that does not mean that he is down and out. Far from it! He must take care of himself and follow a certain regimen and mode of life, and must forego certain indulgences that the absolutely healthy man can yield to for a time with apparent impunity, but with these restrictions he is as good as the next man so far as the essentials of a productive life are concerned.

The first thing of course is to know that he has Bright's disease, for, the onset of the disease is often most insidious, and it is not infrequently quite far advanced before either the patient or the physician is aware of its existence. For that and other reasons, it is the duty of every man and woman over thirty-five—and to begin younger will do no harm—to submit once a year at least to a thorough physical examination so that any disease, whether of heart, lungs, liver, kidneys, or other organs, may be detected in its incipency, before it has advanced so far as to defy not only cure but even arrest.

As regards chronically diseased kidneys, the main object is to relieve them of part of their burden as agents for the removal of waste products from the body. That is accomplished in three ways: First, it is necessary to reduce the amount of waste products. That is done by giving up almost all meat—bouillon and meat broths especially—and highly seasoned dishes, and by slowing down the waste of the body tissues through doing a little less physical and mental work. Next, the patient should take plenty of fluids in the shape of water and milk, so as to dilute the waste products and cause their early and complete removal. Finally, it is necessary to increase the activity of the skin and bowels, so that

they may relieve the kidneys of part of their task as organs of elimination.

The medication needed to accomplish the third result is a matter for the physician to determine, and the same is true of managing the increased blood pressure, which is at once a cause and an effect of kidney trouble. The diet must be mild—milk, vegetables, fruits and bread-stuffs, and very little or, better, no meat. Sweet cider, grape juice and other non-aerated beverages may be taken, but best of all is plain water, to which once a day a half teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda may be added. If possible, a change of residence to a mild climate is a good thing, and the patient should remain indoors in very cold and stormy weather.

## The Skin

THE skin throws refuse matter from the body. For this reason it is called our third lung. The skin is composed of two layers. The outer layer is continually scaling away. There

are two sets of glands for the skin—the oil glands which keep the skin oily and the sweat glands which make perspiration possible. When the oil glands are blocked, blackheads form. The sweat glands exude about two pounds of liquid every day. If the skin pores were closed death by suffocation would follow. The only way to keep the skin active is by frequent bathing followed by rubbing.

For removing oily matter warm water and soap should be used. A cold bath followed by rubbing is a fine tonic. Those who habitually take a cold bath in the morning followed by a brisk rub, rarely catch cold. A cold shower bath should be measured by seconds rather than minutes. Anyone can arrange a shower bath easily. If there is no room in the house one can be placed in the barn. If a shower bath is impossible it is always possible for people to have a sponge bath. A portion of the body is washed then rubbed until it is glowing. Then another portion treated in the same way and so on.

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| The Bonded Woman.....           | Compson           |
| The Top of New York.....        | McAvoy            |
| The Loves of Pharaoh.....       | Special           |
| Her Gilded Cage.....            | Swanson           |
| Nice People.....                | Wm. DeMille       |
| Blood and Sand.....             | Valentino         |
| The Siren Call.....             | Dalton            |
| While Satan Sleeps.....         | Peter B. Kyne     |
| Manslaughter.....               | C. B. DeMille     |
| Mysteries of India.....         | Special           |
| Pink Gods.....                  | Daniels-Kirkwood  |
| The Old Homestead.....          | Roberts Spec.     |
| Burning Sands.....              | Spec. Melford     |
| The Ghost Breaker.....          | Reid-Lee          |
| The Cowboy and the Lady.....    | Minter-T. Moore   |
| To Have and to Hold.....        | Compson-B. Lytell |
| The Man Who Saw Tomorrow.....   | Meighan           |
| On the High Seas.....           | Dalton-Holt       |
| The Young Rajah.....            | Valentino         |

|                                 |               |
|---------------------------------|---------------|
| Anna Ascends.....               | Brady         |
| Clarence.....                   | Wm. DeMille   |
| The Impossible Mrs. Bellew..... | Swanson       |
| Ebb Tide.....                   | Spec. Melford |
| Outcast.....                    | Ferguson      |
| Singed Wings.....               | Daniels       |
| Back Home and Broke.....        | Meighan       |
| A Daughter of Luxury.....       | Ayres         |
| Kick In.....                    | Fitzmaurice   |
| Thirty Days.....                | Reid          |
| A Spanish Cavalier.....         | Valentino     |
| Making a Man.....               | Holt          |
| Missing Millions.....           | Brady         |
| Notoriety.....                  | Wm. DeMille   |
| The Young Diana.....            | Davies        |
| Valley of Silent Men.....       | Rubens        |
| The Face in the Fog.....        | Spec.         |
| Enemies of Women.....           | Ibanez        |
| The Pride of Palomar.....       | Peter B. Kyne |
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# Work for Busy Fingers

By MARGIE MOORE



## French Embroidered Initials

From Marie Jacques

"Come and see my house-linen," said the bride-to-be.

I went willingly. A French wedding outfit of linen is a real treat to anyone who loves dainty things.

And how dainty they were! It was a sheer delight to see those fine, beautifully-woven, beautifully-arranged linens and cottons. But one thing surprised me—the plainness of the whole outfit. There was not an inch of lace anywhere, and hardly an embroidery, with the exception of the large, perfectly-worked initials, with which every piece was marked.

"That's the latest fashion," explained the bride-to-be. "Trimmed things are very much out of favor just now. So one has to put all one's taste and skill into the initials. And ...look!... they really are rather nice, aren't they?"

She opened a pillow-case, and showed me, worked in one corner, the Richleau "T" which you see in the photograph.

"You really don't need anything more, do you?" said she. And I could not but agree.

### Richleau Initials

are a revived form of very old French work, which is in the best possible style, and not difficult to do.

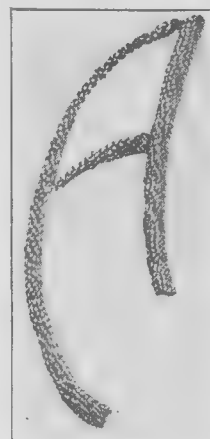
When choosing a design to be done in Richleau, always select one that has lines with a considerable space between

### Flat Satin Stitch Initials

There are two kinds of Satin-stitch—flat and padded. I should always recommend a worker to start with the flat, of which the padded is a slightly more elaborate development.

Choose a design in fairly narrow lines. It is difficult to bridge wide spaces neatly.

The stitch is simplicity itself. It just goes across, from side to side, each stitch being laid as close as possible to the previous one, without being actually allowed to push it out of place. Try very hard to keep all the stitches even in length, and to pull them all to ex-



actly the same tightness. If one is loose and the next tight, the surface of the work be rough and broken, while, if one is short and another long, the edges will be ragged.

Flat satin stitch must always be done on the slant. This prevents the work from opening and gaping when the stuff is folded and pulled.

### Knotted Stitch Initials

stand up from the material, almost like corded work. The little specimen

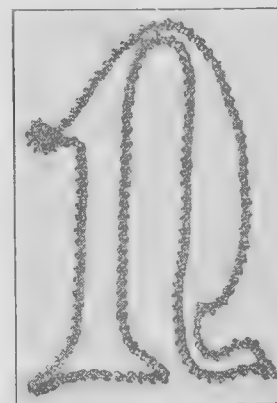


them—a space large enough to be cut out. The satin-stitch "A," for instance, would have been ineffective in Richleau, as the lines are too close together; but the knotted-stitch "N" would have been extremely good.

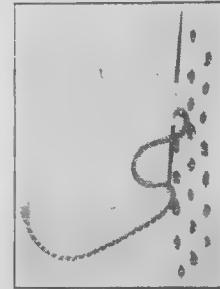
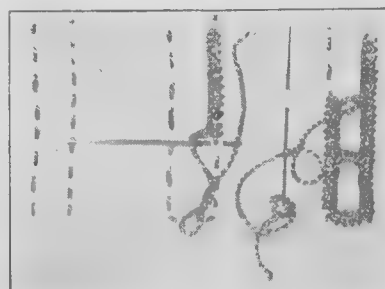
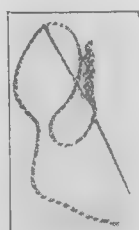
Go all round your design in ordinary running stitch (see specimen). Then buttonhole all along the run lines (see specimen). If you want to have those little bars, which are so pretty, throw a thread across, here and there, and buttonhole over it, just as you do when working loops for garments.

It is quite easy. If you are a good buttonhole maker, you are also a good Richleau worker. Pull rather tight, and try very hard to keep your stitches quite even.

Cut away the stuff under the spaces with a good, sharp pair of scissors, going as close to the work as ever you can.



show you, the sand stitch is nothing thing but a downward slant of the needle, and that the twist of the silk round the point produces the effect. Pull each stitch tightly enough to make it stand up well.



1. Detail of Knotted Stitch. 2. Detail of Richleau Initial. 3. Detail of Sand Stitch



### Sand Stitch Initials

This last variety is more suitable for use on dainty little things—dressing-table sets, and odds and ends of that kind.

Choose initials which have spaces to be filled, and let the idea of them be rather light and dainty, as sand-stitch looks best when it is not done too coarsely.

Knotted stitch, which can be done much more quickly than either of the previous ones, is very suitable for



things that have to be initialled in large numbers—towels, for example. It comes up splendidly when worked in the old-fashioned, coloured flourishing thread.

First of all, work round the edge of the letter in ordinary outline stitch. Then, as a glance at the specimen will show you, the sand stitch is nothing but back stitches, arranged in alternate rows. Don't pull too tight. Leave the stitches so loose that they can stand up well.

Of the four kinds of embroidery, Richleau and sand stitch wash and wear the best and satin stitch the worst. But even satin stitch is not bad in this way—you can trust it to wear and look well for many a long year.

### Crochet Coat Sweater with Cross-Stitch Collar

YOU will need 10 balls of white Shetland floss, 1 small ball or 1 skein of embroidery wool in the following colors: bright red, old-blue, black and bright yellow, and 1 No. 2 steel crochet-hook.

With white ch. 117 sts. loosely for size 36 (ch. 6 sts. more for each size larger and 6 sts. less for each size smaller). Skip 3 sts. next the hook, 1 d. c. into each st. of ch., 3 ch. Turn. Each double crochet should be ½ inch long.

Second row—1 d. c. into each double crochet of previous row. 3 ch. Turn. Repeat second row until work measures 3½ inches, measuring from chained stitches.

Lay your work out and measure it. It should be 19 inches long for size 36. (It should be 1 inch longer for each size larger and one inch shorter for each size smaller.) If it is too long, work

tighter or use a smaller hook; if it is short, work looser or use a larger hook.

**Body of Sweater**—First row—1 d. c. into first double crochet of previous row (1 ch., skip 2 double crochet of previous row, 2 d. c. into next d. c.). Repeat between parentheses all the way across, 3 ch. Turn.

Second row—Skip 2 d. c. of previous row (2 d. c. over chain of previous row, 1 ch., skip 2 d. c. of previous row). Repeat between parentheses all the way across. 3 ch. Turn.

Repeat second row until work measures 17 inches, measuring from chained stitches. (Make it one inch longer for each size larger and one inch shorter for each size smaller.)

Add 1 group of 2 d. c. at each end of next 3 rows. (To add 1 group ch. 1, work 2 d. c. into same space as last group of row.) 3 ch. Turn. Continue to work pattern, ch. 87 extra sts., loosely at each end of next row for the sleeves. (Chain 6 sts. more for each size larger and 6 sts. less for each size smaller). Continue to work pattern until edge of sleeve measures 5 inches.

**Neck**—Work over 47 groups of 2 d. c. (work over 3 groups more for each size larger and 3 groups less for each size smaller.) Do not work over remaining sts. Work 3 inches. Increase 1 group of 2 d. c. at neck edge of every other row until 5 groups have been increased. When wedge of sleeve measures 10 inches, do not work sleeve sts. At underarm, decrease 1 group of 2 d. c. in each of next 3 rows. Continue to work pattern until underarm of front is as long as underarm of back, working band at lower edge. Make other side in same manner.

**Collar**—With white ch. 30 loosely, skip 3 sts. next the hook, 1 d. c. into each st. of chain, 3 ch. Turn.

Second row—1 d. c. into each d. c. of previous row. 3 ch. Turn.

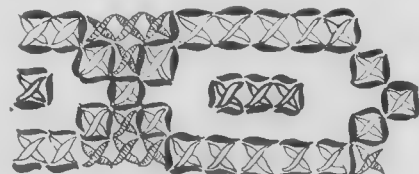
Repeat second row until collar is long enough to extend up front of sweater, around neck and down opposite front.

**Cuffs**—Work 5 rows of d. c. along edge of sleeves.

Work cross-stitch embroidery on collar and cuffs, following detail 2. Make each cross-stitch about half an inch square.

The crosses in the center of the detail are yellow, the ones shaded in illustration are blue, and the remaining ones, bright red. Outline them in black. The design on the sleeves is just half of the

**Belt**—Make a braid of 3 strands of yarn, each strand containing 10 pieces of yarn 1½ yards long. Cross the belt in front, over the collar, and fasten with buttons of s. c.



### How She Managed

"Ma," said little Ethel sleepily at two o'clock on a cold morning, "I want a drink."

"Hush, darling," said her mother, "turn over and go to sleep."

"But I want a drink."

"No, you are only restless. Turn over, dear and go to sleep."

Silence for five minutes. Then: "Ma, I want a drink."

"No, you don't want a drink. You had one just before you went to bed."

"I want a drink."

"Lie still, Ethel, and go to sleep."

"But I want a drink."

"Don't let me speak to you again." Two minutes of silence.

"Ma, I want a drink."

"If you say another word I'll get up and spank you."

"Ma, when you get up to spank me will you get me a drink?" She got the drink then.



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STOVEL BUILDING - - - WINNIPEG, MAN.

# Better Cookery

GERTRUDE DUTTON  
Supt. of Home Economics Man. Extension Dept.

## CAN THE SURPLUS FRUITS AND VEGETABLES

FOOD products spoil by growth of bacteria or molds of decay. If these organisms can be killed, and others prevented from attacking the food, it can be kept almost indefinitely. One of the very satisfactory methods of food preservation is that known as Canning by the Cold Pack Method. It has passed the experimental stage and is now looked upon by a great many housewives as a regular part of the summer's activities.

### Equipment

Expensive, elaborate equipment is not at all necessary. There must be a vessel for processing; this may be an ordinary wash boiler, a large kettle or pail, with a tight-fitting cover, and a false bottom of wood or metal, to insure free circulation of water and steam around the jars and to prevent their direct contact with the heat. Unless the lid is tight enough to prevent the steam escaping, the vessel should be deep enough to permit the jars to be entirely covered with water, or that portion of the product above the water may not be thoroughly sterilized. If one is fortunate enough to possess a steam cooker, or a pressure cooker, it may be used for the processing.

There must be a dish in which to sterilize the jars before filling them; a kettle of hot water for blanching the product; a dish of cold water for the cold dip; a wire basket or piece of cheese cloth; two or three plates; a paring knife or two; a wooden spoon; something with which to lift the hot jars from the water (a wire potato masher, duplex forks, or commercial lifter may be used); plenty of clean hot and cold water, and clean cloths; and, of course, a stove. Absolute cleanliness is necessary for successful canning—clean hands and utensils, and fresh sound products. Fruits and vegetables should be canned within a few hours after gathering, if at all possible. The jars should be tested, then placed in a dish of cold water, placed over the fire to come slowly to a boil, and be ready for use when wanted.

New rubbers are always used and absolutely air tight jars. The imperfect jars may be used for foods not liable to spoil, such as jellies, marmalades and pickles. The food is carefully washed, picked over, graded, trimmed, pared, cut in pieces if necessary.

### Steps in Canning

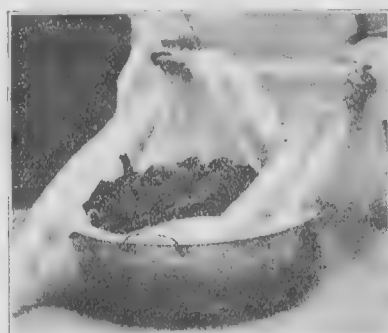
The food is ready to be canned, the containers are sterilizing. 1. The first step in the one period, cold-pack method, is known as blanching. The product is placed in a wire basket, or a square of clean cheese cloth and dipped into boiling water, where it remains for a period of from one to fifteen minutes, according to the kind. In the case of greens, more satisfactory results are obtained by placing them in a colander over steam to preserve the volatile oils they contain. There are several reasons for blanching—to shrink the product before placing it

in the jars rather than later, to make it easier to handle, to start the coloring matter and flavoring juices flowing.

2. After being removed from the boiling water or steam, the product is at once plunged into cold water, then drained for a few moments. This checks the processes started by blanching. The cold dip should be changed frequently, or it will become too warm. In the case of berries and soft fruits the blanching and cold dip are dispensed with.

3. In some cases, such as peaches and tomatoes, the fruit is peeled.

4. Pack the food carefully into hot sterilized jars—setting the jar to



Packing the product to be canned in cheese-cloth for blanching.

be filled into a dish of hot water to prevent breakage. Dip all spoons, cups, etc., which may touch the food, into hot water to kill any bacteria which may be on them.

5. Fill the jar with hot syrup in case of fruits, with hot water if vegetables are being canned, and to the latter add one teaspoon of salt to each quart for seasoning.

6. Put the rubbers and tops of jars, first dipped in scalding water, in place, and partially seal the jars.

7. Place in the hot water bath to process, or in the steam cooker. Do not begin counting the time till the water is actually boiling.

8. Remove from the processing vessel, seal tightly at once, and invert the jar to test for leakage. Cool where a cold draft will not strike the jars or breakage may occur. Wipe off, label and store in a cool, dark place—light is apt to bleach the product. Labels look better if they are uniform in size and shape, and are placed two-thirds of the distance from the bottom of the jar.

### Syrups

The richness of the syrup depends on personal taste. The usual formula is three parts of sugar to two parts of water, then boiled to the consistency desired.

Thin syrup is sugar and water boiled till the sugar is dissolved, but it is not sticky, and is used for sweet fruits, such as peaches, blueberries, etc.

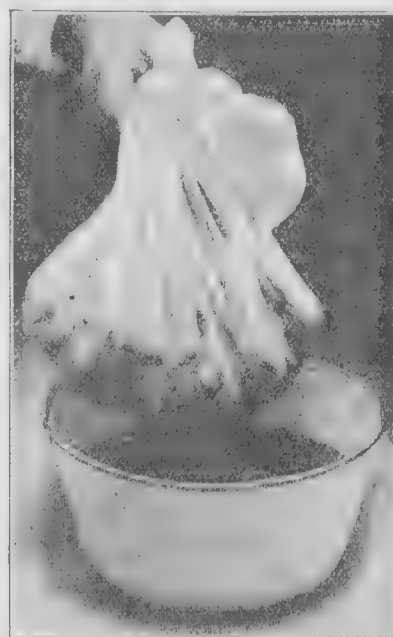
Medium thin syrup, used for moderately sweet fruits, black-berries, raspberries, and similar fruits, is made by boiling the syrup till it has begun to thicken and a drop cooled on the finger becomes sticky.

Medium thick syrup is boiled till it is thick enough to pile up when poured over the edge of the spoon. Syrup of this density is used for sour fruits such as gooseberries, apricots, etc.

Thick syrup we use for preserves. It is boiled till so thick that it will scarcely pour, but does not sugar.

### Time Table for Blanching and Sterilizing Vegetable and Fruit

|                       |         |         |
|-----------------------|---------|---------|
| Tomatoes . . . . .    | 1½ min. | 20 min. |
| Pumpkin . . . . .     | 3 "     | 2 hrs.  |
| Squash . . . . .      | 3 "     | 2 "     |
| Cauliflower . . . . . | 3 "     | 1 "     |
| Carrots . . . . .     | 5 "     | 1½ "    |
| Beets . . . . .       | 5 "     | 1½ "    |
| Wax Beans . . . . .   | 5-10 "  | 2 "     |
| Lima Beans . . . . .  | 5-10 "  | 3 "     |
| Peas . . . . .        | 5-10 "  | 3 "     |
| Swiss Chard . . . . . | 15 "    | 2 "     |
| Spinach . . . . .     | 15 "    | 2 "     |
| Asparagus . . . . .   | 15 "    | 2 "     |
| Beet Tops . . . . .   | 15 "    | 2 "     |
| Apricots* . . . . .   | 1-2 "   | 16 min. |
| Berries . . . . .     | "       | 16 "    |
| Apples . . . . .      | 1½ "    | 20 "    |
| Peaches . . . . .     | 1-2 "   | 16 "    |



### New Dried Fruit Recipes

Prunes are becoming more and more popular as food values are becoming more widely understood, and as new and delightful prune recipes are being evolved. There's all the taste-difference in the world in prunes when they are properly prepared. And it's just as easy to prepare them right.

In the first place, they should be well soaked—over-night if possible, if not, several hours at least. Then cook slowly until tender, in the water in which they were soaked.

Use plenty of water so the fruit will be loose, but don't cook too long or they will become too soft. Flavor with stick cinnamon, or lemon or orange juice. Sugar is not usually required, as slow cooking brings out the natural fruit sugar so plentifully contained in this fruit. If sugar is needed, however, put it in after the prunes are cooked, but while still hot so the sugar will dissolve.

The same treatment should be given dried apricots and peaches.

The following new and tested recipes will prove popular with the whole family:

### Baked Prunes

Wash prunes in warm water. Put into casserole, add boiling water to cover. Let stand ten minutes, then pour off two-thirds of water. Cover, put in very slow oven or in warm place on stove and allow to become tender. It won't hurt if this requires several days, cooking only when oven is being used for something else. No sugar is required. With boiled custard sauce or whipped cream this will be found a most excellent dessert.

### Prune Souffle

Take 1 cup cooked prunes after pressing through colander. Beat whites of 4 eggs until stiff, add 4 tablespoons sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla and carefully fold in the prune pulp and ½ cup chopped walnuts. Pour in an ungreased pudding dish, set in pan of hot water and bake in moderate oven until firm. Serve with a custard sauce made of the yolks of 2 eggs and 1 cup milk or with whipped cream.

### Prune Pie

Take 3 cups cooked pitted prunes; 1/3 cup sugar; 2 teaspoons butter; 2 tablespoons flour; 1 teaspoon lemon juice. Line pie plate with flaking pastry, add prunes, lemon juice, butter broken into bits, dredge with flour, put on upper crust and bake in a moderate oven. Or, instead of an upper crust, you can use strips of pastry crossed in lattice fashion, and you have Prune Pastry-Pie—a delicious health dessert.

### Prune Dumplings

Mix baking powder biscuit mixture. Roll dough as for biscuits, but cut in 4-inch squares. In the centre of each square place one or two cooked prunes with pits removed; bring the four points of the square together at the top and press edges together. Place in greased baking pan; surround with prune juice and bake in a hot oven.

### Prune Chocolate Pudding

Take 1½ cups fine cracker crumbs; 2 cups milk; 1/3 cup brown sugar; ½ teaspoon salt; 1 egg; 1 cup prunes cooked and chopped; 1 teaspoon vanilla; 2 squares unsweetened chocolate. Scald milk, add crumbs and soak 15 minutes; add other ingredients; pour into greased pudding dish; bake until firm. Serve with custard sauce or cream.

### Prune Duff

Two cups sifted flour; 4 teaspoons baking powder; ½ teaspoon salt; 2 teaspoons butter or substitute; ¾ cup milk; 2 cups cooked prunes; 1 lemon (juice and grated rind). Sift dry ingredients; rub in shortening with finger tips; add milk, gradually mixing with a knife. Grease a baking dish; add prunes, sprinkle with the lemon juice and grated rind; dot over with bits of butter, then cover with dough. Steam over boiling water 30 minutes, covering kettle closely; do not uncover during the time of cooking. Serve hot with any pudding sauce.

continued on page thirty-nine



DIRECTOR

## To the Women of Saskatchewan

Many thousands of the housewives in Saskatchewan are familiar with the uses and reliability of Magic Baking Powder, this knowledge being gained from practical experience with it. Domestic Science, however, has, to a great extent, simplified many household perplexities. One of the principal problems in the home is baking. Considerable thought and study have been given to this subject, with the result that the secrets of baking can be easily revealed to those who will stop, look and listen.

This page announcement is an invitation to be present at Free demonstrations of baking to be held at your grocers' on dates of which you will be notified a little later on in the columns of your local newspaper. At these demonstrations you will not only hear many things of value with regard to Magic Baking Powder and witness demonstrations that will reduce your baking troubles to a minimum, but you will receive household hints that will happily and quickly solve many household problems. We extend to you a cordial welcome to these demonstrations and we venture to think that you cannot spend an hour to better advantage

A considerable number of the members of our Educational Department will begin work in the Province of Saskatchewan the latter part of September and will for many weeks conduct their educational work in a great number of the leading grocery stores in the Province. These ladies are highly trained graduates of Domestic Science Institutions and are not only scientific experts but experienced bakers, equally at home with the practical and the theoretical end. You can ask the demonstrator in your town all the questions you wish, not necessarily confining them to the uses of Magic Baking Powder, for cheerful advice will be gladly given on all household activities. The work of these ladies will be wholly educational, the main objective being to make the routine of housework a more simple and happier task.

This work has been undertaken after long and careful preparation as well as at considerable expense, and, in the full confidence that it will prove beneficial to the housewives, we ask the interest of the women of Saskatchewan.

Your presence at the demonstration in your town will be much appreciated by us.

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## Transparent Ovenware

*Attractive for Serving - Perfect for Baking*

**G**ONE are the times when food had to be cooked in unsightly kitchen vessels and transferred to serving dishes for the table. The modern housewife has fallen heir to her share of inventions in this wonderful 20th century.

One of these inventions is the beautiful, transparent ovenware which not only bakes food more perfectly than do metal utensils, but is equally attractive for serving at the table. It is economical, too, for it eliminates kitchen pots and pans, thereby saving money, space in cupboards and time in dishwashing.

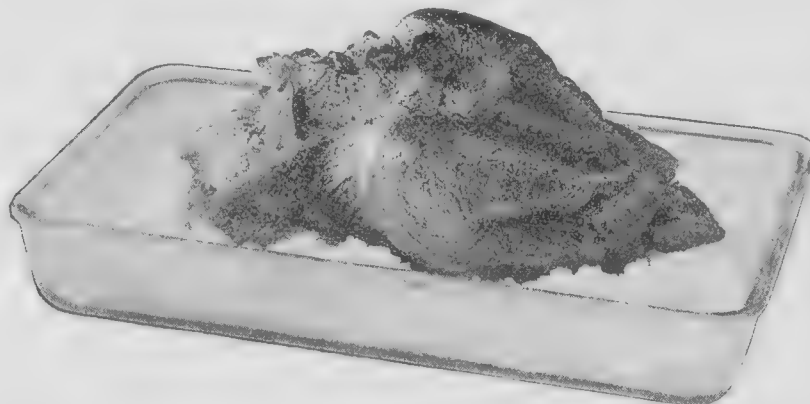
"Do you mean to tell me that I can put this lovely glass dish in an oven hot enough to cook meat and not have it break?" was asked by an incredulous woman recently. "That is exactly what we do mean," was the reply. And more, it will neither crack nor chip with the heat.

through these transparent dishes as sunlight flows through a glass window, and heats the food more quickly, thereby saving fuel.

An interesting test was made recently in a cooking laboratory. Two loaves of bread were baked side by side in the same oven. They were identical in weight, volume and in every respect. The loaf in the transparent Pyrex dish was an inch higher and more evenly baked, showing that more heat had penetrated to the centre of the bread.

Equally satisfactory results were those made in all types of food, one of the discoveries being that food flavors or odors were not absorbed by the dishes.

So great has been the demand for these Pyrex dishes, that almost every shape and size is manufactured, meeting the needs, not only of the large family,



The woman in the average farm kitchen walks about two miles in preparing dinner, according to statistics. Anything that saves steps therefore, is undoubtedly a boon to her. She can serve, with one of these glass dishes, direct from the oven to the table and be sure that the food will be piping hot.

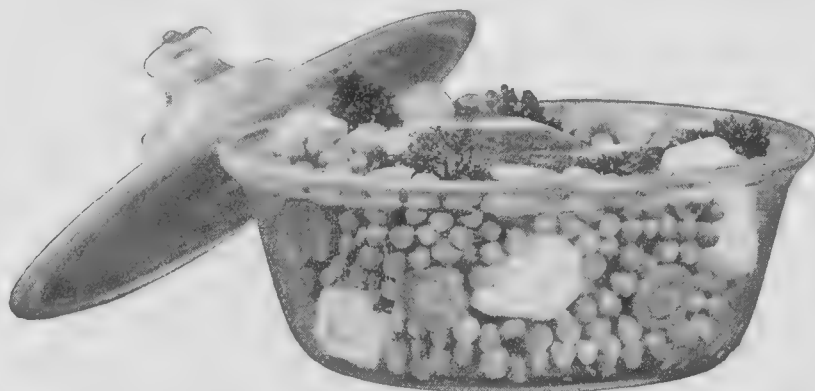
If some members of the family are late, the dish can be returned to the oven and the food served as hot as it originally was—a thing not possible with delicate china.

Dishwashing also is to be considered when preparing a meal. A suggestion that will eliminate part of this is welcomed by most of us. Occasionally—twice in ten years of Home Economics experience—we have met a woman who expressed a genuine liking for dishwashing. These two women

but also of the bride who starts house-keeping for two. Pie plates vary from the individual size to the one that generally serves six.

There are casseroles, the dish that can make an oven stew look like a picture when it comes to the table with bright-colored vegetables peeping at you through the glass sides. There are square biscuit dishes that help to keep the fifth biscuit almost as hot as the first. And so on through the long list, not forgetting the divided dish in which two different foods can be cooked or warmed over at the same time, and still be made to look tempting.

For company meals, silver or nickel holders to fit the Pyrex dishes can be bought, which give the table an extra air of luxury, but these are not at all necessary since the dishes are



stand out as rare specimens, for most of us welcome anything which will eliminate any part of this phase of housekeeping.

The use of Pyrex Transparent Ovenware does eliminate the washing of pots and pans. For the whole dinner—roast beef, vegetables and pudding are served in the same dishes in which they are cooked. Even the frying pan for cooking the breakfast eggs now gives place to the shallow glass dish in which they are baked and put at once on the table.

The question naturally arises in your mind, Mrs. Thoughtful Housekeeper, as to what kind of baking is done by this new ware. The answer is that it is perfection. The heat of the oven flows

designed to come to the table as they are. Some of them are engraved in dainty fern designs as well as in classic Greek motifs. So harmonious are they with beautiful china and silver that they have become the vogue in entertaining.

Not only the mother, but daughters of the house also will appreciate the help in serving "company" meals in which no embarrassing delay between courses is necessary. The last hurried transfer from pot to platter is eliminated.

But in the everyday home meal is found the greatest comfort of Pyrex. With five well chosen dishes the ordinary needs of every day will be met. They have been aptly called the five essential



# BETTER COOKERY

Continued

## TRANSPARENT OVENWARE

continued from previous page

dishes, consisting of a general utility dish for roasting, biscuit baking, etc., a pie plate, a deep covered casserole dish for cooking stews, vegetables, puddings, a bread pan and an open smaller casserole or pudding dish. All of these may be used for many different kinds of cooking. Or perhaps we should say six dishes, since in most homes the double compartment baker and server will soon pay its way.

Keep up with the procession! And don't miss a good thing like this.

## NEW DRIED FRUIT RECIPES

continued from page thirty-six

### Apricot Meringue Pie

Two cups apricots, cooked and mashed. Sweeten to taste, add 1 tablespoon butter; heat in double boiler. Dissolve 1 tablespoon corn starch in 1 tablespoon cold water; add to mixture; cook until thick, then pour over well-beaten

cream. Serve it in a glass dish, and give a small quantity of it with each helping of fruit or pudding. It will keep for 2 days, even in heat.

### Sour Milk Cheese

To be beaten with bread or biscuits. Makes delicious sandwiches.

Strain the curds as above and measure them. Put them into a basin with their own bulk of fresh, soft grated cheese

A quarter of their bulk of margarine Salt, pepper

A teaspoonful of onion, first grated and then pounded

Melt the margarine. As soon as it is liquid, take it off the fire and stir the cheese into it. Now add the curds and seasoning, and continue stirring till the mixture is perfectly cold. If you stop too soon, the margarine will cake hard, and the whole affair will be spoiled.

If you keep it in a jam pot with a cover, and store it in a cool place, it will remain good for a week.



In a California prune-plum orchard

yolks of 2 eggs; pour into baked pastry shell. Beat whites of 2 eggs until light; add 2 tablespoons sugar, a few drops of lemon flavoring, spread over top of pie; brown in a slow oven.

### Apricot Fluff

One cup cooked (dried) apricots; 1 teaspoon pineapple flavoring; 2 cups whipping cream; 1/3 cup powdered sugar. Drain the cooked apricots of all juice, then mash to pulp. Whip cream until firm; add sugar and flavoring, then fold in apricot pulp. Line sherbet glasses with split lady fingers; fill with mixture; garnish with maraschino cherries. Chill before serving.

## WHEN THE MILK TURNS

By Marie Jacques

In a household where a good deal of milk is taken, the loss is rather serious if a thunder-storm or a heat-wave turns the whole lot bad. At least, that is what most people think. But those who know how to use sour milk, and who know by experience that it is just as nourishing and nice as fresh, don't mind a bit. Let me just tell you one or two ways of managing it, will you?

### Sour Milk Cream

To be eaten with fruit, instead of whipped cream.

Let a quart of milk go sour so that there are distinct curds in it. Pour it into muslin, and let it drip over a basin all night. Next day, take the curds only, beat them up with 1/4 lb. of fine white sugar, and, if you like, a drop or two of vanilla flavouring. The beating must be done with a wooden spoon, and must go on till the two are mixed perfectly smoothly. Then add new milk, drop by drop, stirring all the while, till you have a mixture just like ordinary

### Sour Milk Sauce

Take a pint of milk that is just "on the turn," and stir it gently into a teacupful of very thick white sauce, which can be made almost entirely with water if you want to be economical. Let the sauce pan stand at the side of the fire, so that it just keeps warm, and add the milk a few drops at a time, stirring constantly, so that it may not curdle. When all the milk is in, take the pan away, and let it cool. Your mixture should be about as thick as custard.

Now beat into it a tablespoonful of made mustard, or more, if you like a hot sauce, with salt and pepper to taste, and a few finely chopped capers or pickled nasturtium seeds. The result is perfectly delicious and quite novel.

Don't waste the liquid which you strain off your curds. It is fine for raising buns, scones and boiled puddings.

Marie Jacques, 8 Cour du Prince, Bruges, Belgium.

## THE GRAND OLD OAK

There's a little spot behind the oak.  
Perhaps just made for me.  
I sometimes sit there dreaming  
Of days that ought to be.

I dream of a little home  
With perhaps a babe or two  
And a sweet-faced wife who'd say:  
"I'll Always Love You."

These are but fancies  
Which may come true some day.  
So I'll put my trust in God  
For He always has His way.  
Sarah Tester.

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## A Journalistic Appreciation from B. C.

PERMIT me to congratulate you on the excellent progress made by the Western Home Monthly in the past few years. The display of its beautiful colored pages on the news stand here is a pride to me as a Canadian and as a Newspaper Man. Its contents measure up to my ideals of a Household Magazine—while the make up is a credit to the printing art.

Vancouver, August 22, 1922.

F. J. DICKIE

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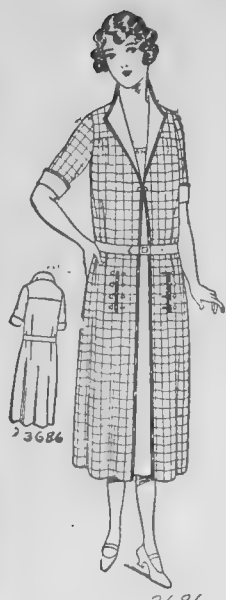
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# OUR HOME MONTHLY FASHIONS—PATTERNS

The last word of Fashion has not yet been pronounced, so that many variations in color effects, lines, and style features appear from month to month in the course of a season.

There is a very noticeable increase in the length and also in the width of skirts, not only in frocks for formal occasions, but also in sport suits and separate skirts.

The flapper, with knee length skirt is no longer attractive except to attract attention as behind the fashion, for even the flapper finds that long skirts are becoming to her.

Prints such as grandmother wore, dainty georgettes, crepe chiffons and organdies, are among the pretty fabrics now displayed.

The straight full bodiced skirt is used with a fitted bodice, sometimes finished with a bertha of lace. Dresses of organdy and other sheer fabrics are adorned with flowers of self material.

Dresses of black, white and beige lace are fashionable for older women's dinner and afternoon dresses. Brilliant ornaments and metal ribbons are used for decoration.

The peasant types of blouses, one piece dresses with low bloused waists, and bloused coats of silk and sports materials with peasant embroidery, bespeak the Russian style influence.

Lovely embroideries in color are featured for decorations on dark dresses of wool or silk fabrics.

Black is still prominent (although considered passe) for dresses, capes and other wraps. Bindings, facings, borders or linings in some color are used with black.

A cape of black crepe satin is lined with canary crepe de chine, banded with black.

A dance frock of black crepe de chine has a girdle of satin roses in two shades of green, with green foliage, and strings of jade beads.

Plain and brocaded crepe in blue combine well for a draped evening gown.

A pretty afternoon dress of flowered crepe de chine has an underskirt of green crepe, which material is also used for bias folds on tunic and sleeves. A belt of two strips of narrow velvet ribbons, has a trimming of tiny colored pearl buckles.

A very youthful frock of pale yellow and rose figured voile has its straight skirt trimmed with narrow plaitings of rose voile. The bodice is bloused and from the girdle of rose voile hangs four swinging panels.

A chic two piece suit of Copenhagen eponge is trimmed with bands of beige color French serge.

Tan crepe knit is used for another two piece suit, showing a skirt with uneven hem lines and a jacket bloused at low waistline.

A dress of dark blue Canton crepe has a vest and flowing sleeves of matched georgette, touches of dark red used as piping give character to this pretty model.

A wonderful sports blouse of white crepe, has deep cape collar portions, showing a hem line of red chain stitching in yarn. Flowers of the yarn and fringe trim a soft girdle of crepe.

Tangerine silk will be pretty with trimming and buttons of blue.

A dress of crepe satin has an oval panel of figured organdy that also matches the waist. A suspender girdle, yoke and collar are also of the satin.

A dress of foulard silk has loose panels of contrasting taffeta on the skirt. The taffeta is used also for bretelles, collar and cuffs on the blouse.

A tunic blouse of crepe de chine has a border in colored floss stitchery.

Beaded crepe de chine is also nice for such blouses.

Knitted fabrics are very prominent for suits, skirts and blouses.

Jerseys are also used.

The little frocks for informal occasions are lovely in taffeta or silk crepe weaves. In these frocks too, the tendency to longer and wider skirts is noticeable. The sleeves may be long or short.

Ribbon is much in vogue for bindings, fluted borders, applique effects and for girdles.

There is a rumor that the old style Norfolk jacket will return to favor. It is for wear with a straight plain skirt, made of one width of material, lapped and closed at the side or back or front and fitted over the hips.

Blouses of linen plainly tailored with a mannish neck finish are worn with such a suit.

When the coat and skirt of a costume are of one color, the blouse should be of a lighter tone in the same color.

There is a great variety among sleeves, their shaping and finish. Some are long and flowing, others close fitting and plain or close fitting and wrinkled. There are also peasant sleeves more or less full and gathered to a band or bands at wrist or elbow.

Charming new draped effects are shown for dresses and skirts. The simple one sided drapery is becoming to both slender and stout figures.

### A Fine Warm Weather Garment, 4087.—

The sleeveless modes have invaded the realm of children's fashions. This little dress may be used as an apron if desired, or as a dress worn over knickers or bloomers. Sateen, cretonne or percale are good materials for this model. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 4, 5, 8 and 10 years. A 6 year size requires 1 1/4 yards of 27 inch material. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

### An Up-To-Date Attractive Costume, 4097.—

Comfortable and practical is the development of this style. The skirt with its slenderizing plait fullness, is mounted on an underbody. The blouse long of line, and with a smart vest finish, may have its sleeve short or in wrist length. This model is excellent for silk, kasha, crepe, and for linen and other wash fabrics. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. A medium size requires 5 1/4 yards of 32 inch material. To make underbody, sleeve facings and vest portions of plain material as illustrated 1 1/4 yards 40 inches wide will be required. The width of the skirt at the foot is 2 3/4 yards. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

Girls' Dress, 4091.—This is a splendid warm weather frock, and one that may be worn with a guimpe on cool days. Cretonne in red and blue tones is illustrated with binding of black sateen. Crepe and linen are also good for this style. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. A 2 year size requires 1 1/4 yard of 32 inch material. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A Popular Model, 3882.—The work dress that is "easy" to adjust, and simple in construction is a ready time and labor saver. The model has pleasing lines and is good for slim or stout figures. The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size requires 5 yards of 36 inch material. The width at the foot is about 2 yards. Percale or gingham would be attractive for this style. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A Smart and Pretty Frock, 4085.—One could have this in taffeta, kasha, or crepe weaves, with bead embroidery or stitchery for decoration. The panels give length, and are a unique feature of this style. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. A 10 year size requires 4 1/4 yards of 32 inch material. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A Popular Romper Suit, 3885.—Children usually look happiest when comfortably dressed for play, and surely the bloomer suit has the right lines for comfort and convenience. This model has a pretty pocket and is easy to develop. The rompers may be worn without the smock. Pongee with stitchery is here shown. One could have chambray, or pin checked gingham. The sleeve may be finished in wrist or elbow length. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. A 4 year size requires 2 1/4 yards of 32 inch material. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.



4091

3885

4091

4091



FASHION BOOK NOTICE

Send 20c in silver or stamps for our Up-To-Date Fall and Winter 1922-1923 Book of Fashions, showing color plates, and containing 500 designs of Ladies', Misses' and Children's Patterns, a concise and comprehensive article on dressmaking, also some points for the needle (illustrating 30 of the various, simple stitches) all valuable hints to the home dressmaker. Or use the following notice. Send 20 cents in silver or stamps for our Up-To-Date Fall and Winter 1922-1923 Book of Fashions.

**A Dainty Frock for Mother's Girl, 4086.**—Dotted Swiss and organdy are here combined. The style is also pretty for crepe, dimity and batiste, and for wash silk and gabardine. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8, and 10 years. A 6 year size requires 2½ yards of 32 inch material. To make vest and cuffs of contrasting material will require ¾ yard of 32 inch material. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

**Over Dress 2939 and Waist Pattern 3312.** The dress is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. To make the waist will require 2½ yards of 36 inch material. The over dress requires 3½ yards of 40 inch material. Gingham, pongee, ratine, voile, chambray, linen, taffeta, and crepe de chine are good for both waist and dress. Two separate patterns mailed to any address on receipt of 15c for each pattern in silver or stamps.

**A Sleeveless "Cover All" Apron, 4099.**—Unbleached muslin with cross stitching in red or blue would be nice for this serviceable model. One may use gingham, percale, crepe or drill. Sateen or chintz is also desirable. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: small, 34-36; medium, 38-40; large, 42-44; extra large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A medium size requires 4½ yards of 32 inch material. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

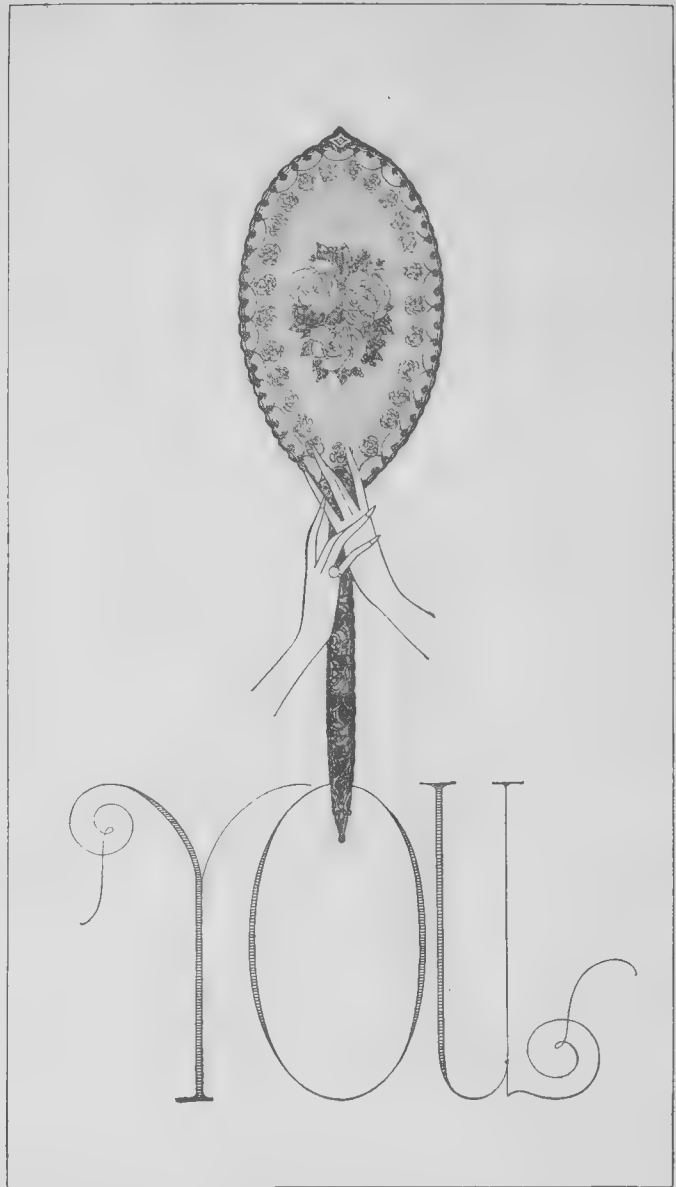
**A Dainty Tub Frock, 4080.**—Tissue gingham or wash silk would be pretty for this model. As here shown checked gingham and organdy are combined. The sleeve may be finished in wrist or elbow length. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. An 18 year size will require 6½ yards of 32 inch material. The width of the skirt at the foot is about 2½ yards. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

**A Smart and Popular Dress Style.**—Pattern 3686 was used to make this stylish "One-Piece" Dress. It is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size will require 4½ yards of 42 inch material. For panel, collar and cuffs of contrasting material 1½ yard is required. Checked or plaid suiting would be attractive for this style with facings of plain material in a matched shade. It is good for gingham, linen, serge, taffeta, tricotine, Canton crepe, and broadcloth. The width of the skirt at the foot is 2¼ yards. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

**A Popular Style, 4088.**—Here is a simple sleeveless style, with a neat guimpe that may be finished with wrist length or ¾ length sleeves. Plaid gingham is used for the dress and voile for the guimpe. This style is nice for tub silk, for crepe and gabardine. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. A 10 year size requires 2½ yards for the guimpe and 2¼ yards for the dress of 32 inch material. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

**A Popular House Dress.**—Pattern 3705 was used to make this design. It is cut in 7 sizes: 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size will require 6¾ yards of 27 inch material. This model has good lines and practical style features. The sleeve may be finished in wrist or elbow length. The width at the foot is 2¼ yards. Gingham, percale, flannelette, challie, lawn, dimity, calico and chambray are good for this design. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

**A Slenderizing Costume for the Mature Figure, 4070-4046.**—Both waist and skirt of this model indicate the long lines so becoming to the woman of large proportions. Figured foulard is here portrayed with facings of satin in a matched shade. The waist is in over blouse style. It is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. The skirt is cut in 7 sizes: 25, 27, 29, 31, 33, 35 and 37 inches waist measure. The width at the foot with plaits extended is 3½ yards. To make this costume for a medium size will require 8¾ yards of 40 inch material. Two separate patterns mailed to any address on receipt of 15c for each pattern in silver or stamps.



Miss Jane Hill, author of the sensational success, "The Gift of Eve," has just completed a tiny gem of a book, "YOU." It talks of personalities and becoming clothes in a way that any woman, who would make the most of her natural beauty, will treasure. A copy is yours for the asking, if you will write your request to The Canadian H. W. Gossard Co., Ltd., 369-378 W. Adelaide Street, Toronto, Canada.

Gossard Type Corsetry—for You

NOT to know the type to which one belongs and the type ideal toward which one should strive—not to know the secret that will be health-giving as well as style-giving—is to miss the whole magic of personality. You simply can't keep youthfulness and beauty and piquancy inside the wrong corset, any more than you can keep them for long without any corset. GOSSARD TYPE CORSETRY is the very foundation of that lovely picture that every real woman wants to make of herself—and can—if she knows the secret.

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The Gossard Corsets designed to fit your very own figure will help you to stand and

walk as you should; they will mould and coax a too generous curve; they will even rescue lines that are not curved sufficiently. And they will do all this with a comfort such as you never knew before, and will outwear two or even three ordinary corsets. Do you realize for how little you can buy these comfortable, graceful, sensible, healthful, Gossard Corsets? They are very moderately priced within the reach of every woman.

Go to the best store you know; there you will be correctly fitted to a Gossard by a trained corsetiere who will know just how to idealize your figure. Or if you feel you have a very special corset problem and you'd like a bit of personal advice, write to Miss Jane Hill, the Gossard corset and clothing specialist, whose years of experience and proven ability are at your service.

Gossard Brassieres

GOSSARD Brassieres, like Gossard Corsets, are unerringly designed for types and are moderately priced within the reach of every woman. See the new "Longerlyne" models; they are specially shaped and have added length to comfortably complete the present type of low-top corsets.

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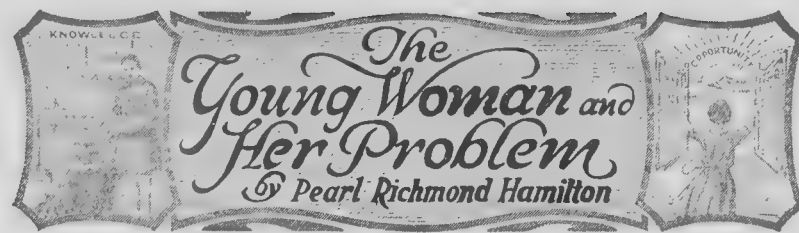
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# MAGIC BAKING POWDER

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## The Charm that Attracts

SOMETIMES we wonder if it is really necessary to cultivate the mind. This winter a friend of mine was so badly injured that it was necessary for her to stay alone for six months. Her eyes were hurt and she could neither read nor sew. She was alone with her own mind. She lived on memories all through those hours and days and weeks and months. When she recovered I found her more beautiful in her attitude towards life. Her mind was so tuned to helpful memories that the long period of reflection and anticipation proved a season of growth.

Success and achievement and happiness do not come from the outside, but from within. We need to discover our birthright. Every one of us is born with a gift. If we use it we develop personality.

I am amazed at the abuse of one's birthright when I see girls, and women, too, allowing it to shrink and decay while they chase amusement. Every girl must have social life. That side of her nature must be developed else she will be a bore. A woman's finest attraction is charm. But the charm that lives and draws to one continued admiration must possess mental growth. We all know girls and women who appear to magnetize a drawing room circle. But perhaps after a few short weeks they become tiresome and lose their following. There is not enough depth to them. It is surface attraction. Just as sure as life is life, beauty that lives must come from the soul. Yesterday I talked with a man who has made a study of features—the physiognomy of a person. He said it is possible for a person to so train his will that he may overcome a natural weak feature. Two mothers may differ over their daughters. One may extol the character of her daughter over the other. The real test is in the facial expression. In the Great Book we learn that facial beauty comes from a shining countenance. This must come from

a clean mind. A clean mind has room for beautiful thoughts because it is not filled with rubbish.

A young woman who learns the art of poise has learned one of the chief characteristics of womanly charm.

Do you realize that without a brain your body is useless? The processes of thought must be directed.

Sometimes we may be discouraged over wasted effort. We feel we have wasted energy over work that yielded useless results, but let us realize that every struggle creates strength. There flashes across my mind this moment a vision of hours and hours spent last winter in work that appears now to be wasted effort. But nature teaches us that a great deal of struggle is necessary for a little accomplishment. In spring the tree is loaded with blossoms, but only a few blossoms bear fruit.

Dr. Nichols Murray Butler, president of Columbia university, tells us how to distinguish an educated man, and the definition is equally true of an educated woman:

"Correctness and precision in the use of the mother tongue, gained only by association with good English; refined and gentle manners, which are the expression of fixed habits of thought and conduct; sound standards of feeling and appreciation; the power of reflection; the power of growth; the ability to do efficiently without nervous agitation."

## Girl Guides

THIS organization is growing in Western Canada, and it is well to encourage in every possible way the splendid programme outlined for this work amongst girls. A young woman has recently come from England to lead in the work here. This summer camps in several places gave the young girl real experience in outdoor life.

The English "Guides" camp in a simple manner that brings out the very best in a girl.



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When they set out on a hike, with a night in prospect at the day's end, they carry their provisions and tents on their backs and at sundown select some place at which to camp. Then they carefully remove the sod to make space for a tent floor, pile the sod very neatly near by and lay down their water proofing. They dig a hole for a fire, gather small wood in the neighborhood and cook their evening meal.

#### A Girl's Temper

A GIRL without a temper does not amount to much, but a girl who is not able to control it is paving the road to a most unhappy future.

Temper is a proper attitude of revolt against personal wrong or injustice. It belongs to a girl's protective instincts.

The other evening a girl stopped in the middle of a dance and refused to continue the dance because her partner held her too closely. At another time this same girl refused to dance because her partner swore.

This girl is very popular with young men. She had her temper under such control that she could give decent expression to righteous indignation. There is a group of young girls who are afraid they will have no partners if they do not dress as the boys dictate.

These girls have no righteous temper, else they would ostracize those boys. Temper uncontrolled is an explosion of a highly nervous temperament. It is well to learn to control one's temper, as it means that energy that is wasted in useless efforts will be applied to useful accomplishment.

There is no better evidence of good birth, well poised personality and physical health than control over one's impulses and words.

Some one has said that a girl with these qualities will soon get a husband who will be kept as a husband.

The strong girl is the one who has control of her nervous power. "The will power," says Dr. Howard, "is the rudder of life: the steering control over our human ship as it voyages on the seas of life. If a ship should go to sea without a rudder, you know just what would happen to it. If it goes on a voyage with a weak rudder, or one which has been damaged and not repaired, the best sailor in the world cannot keep it off the rocks when a storm comes. It is just so with our brains and bodies; they must be controlled by a strong and well-attached rudder, the will power. With such a power one can accomplish wonders."

"In fact, everything that seems marvelous to us in man's work has been due to perfect steering or right impulses into new harbors where an unsteady human ship would be wrecked in trying to pass the hidden rocks and roaring reefs."

Anything worth while in this world is gained only through effort and self control.

The nervous force is the basis of all will power. To have a highly-sensitive nervous organization is the greatest gift a woman can have, but if she does not learn to control it early, it becomes a curse to her. This is why it is a mistake for a nervous high strung girl to continually seek excitement. She must relax. These are the girls whose impulses get the better of them, they crave abnormal excitements, want to be on the go constantly, cannot be contented with any home duties and they eventually become nervous wrecks.

Some girls try to gain popularity by talking louder than others and acting conspicuously. I know a girl who is not attractive, yet she is so noisy that people on the streets or in the car can not help but look at her in disgust. She thinks, however, that they admire her. A girl never gains when she sacrifices her dignity.

#### A Girl's Complexion

THIS is the index to a girl's beauty or rightness. Every girl wants a clear skin. A good complexion means a perfect state of health. Dr. Howard says: "Muddy and contaminating thoughts will cause a muddy skin. Clean and clear thoughts will give you a clear

skin. Jealousy and anger will in time, affect the flow of blood through your tiny skin-veins and give you the appearance of age. Any emotion which causes indigestion will do the same thing. The state of mind and manner in which you control your thoughts and temper are reflected in the tone of your skin."

Every girl wants to be attractive, but many do not realize that health and cleanliness are two most necessary attributes to attractiveness.

#### September and the School Girl

BACK to school she goes with her books heavily deforming the shoulder; for ten long months those books must be carried back and forth.—Home Work.

This refers to the conscientious girl who tries to prepare her lessons as assigned.

There are other girls who laugh at lessons, who pay no attention to discipline, who play and drift and defy in-

structions, rich and rough and tough they are—and they pass—I do not know how, but they do.

Two girls live on our street. One is a real Cinderella at home. She is one of a big family. Her mother is a widow. All the hard things in life appear to stop at her door. Mary gets up at four o'clock to study, at seven she prepares breakfast, then she washes the dishes. After school she hurries home to help her mother. After tea she studies all evening. This spring she failed.

Edythe lives on our street. (Of course these are not their real names.) Edythe has everything she wants—a car, expensive clothes and loads of spending money. Edythe never studies. She bluffs her way through school. She goes to a party, dances until two o'clock and the following morning tells her teacher that she fell on their polished floor and hurt her head so she could not prepare her home work. All through the year Edythe's excuses are accepted. Edythe plays and dances and paints

and kills time and ridicules the girl who studies. Sometimes she borrows or steals Mary's carefully prepared home work, copies and actually receives a higher mark than Mary for the same work. Spring examinations come and Edythe passes.

Mary's future is completely crushed and her heart thumps heavily and her head is heavy as she goes about her duties helping mother, while Edythe, at her summer home, swims and plays tennis and dances the summer away. Fair play! This is a true story.

A sound system of education emphasizes definite standards of right and wrong. A girl is not being educated if she is not learning how to make the best of life.

A woman in the most important years of her life has far more to do with children than a man, and she can not neglect education without making the future generation suffer.

Besides everyone of us should pay by work for her place in the community.

### As Welcome as the Harvest

With the glory of the harvest spread over the West, ripened for the sickle, nothing is more natural than a desire to invest some of the proceeds in equipment for farm, home and self; and no medium offers so tempting and profitable a field for the customer as EATON'S Catalogue.

The new Fall issue is now ready. If a copy has not reached your house, notify us.

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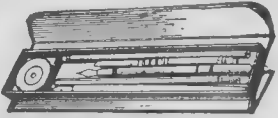
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Bisurated Magnesia is a truly wonderful stomach corrective. It almost instantly neutralizes the dangerous stomach acids that are causing the pain and sourness, and the hot water quickly brings a needed blood supply to the stomach. This combination is marvelously effective and far safer and better than continued use of plain soda, pepsin or artificial digestents that weaken the stomach's natural digestive power.

If your stomach bothers you, just drop these things for a time and give Bisurated Magnesia and hot water a real trial. It is inexpensive and can be obtained from good druggists everywhere. Prepared by

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## Conserving the Value of the Egg

**EGGS** come from the hen to us in the form of white and yolk, contained in a very neat and convenient though fragile package. The very convenient look about the shell is often the undoing of its contents, for, though it appears to be put up in a china container, this container, the shell, is porous; thus the contents are subject to the influence of temperature and are easily tainted when in the close vicinity of evil smelling substances.

In all matters of marketing and salesmanship in general one certainly must give full consideration to human characteristics, and in this regard a quantity of eggs may be offered for sale that may be perfectly good, but if they do not look attractive their chances of being sold are considerably lessened. The mass of perfectly clean eggs in one basket, where they vary in size and shape, is also not an attractive display for sale.

The proper grading of eggs is a step in the right direction, and one who classifies eggs consistently will establish a reputation that will open up a larger field of trade and prove an advertising propaganda of the best kind.

The gathering of eggs for sale, when done in an un-methodical manner, is apt to bring about more adverse criticism than the salesman deserves. For instance, a crate may be kept in a place in the farm house where conditions are favorable for the temporary keeping of eggs, and perfectly sound and fresh eggs will be added from day to day, but, say on Saturday, when the trip to town is planned for, the crate will perhaps lack a few eggs and there will be a search for some of probably not very reliable condition. This crate goes to town, and if the last, hastily gathered eggs do not prove up to the standard, the whole crate is looked upon with suspicion and the good standing of the seller of the crate is rather adversely affected through his over zeal to take a full crate to town.

In another instance, a crate may be put aside for the purpose of filling and taking to town on market day, and this may be conscientiously filled with eggs that are a credit to the farm from the standpoint of freshness, size and general appearance, but, unfortunately, they may be stored for the time being in the basement close to a pile of vegetables, some of which have started to decay, with the result that the eggs, though sold in all good faith as fresh, will be disappointing to the purchasers.

Eggs of an irregular size make a poor display in a show case, and one feels that the purchase of a dozen or so under these circumstances is somewhat of a lottery, as it is a matter of chance as to whether there will be three, four or five small eggs to each dozen. It is much better to grade the eggs into sizes and sell them as selected eggs; then again eggs that have dirty shells are offensive to the buyer in spite of the fact that the contents of the shell may be as palatable as any other egg.

When a poultry keeper or farmer wishes to establish a reputation for himself on the egg market, the observance of a few general rules will help him considerably. There is a great loss in the egg trade by having the male birds stay with the flock after the breeding season is past. About June there is a great demand for infertile eggs for packing, and if the above rule is not observed there is considerable loss to the packers. A good precaution is to collect the eggs twice a day in very warm weather and place them in clean utensils in a cool, dry cellar. If they are covered with a clean cloth when in the temporary storage, dust will be prevented from collecting on them and they will also be protected from evaporation and fading.

In regard to the hens, it is a good policy to discard all stunted and undesirable stock, as they are an encumbrance to profitable poultry keeping. The houses and nests should be kept perfectly clean with frequent changes of litter. Plenty of clean water should always be on hand, and the feeding of the purest kind of food should be the aim.

When an egg starts its adventurous career, it may be carefully taken from the nest and placed in a proper cool place, carefully packed and taken to the store, then, after all these wise precautions, it

# About The Farm

Conducted By Allan Campbell

may reach the consumer's table in a decidedly poor condition, owing to the fact that the over zealous merchant, for the sake of advertising his excellent eggs, has placed them in his window, which may face the south or west, with the result that the sun shining through the plate glass window has robbed them of their freshness. This may happen in the farm house very easily where eggs are kept in an otherwise cool room, but exposed to the sun's rays for a short period. The water content will evaporate very quickly where the temperature is high. Eggs that are intended to be kept for a considerable time should be kept in a temperature of 30 degrees, therefore, it will be seen that it is impracticable for the average person in the summer months to keep large quantities of eggs on hand without having them deteriorate to a considerable extent.

Eggs are a perishable food product, and those who most fully appreciate this fact are the ones who are endeavouring to bring about better conditions for all concerned in the egg trade.

## The Preservation of Eggs

**AT THIS** time of year when eggs are plentiful and hence of reasonable price, there is naturally a considerable number packed and considerable comment on the merits of the various means of preserving them. Though there are several ways of preserving eggs, there are a few general rules that should be ad-

hered to irrespective of the system adopted. Perfectly fresh eggs only should be used. Be very careful to see that the eggs are completely immersed during the whole period of preservation.

Expert investigation into a considerable number of methods of preserving eggs has found the lime water treatment to give best satisfaction.

The method of preparing the lime water is to use 1 pound of lime to 70 pounds of water but as there may be impurities in commercial lime, a little more than the quantity stated above will likely be preferable. If good freshly burnt quicklime is procurable 1 pound to 5 gallons would be sufficient. The method of preparation is to slake the lime with a small quantity of water and then stir the milk of lime so formed into 5 gallons of water. After the mixture has been kept well stirred for a few hours it is allowed to settle. The saturated lime water is now drawn off and poured over the eggs which have been placed in a crock.

As exposure to the air is weakening to the solution the crock should be well covered either by a covering of sweet oil or sacking upon which a paste of lime is spread.

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# MYSTERY OF THE SUNSET PEARLS

Continued from Page 10

In the hall he encountered Miss Arden, dainty and cool-looking in sheer white with a cluster of red roses, dewy and long-stemmed, in her arms. To her he told the innocuous prevarication about going to London, though his heart rather smote him.

"Look what I've just picked up on the lower terrace," she said, extending a small bright object in the palm of her hand.

It was a cut steel shoe buckle. As Ames keen eyes fastened upon the ornament they lighted up strangely.

"Who owns it, do you suppose?" he asked, abruptly.

"Oh, an Englishwoman of course," Miss Arden replied judicially. "I admire Englishwomen but they have execrable taste in footwear! They will wear black shoes with buckles, and white openwork hose!"

"Which lady here wears a grey jersey, Miss Arden?"

The girl pondered a moment. "Offhand I'm afraid I can't say. Mrs. Webb, being elderly, wears a good deal of grey. I've seen Lady Gresham too with something grey on—probably it was a jersey. Why do you ask?"

"I think," said Ames quietly, "that the lady who wears a grey jersey lost that buckle—lost it last night. But we'll tell it not in Gath."

Miss Arden looked startled but being accustomed to shocks swiftly recovered herself. She cast a glance of admiration at the Captain, which unfortunately he missed. As they separated, however, a long, shrewd, eloquent glance passed between them.

At Woodchester Ames spent several idle hours till luncheon time. When Monty Rice arrived in the Yellow Peril he had news. Inspector Grierson had taken a boat out on the pond and had found a small revolver lying in about two feet of water. It was a very shallow pond, circular in shape, and the weapon had lain on the side nearest the manor. Two balls had been discharged from it.

"And do you know," Monty went on in evident concern, "poor Trudy Marsh is almost ill from worry about Grey. She's afraid he'll be killed next time I suppose. Makes him keep to the house like a tame cat."

"Speaking of Mrs. Marsh," said Ames drawing a folded slip of paper from his pocket, "here's something you dropped at the station last night. One of the telegrams to be sent. You can still send it I suppose?"

Monty took it and ran a careless eye over the contents.

"Oh yes, I remember her giving me this. Just shows how absent a chap can be with a dashed robbery on his mind!"

The message was addressed to the Imperial Optical Company, London, and was signed Gertrude Marsh. It said: "Hurry my glasses left with you on the tenth. Have just broken my only other pair and am suffering from acute headache."

"Are you in love with Mrs Marsh?" Ames asked, idly.

"Dear chap! I'm in love more or less with five ladies!"

"A problem in elimination, eh? She dresses admirably. A fine taste in colors. Altogether a remarkable personality, I think."

"I think I prefer Maud's style, really. Speaking of colors you must see our Indian Peacocks. The mater has a good aviary and recently we imported some new birds from the tropic. Does ornithology interest you?"

"Not as much as graphology," said Ames, smiling. "I'm no scholar but I've specialized in one or two things. By the way, does the Yard know that a Manor guest has communicated with somebody in Bristol—secretly I mean?"

"My word! With the estate picketed! How—"

"How is the question! I was at the station here sending a telegram or two (and I've a few more to dispatch yet)

when I learned that very early this morning a little farm lad brought a message to the operator. Suspecting that Woodchester might not be watched I made it my business to ask about any messages that might have come in or gone out."

"You forget nothing, old top!" interjected Monty, warmly.

"The lad had it from a lady at the cross-roads who gave him a golden crown for his trouble. He couldn't describe her except to say she was pale and in a great hurry. He thought she must be a visitor as he had never seen her before."

"What cross-roads?"

"The one halfway between here and the Manor."

"Did you find out what the message contained?"

"I most certainly did. It was short and somewhat cryptic and was signed only by the initial T. It was addressed to one J. Reeder at Bristol Docks and said: 'What is the matter? Why have I not heard from you? S.S.S. is here. Hurry.'"

"S.S.S." repeated Monty. "Sounds like a soda-siphon! Oh by Jove! Meaning Sure Shot Steve, eh what?"

Ames nodded. He was secretly rather proud of the nickname.

"But who is T?" Monty went on, "Unless Bishop Trowbridge! Or that nice Miss Taylor! Equally absurd. Only ones I can—"

"Let's eat now," Ames suggested, "Then we can put in the time till dark at golf. I'm glad it's so cloudy, for the moon will be obscured. At dusk we'll set out for Gresham Manor by a back road."

"What to do?" demanded Monty, excited and eager.

"You'll see," Ames answered, laconically.

"Then there is a woman in Willowitz's gang?" Monty observed, as they entered the old inn.

"One woman, Monty. The cleverest little devil I ever knew, though! Smarter even than Franz. In all our many skirmishes she had a leading part and never once did she allow me to get close enough to her to see the color of her eyes. But I've got a strong hunch that they're green! Like Becky Sharpe's. In spite of one's anger and contempt for her creed and methods one has to admire Madame Willowitz. There's only one like her produced in a century."

Ames spoke with a kind of reluctant enthusiasm. Under his repressed manner there was a tingling eagerness, apparent both in voice and look. The war horse had sniffed powder again.

Late in the afternoon the London papers arrived. The friends had just returned from the links and Ames was idly scanning the headlines while waiting for Monty to bring the car round. Suddenly he drew the paper closer. A brief despatch from Bristol had caught his eye. When Monty appeared he thrust the paper at him.

"Here," he said with a strangely jubilant ring in his voice, "is why J. Reeder has failed to communicate with the cross-roads lady!"

Monty read:

"At a large party over the week-end at Darleigh Towers the famous Darleigh emeralds were stolen. A man called Reeder at the dockyards has been apprehended for using suspicious language while in liquor. He is employed as a checker and was recently discharged from the Towers where he worked as assistant-steward for a time. He boasted that he knew more than he would reveal about the missing jewels. Two finger print experts from London are already on the way. In view of the alarming frequency of jewel robberies throughout the country the authorities are allowing no opportunities to slip."

Shortly after nine o'clock the yellow car slid smoothly into a quiet lane ad joining the road back of the Manor.

"What now?" asked Monty.



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"I'll get out and you can go on," Ames replied, and thereupon sprang out. "Wait at the front of the house."

"You haven't a warrant, have you?" asked Monty doubtfully. "I presume you intend making an arrest."

"I have no local warrant but that won't hinder me. I carry what is tantamount to an international warrant. However, there'll be no need to split hairs now. She'll come along all right, if she doesn't see me first and pick me off!"

"I haven't an idea whom you mean," said Monty with a slightly injured air.

"What's that dark, shadowy mass over there like a tall cedar hedge?" asked Ames, pointing.

"The rear of the maze."

"Any way of getting through or over it by this side?"

"Not a chance . . . Stop! Come to think of it I believe you can, too! There's a small break—or there used to be—that let's you into the orchard."

"Good! I'll find it."

"I say you know! Be careful, eh what?"

Ames laughed shortly.

"If you don't see me within the hour at most you can give me up as a dead one!" he said lightly and disappeared.

The one thing Ames desired to avoid was a fuss. Not for worlds would he have snatched "a bit of business" from Grierson. He had no desire for public display and had a shrinking distaste for strutting and acclaim, generally. But Madame was his quarry, his own legitimate prize. His idea was to get her away as quickly and as quietly as possible.

As he emerged from the farther end of the orchard he was compelled to make a considerable detour to evade the picket that was stationed there. This delayed him by a quarter of an hour. He saw the headlights of the Yellow Peril in the main driveway where Monty waited. Reaching the west terrace he saw that the drawing room curtains were close-drawn. Faint music issued from within. Since the shooting the Manor guests had exhibited a not unnatural dislike for evening promenades. He marked Miss Arden's window and gazed rather long and fatuously at it, dark as it was. He avoided the moonlit spaces and clung to the shadows. Madame's windows were dark also, he ascertained. She was either already asleep or had not yet left the company then! In either event he knew what

he had to do. There was a side door leading past the rear of the smoking room to a stairway used mainly by the servants. With luck he might reach her dressing room door unnoticed and bring her away by the same route. Thank heaven she wasn't the screaming kind!

Behind a velvet curtain in the upper hall he waited. She would be off her guard as far as he was concerned, thinking him in London. That was one advantage.

It was half an hour before he was rewarded by the rustle of a silken skirt. One by one at the end of the corridor the other women had hove in view and then vanished to their various apartments. Madame was the only one with rooms in the west wing. And so at last she came, calling out gay good-nights over her shoulder. She swept into her dressing room and the door clicked to. The next instant, before she could lock it (if such were her habit) Ames had reached it with a bound. He entered coolly and without the formality of a knock.

"I just made it, didn't I!" he observed with a low laugh.

She had swung round. They were less than two feet apart.

"You!" she exclaimed, starting back.

"That's I'm!"

"What does this intrusion mean?" she demanded, not unnaturally.

"Just what any lady but Madame would be justified in asking. With you my business always seems so urgent I must occasionally omit the ordinary civilities. You and I can talk very plainly Madame. I think we understand each other."

She drew her tongue across her lips. For once she was wordless, taken aback. And yet there was about her a curious calm, a poise and self-possession that was like an armor. In spite of himself Ames had to admit that she was superb. Her eyelids barely fluttered. She wasn't even angry, or at least didn't seem so. Presently a little mocking smile flickered about her full red lips. Barely of average height she appeared tall by reason of her upright carriage, and to-night this illusion was enhanced because from head to foot she was yellow. Her gown of canary satin was no brighter than her golden hair.

"What do you want?" she asked at length. "The pearls?"

"The pearls and then you," stated Ames, pointedly.

"I haven't got the pearls."

"No?"

"No."

She tapped the floor with one small yellow satin slipped foot. His eyes she met squarely.

"I thought you always got what you went after."

"I do. But this was once I failed," she said frankly.

"Then you mean that there is someone cleverer even than you!"

"Someone beat me to it this time, yes."

The slang sounded quaintly grotesque, slightly accented as it was by the unmistakably "foreign" consonants.

"Who is this very smart person?"

She shrugged.

"I don't know. I wish I did," she said candidly.

Ames laughed appreciatively. He had always heard that Madame was refreshing.

"I don't believe you," he said, soberly. "It cannot have been Franz for he's just received ten days in the cooler at Bristol. And there cannot be three of you!"

She had started at the mention of Franz.

"What—what do you mean the cooler?"

"Haven't you seen the afternoon papers?"

He drew a folded newspaper from his pocket and held it out to her. She seized it avidly. When she had found and read the Bristol despatch she displayed emotion for the first time.

"The fool. Always it is the liquor puts us in danger!" she muttered.

"That's right. Franz just naturally has to spill the beans. If I, Madame,

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were hooking up with a partner for a career of crime, I should pick one who isn't so fond of getting pickled. Upon the two, memorable occasions when I almost had Franz the same propensity was the cause of his betrayal."

She fairly glared at him now. He saw that her eyes were indeed green.

"How did you learn that I was to be here?" she demanded after a moment. "I didn't know you were to be here."

"Oh? then what a beautiful surprise for you! Of course you recognized me at once!"

"Again, no. Sans your double windows you are a different woman Madame—though none the less charming! Remember too, that I had never seen you except at a considerable distance and in winter costume. The first hint I had was from your handwriting. To the initiated a foreigner always betrays himself, when he writes English, in the loop letters. The loops are either cramped or greatly exaggerated. Then your request for glasses. And your mistaking Grey for me. Add to this your search this morning for the shoe buckle that you knew would betray you. Oh, the clues soon piled up! But come, we must hurry if we are to catch the midnight train to London."

"To London!" she echoed, with a scornful laugh.

"To London. On an old charge. Half a dozen of them, in fact."

She eyed him defiantly at first, then speculatively. She noted his air of grim determination and saw no sign of yielding in his straight mouth, his cold keen eyes, his big shoulders barring the door. He was in no mood for mere gallantry. Pearls or no pearls he meant to have her. All at once a kind of sweet humility descended upon Madame like a mantle.

"Very well," she said in a resigned voice "Wait here and I will dress."

"You don't need to dress. Put on a long coat. You can send for your things."

"I must change my shoes," she insisted.

Ames locked the door behind him. The key that he had found in the lock he removed and pocketed. He followed her about relentlessly through the two white and gold rooms. He explained the way they were to take going out so as to avoid notice. She listened and shrugged indifferently. At last she was ready.

"Proceed," she said, pulling down her veil.

"You first, Madame," said Ames, significantly, and unlocked the door.

He feared she might even yet elude him. She was human quicksilver. However she seemed quite amenable now. Apparently she fully realized that the game was up. In the arduous and hazardous pursuit of the Willowitz pair, Stephen Ames had learned to take no chances on letting the quarry out of his sight for a moment, for he had been stabbed once, drugged twice and shot at three times, by them or their emissaries. So as yet he hardly dared congratulate himself that the fish was safe in his net.

Down the hall to the turn, then along another corridor and down the side stairway they went till they arrived at the rear of the smoking-room. Here several doors confronted them.

"Which one?" whispered Madame, pausing.

"The farthest," said Ames, pushing her slightly. "Hurry."

For the sound of footsteps near at hand became audible.

The lady still hesitating he seized her wrist in a grip of steel and took the lead.

Ames didn't know exactly how it happened. Possibly he was so intent on getting out of the house that he became temporarily confused as to direction. He now saw four doors instead of three and opened the farthest. The next instant Madame's hand slipped unaccountably from his grasp. Simultaneously there was a rush of cold, dark air and as he wheeled to clutch her the heavy door swung to between them. It closed with an odd and ominous snap.

He heard a low, triumphant laugh and then merely the faint sound of Madame's rapidly vanishing feet. After that, silence.

The door he had jerked at but in vain. He struck a match. It went out. He struck three together. He found then that he was locked in a sort of wine-vault. The walls were of stone and the door of oak with iron bars across it. Stephen Ames sat down upon an empty cask and swore, deeply and fervently.

Although he pounded on the great door at intervals all night nobody responded. That wing of the house was deserted. About six in the morning one of the scullery girls heard him and went for the butler in a great fright.

"Ah! There you are, old thing!" Monty greeted Ames in the breakfast room an hour or so later. "But I say!" (in an aside) "What became of you last night? I waited and waited and at last gave you up. Poor Trudy Marsh came rushing out and demanded that I run her into the station. She said she had been called to the sick-bed of a relative at Liverpool. So of course I did. I gather old chap, that your arrest was a fizzle!"

He met Miss Arden just before luncheon in the rose garden.

"I thought you were in London!" she exclaimed, at once.

It cheered him considerably to notice that his unexpected appearance didn't displease her. In fact so mellowed did his mood become in the sunshine of her smile that under an acacia in a secluded part of the grounds he related to her the events of the preceding night.

"She must have used that break in the maze, to elude the pickets," said Miss Arden, thoughtfully. "I knew yesterday, of course, whom you suspected. She had another of those headaches after dinner and I wished myself on her, ostensibly to massage her temples but in reality to see what I could see. I saw the shoes that had the buckle missing. I fancy she intended to burn them or otherwise destroy them, though. And so you think she has gone abroad?"

"I'm afraid so," said Ames, gloomily.

"I don't," Miss Arden responded with conviction.

Late in the afternoon the Captain received a telegram from Bristol and with it in his hand he sought Miss Arden. His face was the real bearer of the news, however. She started up from her garden seat eager to learn what the good tidings might be.

"From my old colleague George Stanley, whom I advised to be on the lookout," Ames explained, handing her the message.

She read it. "Then, Madame walked right into the trap!" she said, slowly.

"It seemed too much to hope for! I wasn't banking on it."

"Ah! But she was a woman you see. I knew she'd go to her husband or at any rate not leave England till he was out."

"You knew! How?"

"Intuition I suppose. I too," said Miss Arden flushing slightly, "am a woman."

"I thought I knew crooks from the ground up! Apparently I have a little more to learn," said Ames, humbly.

"I think," said the girl gently, "that you have a great deal to learn about—women."

Ames considered this, gravely.

"Will you—give me a few lessons?" he asked, seriously.

"Shall we go for a stroll? You haven't seen the aviary yet, I know," she said with equal gravity, though desiring to smile.

Ames the sleuth was a little awkward at first in the role of Ames the gallant and lover but he found it rather a pleasant novelty and when Miss Arden paused to pluck one of her favorite deep red roses he begged to have one pinned on his tunic. They walked around the pond to the old abbey and back by way of the spinney to the haunted wing of the old Manor. From here a shaded walk led past the fountains and the Italian gardens to the park.

Continued on page 48

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Ames spoke of life abroad and of some of his plans for the immediate future. "I've always been a lonely chap. Work (my work) has filled my life," he explained. "I've given every ounce of energy I had to it. But sometimes—when I'm tired, usually—I feel that my life hasn't been properly rounded out. Have you ever felt that way? Is work everything?"

"If you love it enough. Mine is to me," said the girl, decidedly.

They entered the park. Dim, cathedral-like aisles led away on every hand, each beckoning enticingly. It was so still here that a mere word seemed to shatter the silence like a blow. As of one accord they fell silent. Ames was trying to recall some verse that seemed appropriate to the moment. He wanted to tell her that he'd like to make her love her work a trifle less—make it of secondary importance. But he lacked the courage. With a half smile he remembered how Monty had described a similar lack. Romance? Could this be the first delightful beginnings? He was half afraid to toy with this thought. Meanwhile, he found feminine companionship astonishingly agreeable. Not that many words were spoken. Through the mazes of the trees they caught occasional glimpses of another pair, Monty Rice and Maud Throckton.

At sight of Monty, Ames became professional once more.

"There is still," he said, "the mystery of the sunset pearls. I'd almost forgotten them!"

"Let's not think of them," suggested Miss Arden, lightly. Here's the aviary. Those are the Indian peacocks . . . These are the African magpies . . . But perhaps you're not interested in birds! I'd love to climb up to that nest. It isn't very high. I believe I could reach it from the fence! As a kid the thrilling moment of my life was finding a robin's nest. I'm afraid I'm still a tomboy."

"Go ahead. I'll give you a boost up," said Ames, indulgently.

The next instant she had climbed the fence and was peering excitedly through the branches of a tree at a little rough nest—the magpie's. The red and golden bars of a particularly fine sunset slanted through the grove and poured a flood of color over the scene, rich color that made the leaves and moss a more vivid green and stained the landscape all about till it resembled a Watteau painting rather than a sober, pastoral, English view. Ames was engrossed in day-dreams—a new occupation for him. It was therefore with quite a start that he came to at a sharp, eager little cry from the girl.

She was holding up a slender string of something that looked like nothing so much as a child's necklace of mountain ash berries. Only there was a life and a fire to it that could never have emanated from anything belonging to the vegetable kingdom!

"What are they—beads?" Ames queried with a smile.

"I—I don't know. The nest is filled with queer, bright things," returned the girl. "There are bits of tin and glass and here's even a brass hairpin! Isn't it funny?"

"The regular magpies' hoard," laughed Ames. "Drop me the pretty string please. It looks like a ruby necklace from here."

He caught the find deftly. The next instant he gave a shout.

"Why these," he said, "are pearls! They're opaque. I never saw the like before! I thought they were transparent!"

"Pearls!" cried the girl, balancing herself with difficulty as she turned for a jump.

She reached his side and together they gazed wide-eyed at the wonder, glowing and flashing softly in his palm. It held them enthralled. Then very slowly their eyes met.

"The sunset pearls!" they said together.

"No wonder Lady Gresham awoke so mysteriously!" said Miss Arden in a kind of hushed rapture. "The owner of

these must regard them almost as living things. Oh, the beauties!"

"But of course you had already seen them?"

"Yes, but not to touch them. Somehow they seem more wonderful—they thrill the fingers! And how they must have lured Mr. Magpie in the moonlight."

After a moment Ames looked up. He silently indicated two figures in the middle distance seated very close, on a fallen tree-trunk. They were Monty and Miss Throckton.

"Let's sneak up on them from the rear and drop the pearls between them," suggested Ames.

"Yes, let's!" agreed Miss Arden with a smile.

And they caught hands and tiptoed forward.

### EDUCATIONAL SELLING

The Magic Baking Powder demonstrations given by the educational demonstrators of the E. W. Gillett Company throughout Manitoba have proved such an unqualified success that it has been decided to carry the good work on to Saskatchewan. A pleasing feature of the undertaking so far has been the readiness with which the invitations to attend the demonstrations have been accepted everywhere. That there is a general and increasing interest in the health-giving and hygienic qualities of the family diet was plainly evident. Cooking problems and difficulties of many descriptions were satisfactorily solved and innumerable questions answered by the Magic demonstrators. For this work the Gillett Company have chosen, and chosen with exacting care, twelve young ladies who are experts in every phase of domestic science. Not only in theory, but in practice. Practical illustrations are given that will prove a great help towards better, easier and more modern methods of baking. Mr. George H. Sinclair, Gillett's Western representative, speaks with great enthusiasm of the success of this somewhat novel campaign. He is particularly pleased with the wonderful interest manifested by the trade. Many of the merchants throughout the towns in Manitoba have used their own local papers at their own expense in emphasizing the importance of attending the demonstrations.

Our Saskatchewan readers will have the opportunity of hearing and meeting the Gillett demonstrators, for they will make a rather complete tour of the province, visiting all centres where facilities can be obtained for their particular work. So far the following towns have been definitely decided upon: Carnduff, Oxbow, Alameda, Estevan, Carlyle, Arcola, Stoughton, Weyburn, Assiniboia, Shaunavon, Vanguard, Swift Current, Gull Lake, Maple Creek, Herbert, Moosomin, Wapella, Whitewood, Broadview, Grenfell, Wolseley, Indian Head, Fort Qu'Appelle, Lemberg, Abernethy, Neudorf, Esterhazy, Regina, Moose Jaw, Rouleau, Milestone, Gravelbourg, Lumsden, Strassbourg, Govan, Craik, Davidson, Hanley, Rosetown, Kindersley, Outlook, Melville, Nokomis, Watrous, Saskatoon, Sutherland, Rosthern, Duck Lake, Prince Albert, Big River, Langham, Radisson, Lloydminster, North Battleford, Battleford, Biggar, Wilkie, Unity, Macklin, Kerrobert, Saltecoats, Yorkton, Canora, Kamsack, Preeceville, Wadena, Humboldt, Melfort, Kinistino, Star City, Tisdale, and The Pas.

All those who bear the responsibility of housekeeping should regard it a privilege to be able to attend these meetings. Valuable information can be obtained and from those highly competent to give it.

### True For Ye, Pat

A clerk in a post office in the west of Ireland told an Irishman who came in to mail a letter that the letter was overweight.

"Over what weight?" asked Pat. "It's too heavy," replied the clerk. "You'll have to put another stamp on it."

"Yerra, get out wid your foolin'," said the Irishman, with a broad grin. "Sure, if I put another stamp on it, won't it be heavier still?"



# MOTHER'S SECTION

## Willing Service In The Home

If we gain the power to make our home happy it will add greatly to our progress. "It's what we do, not what we wish. That rounds our lives full and complete." Life is not a matter of what we have, but of how much we can extract from what we have. Some of us are starving in the midst of plenty. Why? Simply because we have placed the cart before the horse by seeking happiness instead of endeavouring to bestow it. We cannot receive any real benefit excepting through the law of useful service. Then instead of asking how much we are to receive, let us be wise and ask how much have we to give. This is nature's law of progress in all walks of life. Only as the stream flows on can it be purified. There is absolutely no escape from this law if we would be truly successful. If we make a careful analysis of the characters with whom we deal, we will find in every case, that it is the large hearted magnanimous souls that we prefer to associate with, and that convey a strong influence in molding our lives irrespective of our own wills. Mothers especially need to understand these great but simple laws, so that they transmit to and train their children in the great art and freedom of "living well." It is much easier, and vastly more profitable, for a child to develop under the law of responsibility than under the law of selfish indulgence. The former gives independent service and character; the latter cowardliness and failure. In truth we cannot have what we are not willing to give. Then if we would have our children successful (and we all desire it) we should take time to teach and train them in that beauty and independence of will that only receives favors as it is ready and willing to render them; as it is this spirit that develops into a truly magnificent personality. And we all know the influencing power for good of a real personality. Good breeding begins at home. We will do well in seeking to acquire self control and wisdom even at the sacrifice of many of our pleasures, so that we prove capable of assisting our children in the development of a strong healthy character, which will prove a great asset to a healthy body. This will also assist our own development, giving us strength of will and a greater understanding of humanity, which adds greatly to the enjoyment of life. We must carefully watch the tendency to self and learn whether it is the universal self, or the self of mine that we are encouraging both in ourselves and in our children. And it is well to remember, that we cannot be successful in the neglect of the practices ourselves, that we desire brought forth in our children. In other words, we must be ourselves what we desire our home to be. If our ambition is simply personal benefit and gain, we will surely fail. It is universal love that broadens and gives, not indifference and selfishness. When we take an unselfish wise interest in others, we are thrice blessed, thrice helped, and thrice rewarded, as nature is truly parent and provider of this spirit.

We may have hoards of wealth and be a pauper still. Real wealth is the enlarging of the great Universal Heart of Nature in ourselves, by learning to love and wisely serve all life from the smallest to the greatest. When we acquire this, our main attitude in the home and out will be "of what use am I to you." Alice Barton Fisher.

## Good Foods

ONE has to consider the chemical constitution of food; the relative value of various articles of food as nourishment; the digestibility of these articles and the art of cooking. No hard and fast rules can be laid down for adults. People differ in appetite and power of digestion. No two can like nor eat the same articles of food. One learns by experience what to eat and what to avoid.

Our great indiscretion is rapid eating. The saliva so necessary to the digestion of starchy foods does not get an opportunity to do its work and the stomach suffers. Then drinking too much weakens the gastric juices so that it cannot do its work. The food is not relished because it is not properly tasted, and it is a load

on the stomach because digestion cannot take place. Sometimes hot condiments cause irritation of the mucous membrane and prevent the flow of needed juices. Gladstone had a rule of chewing every bit of food thirty times before swallowing it. Fletcherism insists that one should reduce everything to the consistency of cream before swallowing.

Eating too often is bad, and so eating too seldom. The work of the stomach must be equalized so that too much may not be demanded of it at any time. Eating before retiring is not good. The stomach needs its rest just as well as other portions of the system.

As a rule people eat too much and not only err as to quantity of food but as to quality. Anything that causes the gastric juice to stop flowing must inevitably cause dyspepsia, biliousness, gastritis, constipation, diarrhoea, obesity and gout.

If larger quantities of food are forced upon the stomach than it is capable of caring for, the first point to be noted is that the organs of digestion cannot cause the absorption of it all into the blood. Some of it must remain unacted upon. There is an important guard or watchman located at the lower end of the stomach, at the opening into the bowel whose duty it is to see that no food passes that point until it has been acted upon by the juices in the stomach and has been thoroughly subjected to all of those processes of digestion which it is the duty of the stomach to perform well. Whenever food is taken into the stomach that can well be digested, this watchman lets part of the undigested food into the bowel. Then fermentation begins both in stomach and bowel. In one case the results are bad breath, sore throat, flatulency; in the other case gas, pain in the bowels, torpor, constipation, piles, and sometimes blood poisoning.

## How To Take Out Common Stains

SOME stains are removed in the regular laundering process, and others are set and made more difficult to remove by the action of soap and water, consequently the best plan is to examine all articles before they are washed, and to remove the stains at that time.

Removing stains is likely to be rather severe on the fabric, and so it is better to do the work when only a small area need be treated and the stains can be removed with the least effort.

To take out a stain involves practically the same process as to take out any other soiled spots. That is, we must examine the stain or the dark spot whatever it may be, and find the substance such as soap, lemon juice, kerosene, javelle water, or so on which will aid in removing whatever should not be there.

Different treatment is required for different kinds of stains. Oil, paint, perspiration, blood, milk, chocolate, tea and coffee call for just the right kind of treatment, and what may help in one case, may set the stain in another. That is why we must understand the nature of the stain, and it is easier to determine just what has caused the stain before the garment is washed, than afterwards.

Handkerchiefs stained with mucus are difficult and sometimes dangerous to handle. Before the washing process is started, they should be soaked in a solution of strong salt and water, or better yet, two tablespoonfuls of salt and one tablespoonful of ammonia to each quart of water. Let stand a couple of hours, occasionally working up and down with a stick. Then pour on plenty of cold water without handling the handkerchiefs, and let this run off. Much of the mucus will be carried away. Now wash in the usual manner.

Grass stains may be removed from white clothes by soaking in ammonia and

water; by washing with Naptha soap and water; or by soaking in alcohol. If the fabric is colored, take a small piece and treat with the alcohol or Naptha soap to see if the color is injured. If it is not, follow the chosen process. If it is, try an application of molasses letting this remain on over night. Then wash as usual. Sometimes a paste of baking soda and strong soap suds will remove the stain if allowed to stay on several hours.

Chocolate stains are stubborn if not handled intelligently. Smear the stain thickly with a paste made of borax and water, and immerse the spot thus covered in cold water. Treat tea stains the same way. If persistent, soak the stain in glycerine and wash the article.

The stain of meat juices often blemishes fine linen. This is unnecessary. Wash in cold water, then with cold soap and water, and finish by the regular laundering process.

Stains from cream or milk are best removed by being washed in cold water and then with soap and water.

A coffee stain should be treated by spreading the stained surface over a good-sized bowl. Pour bowling water with some force upon the stain. By holding the dipper or teakettle a foot or so above the article, thus force will be gained.

Blood stains are often stubborn. Rinse in cold water as soon as possible. Then rub with Naptha soap and soak in warm water. Stubborn stains on white goods are often removed by adding a tablespoonful of kerosene and turpentine each to the boiling water. On thick or colored goods, a paste of starch may be allowed to dry, brushed away, and repeated until the stain is absorbed.

The stain of vaseline is set by boiling. Treat with turpentine and wash.

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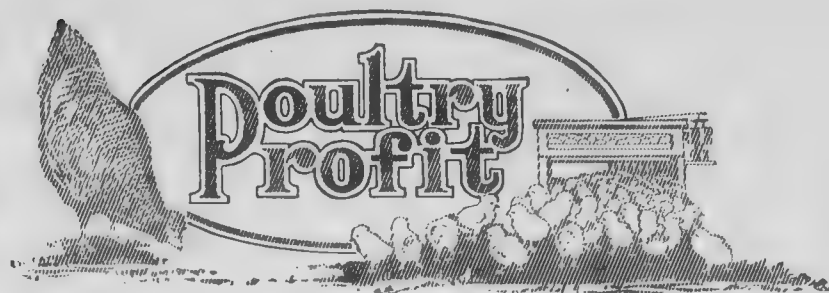
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Helen E. Vialoux

The many interesting experiments that are being worked out at The Manitoba Agricultural College by Professor Herner will certainly bear fruit, in helping our western poultry raisers to make their poultry pay, showing how farm flocks can be graded up in 3 or 4 years from scrubs to good looking, heavy laying birds, that are an asset on the farm.

Professor Herner considers that their chief line of work is breeding and selection for heavy egg production. The five popular breeds are used and every bird on the plant is trapnested; considering there are from 1200 to 1600 pens kept on the plant this is no small job! Barred Rocks, Rhode Island Reds, White Wyandottes, Buff Orpingtons, White Leghorns, with a pen or so of Black Minorcas, Brown Leghorns, White Orpingtons and Anconas are used in carrying on this branch of work, but the Rocks and Leghorns are the popular breeds, and the most work has been done with them. After ten years of trap nesting, breeding and selection, the conclusion has been reached: (1) There is no best breed; (2) Egg production is a question of strain or family; (3) Line breeding must be followed to get highest egg production and inheritance of characters, such as "broodiness, heavy laying," etc., a marked feature in the hen family. Factors in successful egg production: (1) Feed (very important); (2) Climate none better than the west; (3) Light, use of electric light during short days and long nights highly commended if used in moderation, increasing egg production 50 per cent. in cold months; (4) The man or woman in charge, common sense methods, care in the details of the work will spell success or failure.

In 1913-14 the 25 best layers at The College averaged 139 eggs in the 12 months. In 1920-21 the 25 best layers had increased to over 200 eggs per annum, both Barred Rocks and White Leghorns laying from 202 to 205 eggs. In 1913-14 the highest individual layer was a White Leghorn with 175 eggs to her credit. In 1920-21 the highest individual layer was a Barred Rock with 261 eggs laid in 12 months; in 1920 also the highest producer was a Barred Rock laying 263 eggs. This season, up to July 15 a Barred Rock hen, a member of this famous family, had laid 203 eggs since November 1st, 1921, and is still laying nearly every day. She has had 30 chicks, hatched from her eggs, this season. This pen of 40 birds, of heavy layers, to which she belongs, make a pretty picture, they are so well barred, red combed and full of vitality.

The heaviest layer among the White Leghorns in 1920-21 had 249 eggs to her credit.

The farm Mongrels were graded up by using pure bred males of a good laying strain of Barred Rock breed. The first year's average for the flock was 75 eggs. Best layer 123 eggs, best 25 layers average 94 each per annum. Each fall the layers in this graded up flock were culled very closely, and attention given to marking, color and type. The males in the mongrel flock made good roasters in the fall or were used as broilers. The flock averages about 75 birds, that were kept in "the farm laying house" which was anything but warm in winter, water freezing in the fountains most days in the winter. The fourth year of the experiment, Professor Herner had a really splendid flock of Barred Rocks, of excellent marking and shape, the laying capacity of the hens

had increased to an average, for the best 25 birds, of 138 eggs per annum, whilst the best layer averaged 163 eggs, showing that the graded up farm flock was an experiment well worth while of real value to the busy farmer who "can go and do likewise."

This year 1922, Professor Herner has commenced an experiment with four popular breeds, viz.: Buff Orpingtons, White Wyandottes, Rhode Island Reds and White Leghorns, which will be watched with interest. When at the College recently I noted the Mongrel flock, of half grown chicks, of every shape and color. They were anything but beautiful, but are the nucleus, no doubt, of fine flocks. These chicks were hatched from eggs bought from common hard yard stock, in the country.

Experiments in regard to the cost of eggs per dozen have been conducted by the department for three years—fourth year now.

#### Preliminary Report

Cost varies with the number of eggs laid. Cost varies comparing winter with summer. Lighter breeds can produce eggs a trifle cheaper per dozen. As time goes on more definite figures can be given to poultry raisers, re the cost of the production of eggs on an average farm.

If the Barred Rocks average 138 eggs per annum, the eggs cost 15.7 cents per dozen, taking the whole year 1921. White Leghorns, with an average of 130 eggs per hen each year, cost 15 cents per dozen to produce. Anconas with 132 eggs per annum, cost 14.7 cents per dozen, while the White Wyandottes, a pen of poor layers, with an average of 52 eggs per annum, cost no less than 34.7 cents per dozen. Of course, the cost of production must vary with the cost of grain foods each year; but, on a fair sized farm I have always contended the poultry can be fed on tailings, small wheat, coarse grains and mangels, etc., at a small cost per head.

It is interesting to know at this poor season for incubation all over Canada and the United States, that 2½ eggs produced one good chick on the College plan, where 8000 chickens were hatched in season. There is an excellent average for 1921. No doubt, the mild winter, followed by a cold spring, is responsible for the poor hatches all over the country. Early in the past spring, but later in the season, the hatches showed a much higher average of chicks.

Many baby chicks were sold, none going out, however, until May.

In the Leghorn breed, only males were used whose sires had come from hens laying over 200 eggs per annum in the pullet year.

In Barred Rocks, all males were direct descendants of hens having laid 235 to 263 eggs per annum in their pullet year.

In the Barred Rocks, egg production, type and color are combined to a very high degree.

The farmers who avail themselves of the chance to secure some chicks or eggs from the M.A.C. will certainly improve their home flocks in a marked degree. Leghorns were priced at 30 cents per chick at a day old, and Barred Rocks 35 cents per head.

All of these experiments certainly prove there is no better breed for the western farmer than the old reliable Barred Rock.



### "Happy Days! I'll say!"

"MY brothers were fine up-standing youngsters. As for me—I was badly sweeneyed and nobody gave a hook-joint whether I became a plough-horse or a saw-horse. I WAS swapped around 'till finally I got a regular boss who said, 'Sound as a nut, except that blamed sweeney. We'll soon get rid of that.' And he did with Gombault's Caustic Balsam!"

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## HER SECRET HOARD

Continued from Page 19

advice. I'll bring you back in time for you to finish whatever you have planned to do."

Two hours later, in the pretty dining room of the Garland home overlooking the Rosedale Ravine, Winnifred Orde checked Joan's eager queries about old friends to say, coaxingly, "Tell me, Joan, what advice did you want? We used to be such friends. I've never stopped loving you since we went West together. What's the trouble, dear? You look worried. I can see it in your eyes."

"It's business," confessed Joan. "Frank needs money to hold some property on Royal Avenue. Last night he asked me if I had saved a little, but I put him off. I couldn't bear to give up my nest egg. Six thousand seems like a fortune when one has saved it dollar for dollar, and it is all one owns."

"It is a fortune," declared Mrs. Orde emphatically. "Don't you give it to him Joan. Don't do it. I had saved money too, not much, just a couple of thousands, and to Jim it proved only a drop in the ocean of his needs, but in Newmarket, afterwards, it would have made all the difference in the world to me. We were poor then, desperately poor. I did everything and at night when I was too tired to sleep I used to count the sheets this money would have paid someone else to wash, lines and lines of them. I remembered the household helps it might have bought, and I felt bitter against Jim, bitter. It's harder to endure poverty when one has been spoiled by money. Keep your six thousand Joan. It will be better for you and better for Frank."

"I believe you are right," agreed Joan thoughtfully. "No matter what happens I'll keep that money for when we need it most."

Mrs. Orde looked anxious. "You must be very sure about that Joan," she advised. "Often you will be tempted to let Frank have the money, and you will think that you could not possibly ever need it more, but keep it until the last moment. You will recognise the real crisis when it comes."

For two months after Winnifred's visit, Joan waged her difficult struggle. For two months the little bank book lay hidden in its pasteboard box, yet forever present in Joan's thoughts. Every day she could see more clearly the financial trouble in store for them. It showed itself in Frank's increasing irritability and nervousness, in his ceaseless working with accounts. Joan's heart ached for her husband. Often she felt as if she could no longer bear the situation, as if she must fly up to her little refuge, take the bank book from its drawer and lay it in Frank's hands saying, "Here it is. Take it Frank. We'll sink or swim together." Then Winnifred's warning would ring in her ears and she would decide to wait just a little longer. Still, more and more constantly now, Joan made her plans, accumulating a simple wardrobe for the country, setting the big house in Rosedale in perfect order for the aliens whom she knew were destined to occupy it soon.

Late one afternoon, Joan returned from an errand to find her husband waiting for her in the library. "I've something to tell you, Joan," he began instantly, "something I want you to help me decide. I can't get the money I need to carry on my own business. It is getting harder and harder to meet even the ordinary office expenses, and I had almost made up my mind to give up when, today, Marsden came in to offer me a partnership."

"Marsden!" exclaimed Joan wonderingly. "Marsden!"

"Why not?" demanded her husband brusquely. "Marsden has been trying to get hold of me for years. He thinks I would bring him a different sort of clients from those who go to him now. To be sure his methods are a trifle sharp, and if we were together he would insist on running things. Still, beggars can't be choosers and if I accept his proposal it will mean Easy Street for both of us. What do you say Joan? I don't care about myself and so it is up to you."

At the question Joan looked slowly around the beautiful room from which she had dreaded parting for many dreary weeks. She saw the soft light shining on hundreds of books, the shadows reflected in polished furniture, and the glowing colors of the Oriental rug. She thought of Winnifred's sunburned cheeks and calloused hands. Her friend's words echoed

in her ears, "We've been poor Joan, so desperately poor." Joan shivered. She loved her own comfort. Only lately she was beginning to realize how much she loved it. Yet in her heart of hearts she knew that if she consented to Frank's accepting this partnership with a man upon whom he had always looked down, at the price of the ideals in business for which Garland and Company had always stood, something infinitely precious would go out of both their lives, something for which money and luxuries could never be an adequate compensation.

While Joan struggled for a decision, Frank sat quiet in his chair, his head resting on one hand, his tired eyes closed to keep out the light. Watching him, Joan realized what suffering these last few months had brought to her husband, how bitterly he must be regretting his mistakes, for Frank had always been so proud of himself. He could not bear to fail. It would hurt him to have to defer to someone else, and to go in with a man like Marsden would be intolerable. After all, Joan thought, she had had many easy years with Frank. Should she refuse to take the hard? She knew what her husband really wished for. He didn't like the idea of joining Marsden's firm. As clearly as if he had told her, Joan understood the desire of his heart, his longing for the broad spaces of the old ranch in the West, with the stars shining on its waving fields of grain.

Then, slowly, as if she were drawn by a force greater than her own will, Joan left her seat and went over to her husband. Gently she brushed his forehead with her lips. "Don't do it, Frank," she begged, "Don't join Marsden. I've got a far better plan. We'll leave the city and we will go back home. We'll have a little house like we had years and years ago, and we will be happy again, Frank just you and I together."

BUT Frank Garland looked incredulously into her lovelit face. "You don't mean it, Joan!" he exclaimed. "You aren't willing to do this for me? We've quarrelled so often lately. I thought you had stopped caring for me. I considered going in with Marsden because I knew that then I could give you everything you wished. Are you sure you understand, dear? If I sell out here we will have scarcely any money left, scarcely enough for the smallest kind of ranch."

"We'll have more than you think," Joan assured him laughing, "more than you think."

Then, with winged feet, she ran through the house, and up the stairs. Eagerly she emptied the little pasteboard box. Gaily she carried to her husband the symbol of her wealth. "Take it Frank," she pleaded, "it belongs to us both. It's in the National Trust and I made it a joint account."

Too astonished for words, Frank Garland fingered the little book, and then before he even looked at the figures in its balance he turned back to his wife, "My Joan!" he said softly, "My Joan!"

It was then, while he held her in his arms, that Joan Garland discovered how, beyond all question, she and Frank had become again what for so long they had not been, not merely husband and wife but lovers.

### "SEEK AND YE SHALL FIND"

By Patrick Devlin

"Seek and ye shall find", the good man read

"Seek and ye shall find", a passing wanderer heard,

Well versed this wanderer in learning book lore

He wandered on, and on, still learning more.

Then resting from his labor yet undone Looking backward a long from whence he came.

So shining white down there on the plain

Was what he had laboured so hard to attain.

The Ancoats Girls' Choir from Manchester contributed a number of English songs as part of the musical program at the Mozart celebration in Salzburg, Austria.



46

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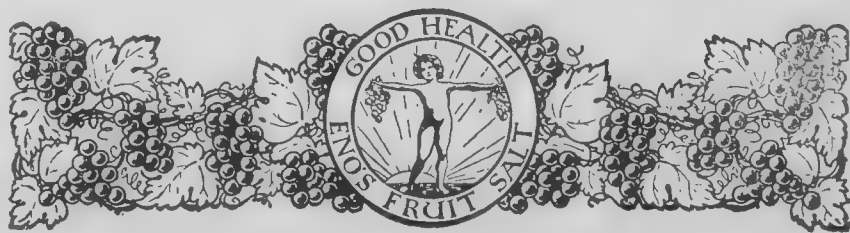
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**SINCE 1789**

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## CORRESPONDENCE

### CORRESPONDENCE

WE have pointed out on several occasions that letters which are most desired by this column are those of a general interest, written in a happy manner.

There is no objection to personal descriptions, but they should always be accompanied by a manifestation of interest in other matters. Will our readers and contributors kindly make note of this. All those who write will find it helpful, and it will greatly increase interest in the Correspondence Page.

### Something New

Dear Editor and Readers:

The correspondence page of the W. H. M. is to us a source of enjoyment, interest and amusement and we look forward month by month to the date when the good old magazine will be in the mail.

However, I agree with the editor that the letters have of late been too much the same being for the most part simply the pros and cons of that wornout subject "Country vs City". Therefore let us start something new; argument and debate are very good schools but let us find a new subject.

We hear and read a great deal these days about the age of power machinery. Implement agents and advertisements tell us the apparently remarkable accomplishments of tractors, automobiles, trucks, etc.; we hear continually the cry that the day of the horse is past, never to return; the tractor has taken the place of the heavy work horse in the field; the truck has supplanted him on the road; and today we very rarely see the trotter that used to be the means of rapid transit a decade ago.

However there still remain a number of the old horse-lovers who cannot and will not let the most faithful of four-legged animals be forgotten. There still remain those who believe that the day of the horse is not past and never will be and I am one of those. I have enjoyed the cushions of many high-priced cars, I have enjoyed the pleasure of holding the joy-stick of an aeroplane as it circled miles high travelling at the rate of 100 miles per hour but my choice of a method of travel is on the back of a good horse.

I would rather own a three-minute trotter than the best car I have seen. I would rather drive a good six-horse team than be engineer on the most powerful tractor that runs. Perhaps you will think I am prejudiced against mechanical power of any kind but that is not so. I agree that tractors, trucks and automobiles are wonderful machines and the aeroplane the most wonderful of them all but I am one of those who do not believe that they will take the place of the horse.

The machine may be more comfortable or more speedy than the horse but there is one great thing that it lacks. That is companionship. It may be a marvellous piece of machinery but after all it is only a cold piece of iron and steel and other metals and substances possessing no life. It has no power to cheer you on dark days nor share your joy on the bright; that is where it is not equal to the horse. To the good cowboy his horse is a comrade as dear to him as a sweetheart; to the good farmer his horses are companions and pets who respond gratefully to the love he gives them.

The horse that loves his master is one that will be faithful at all times but in times of stress or emergency no machine no matter how perfect can be absolutely depended upon. This is why I believe that the day of the horse is not over and will never be over.

I would like to know what the other writers on the Correspondence Page think about this subject, and would enjoy seeing their opinions.

Shore! Albertan, Yore on thuh right track now an' yuh'll find it uh lot better than workin' for someone else. I would also like to pay my respects to thuh girl with thuh Hawaiian-goodbye

name. My hat is off to yuh for thuh way yuh backed "Percival's" argument off thuh map, an' when I read yore last letter I jest remarked "Them's my sentiments".

I reckon if this epistle escapes thet W. P. B. thet catches all thuh other poor letters I'll be rather lucky. Wishin' yuh every success, I am, thuh original

Holster Pete

### Interested in Page

Dear Editor and Readers:

I am a newcomer from Alberta, and I am hoping not to be barred from your circle, as I have been amused and interested by your page. Anything which amuses me, at once arouses my liking, so here I am.

Oh, Percival! Shame, for railing upon any good thing. I rather wonder how long you have been in the city, and how much you have seen of the world. I myself, have never been off this continent very far, having been in only three countries, Canada, U. S. A. and Mexico. I have not been in so many places in Canada—only Saskatchewan, Alberta and B. C., but I have been in at least half or perhaps three-quarters of all the different States across the line. Most of my life has been spent in travelling, and attending high schools, colleges, and in teaching school. So perhaps I am narrow minded, but I know of others who are still narrower. At least, since I was eleven years of age, I have lived independently most of the time, taking care of myself wherever I went, as I was seldom at home or with anyone to look after me. Responsibility weighs heavily on a child, and time after time I found the country the only balm for an over-worked brain and racked nerves. Time after time it has nursed me back to health and strength. To the country I owe my life. Naturally then, I cannot refuse to say a word for it.

Of course, I love city life, and enjoy its advantages, such as it has, and have taken advantage of many of its opportunities. The city is necessary to the country, and most certainly the country is necessary to the city. So we must not rail against either one, Percival, or we show crass ignorance, if not stupidity. Still, I thank heaven that when I am ready to leave the city for any reason, I have a country home to go to. Are you very young Percival. I am, and to the very young, the romance of the country or the romance of the city, make a strong appeal. I like both. Evidently that of the city calls you. Both places are full of romance, full of life and opportunity for the highest. Only one's own personal inclination can choose between them.

Perhaps you can detect that I am in that reflective mood one enjoys during a nice, comfortable, resting vacation.

By the way readers, would you like to go camping with me in the mountains? I go soon. Brown-eyed Daisy, please do not worry about the bachelors. Most of them are very content, I think. If some are lonesome, they need not think they are the only ones in the world who are lonesome. I remember the terrible lonesomeness of the first years among strangers, constantly shifting, never tarrying long enough to become at home, until now I am so accustomed to it that I have developed a wander-lust that urges me on all the time. Perhaps the call of my own home—should that ever come, might be stronger than the wander-lust.

I have written too much altogether. Better cut some or all of it out, Editor.

I should enjoy some new correspondents I think. I have so many already, but have begun to drop those who do not interest me any more, and I shall be glad to get a new one or two who are willing to write an honest-to-goodness letter that is worth something to get. I shall try to do my best in answering them.

If this letter is printed I promise to write a more interesting one on Mexico or some such place where I have been.

Wanda.

### Fresh Cream and Butter

CREAM and butter, fresh each day from the daisied fields of the land of Evangeline, are used in Moir's Chocolates.

Everything else that goes to the making of Moir's Chocolate is the purest and best that money will buy—satin smooth chocolates specially prepared by ourselves, pure cane sugar, pure honey, fresh fruits, imported nuts, etc.

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A Bed of Poppies

Dear Editor,-

Being a subscriber to your valuable magazine, I hope you will be able to find a space in it, to insert the following lines. They may prove of interest to some of your readers, especially those who may have dear ones, lying in a soldier's grave in France.

Two years ago, I sowed the seed for a bed of poppies, in memory of our fallen heroes. The seed was a mixed variety (as I was unable to procure a packet of the red Memorial poppies.)

This year the plants came up without a fresh sowing, only far stronger, and somewhat crowded. After watching them grow, and patiently waiting for the flowers to appear, my patience has been rewarded in the following manner.

One night before retiring, I looked over the poppy bed, and noticed numerous buds of all colors, double, single, ready to burst into bloom. I remarked to myself, "what a gorgeous display of color will meet the eye in the morning!" Imagine my astonishment when I peeped out of the window at daybreak the following morning! Instead of seeing the blaze of color I had anticipated, I saw only one beautiful, single red poppy towering above all the other buds, and blooming alone. It continued to bloom alone for three days, and not until it had faded and dropped did the other buds burst, although they seemed farther advanced than the one that bloomed.

The same thing occurred last year, the only difference being, the single red poppy bloomed alone for four days.

Now to some people this may appear only very commonplace, and hardly worth relating, but to me it has a deep and forcible meaning; as I gazed on that red poppy there came across my vision, thousands of white crosses and I learned afresh of all the love and self sacrifice they stand for (God grant that I may never let this vision fade from my memory.)

If any reader needs a reminder of such self-sacrifice, and the debt we still owe, I say, let them sow a bed of poppies, and watch the result. May it bring home to their hearts, the same meaning as it brought to mine.

Thanking you, I am

Faithfully yours,  
Mrs. A. W.

Will "The Flirt" kindly send in her name and address, as there is a letter at this office for her.

THE EDITOR

By James Edward Hungerford  
There's a hard-working gent, at a big roll-top,  
With a keen and discerning eye;  
Who's intent upon "weeding" a manuscript "crop"—  
For suitable "stories" to buy;  
His fingers are calloused from handling reams,  
That pass through his digits each day;  
And always the "story" he's needing it seems,—  
Is the one that's the farthest away!

There's an army of readers depending on him,  
For the "news of the world," that they get;  
And his job is not easy—sometimes he looks grim,  
And his features are solemn and set;  
He must know every "move in the game," he is in—  
Also the "betwixts" and "betweens."  
And be wise to what's doing right now—and has been—  
From Winnipeg down to Orleans!

He is plugging all day, at that ol' desk o' his—  
Except for a "bite" between "acts,"  
To give his good readers the best that there is—  
The TRUTH, with the figures and facts;  
He don't get much praise, for the part that he plays—  
His "pats on the shoulder" are few;  
But he cheerfully takes what he gets if he makes—  
The world a bit brighter for YOU!



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The simplest way to end a corn is Blue-jay. A touch stops the pain instantly. Then the corn loosens and comes out. Made in a colorless clear liquid (one drop does it!) and in extra thin plasters. The action is the same.

## Pain Stops Instantly

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Don't buy furniture or metal beds fitted with old-fashioned, shaky, destructive castors. Tell your dealer you must have the

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Never balks, falls out or goes sideways. Slides harmlessly and noiselessly over carpets, rugs, linoleum or hardwood floors. Saves housework—prevents damage. Furniture and hardware dealers sell them.

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## Children's Cosy Corner

Conducted by Bobby Burke

"In Reading There Is Knowledge"

### SOMETHING TO HAVE IN SEPTEMBER—A PICNIC

Perhaps you remember that in July we gave you some suggestions for a picnic basket that would not be much trouble to any one, and that would not keep you in a hot kitchen for a long time? Well, here is another suggestion for you, and I hope that this will help to give you a good time too. First get all your dishes and utensils ready:

A cup and plate for each person.

A fork and spoon for each person.

A covered pail with a handle.

A frying pan.

A bread knife, and two other knives. Salt, pepper, sugar and cream, (fresh or canned).

Tea or coffee.

Then for the menu—bacon sliced thin, ready to fry; eggs to fry in the bacon fat; or small sausages, and fresh tomatoes from the garden to be fried together; and with either of these dishes sweet or Irish potatoes boiled until they are partly cooked (at home) and then baked in the coals of the camp fire; a loaf of bread, some butter, a bottle of pickles, a jar or tin of jam, a cake or cookies and your picnic basket is complete. Nothing to make beforehand except the cake, and the potatoes that have to be partly boiled. Get your best camper to make the fire, a small one is best, and build it close to a log or a pile of stones so that a long forked stick may be balanced against the log and the pail hung on it. It is well if you are really hungry, to build two fires, one for the frying pan and the other for the kettle. Cook your bacon carefully, so as not to burn it, then turn the eggs into the hot fat and they will almost cook themselves without being put over the flame. In the meanwhile some one else may lay the table, cut the bread and butter and, perhaps, even make toast if the fire is in good shape. How good everything will taste out in the open air with the good smell of smoke and the appetising odor of bacon and coffee. I think you will all want to rush off and have just such a picnic immediately, won't you?

2. Tell the story of your pet animal whether it is a dog, a horse, a cat, a pigeon, a hen or a cow.

I am sure you have all had pets at some time or another. When I was small we had a hen once that only had one leg, or rather one foot and she was one of our pets, while another was a rabbit that answered to the name of "Bobs" and came when we called. Some day I will tell you that story of that rabbit and what a pet he was. Then there was a wild Shetland pony that thought nothing of rolling when one of us was on his back, and a dear old dog that would hold the reins of the family horse in his mouth by the hour, and who would carry a pail of water to the stable; a lamb too that seemed to know what we said to it. I am sure you have all had pets like these. The Cosy Corner wants to hear about them. And as for the prettiest spots you know—perhaps it is a corner of your own garden where flowers grow in gorgeous masses; perhaps it is the pond where you go swimming, or the river where you go fishing or the hill that you climb to see the beautiful country around. Perhaps it is some picnic spot, or mountain or just some narrow little road with trees along it. You all have some favorite spot I know. Let us hear about it won't you?

### SOMETHING TO READ

#### The Pin and the Needle

A pin and a needle found themselves one day side by side on mamma's sewing cushion

"Pretty needle," said the pin, "I'm afraid you'll grow rusty if you stay here much longer without being used."

"Well," said the needle, "the mistress and her daughter come every day and take me out and then push me in again and say: 'O that's too short!'"

"Now if you were only a pin you could be used," replied the other, "even if you were short. Ha, ha, you see I am wise. I have a head, so I know all things. Just let me tell you something! To-morrow, if she takes you out, you just prick her, and she will quickly drop you. She won't stop to put you into the cushion again, and that will give you a little change, you see,



Teddy taking Sylvia, Harold and Trixie for a ride with Bill, a three months old calf. Bill takes kindly to this means of transportation, and enjoys it as much as his owner.

### SOMETHING TO DO

DON'T forget the Bird and Insect competition.

Results will be announced next month if you get your material in in plenty of time.

Here's something for you to try in September, and there will be a gold button for the best stories, in each case and Honorable Mention for the good ones that are not quite worthy of prizes. Get your letters in before October 8th and the results will be published in November.

1. Describe the prettiest spot you know.

and you can have a good time around on the floor."

The needle knew how very unkind that would be, but she thought she could do almost anything to get away from her old spot in the cushion.

The pin laughed again and said: "Don't you think I'm wise? It's a good thing to have a head!"

"Well, I have an eye," said the little needle, "and I can see more with that eye than you can with your head. And besides, I'm sharper and brighter than you, for I am made of steel, and you are only brass."

"Well, with all your brightness, you didn't seem to know how to get away

## NEW LAMP BURNS 94% AIR

Beats Electric or Gas

A new oil lamp that gives an amazingly brilliant, soft, white light, even better than gas or electricity, has been tested by the U. S. Government and 35 leading universities and found to be superior to 10 ordinary oil lamps. It burns without odor, smoke or noise—no pumping up, is simple, clean, safe. Burns 94% air and 6% common kerosene (coal-oil).

The inventor, T. B. Johnson, 595 McDermot Ave., Winnipeg, is offering to send a lamp on 10 days' FREE trial, or even to give one FREE to the first user in each locality who will help him introduce it. Write him today for full particulars. Also ask him to explain how you can get the agency, and without experience or money make \$250 to \$500 per month.



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are the combination that have made Robinson & Cleaver's Irish Linen world famous. Bleached

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until I thought it out for you. But let us say good-night now and see what happens to-morrow."

Early next morning, Mrs. Brown came into the sewing room and hastily took a pin from the cushion. The pin nodded good-bye to the needle as he left, and was soon holding Mrs. Brown's apron strings neatly in place.

The needle felt very lonely and was beginning to wish that she were a pin herself, when Grandma Brown came into the room and picked up the cushion. She looked it all over carefully and at last took up our little friend, the needle.

"O, what a nice short needle! Just the kind I like to sew with!" said dear Grandma. Very soon the needle was flying in and out of the soft, white linen that Grandma was sewing. The little thing was so surprised to find herself useful that she forgot the pin's unkind advice. Indeed, how could she have pricked Grandma's patient fingers?

All the morning Grandma kept on sewing, and the needle worked hard and well. When dinner came, the work was laid aside, and then the needle had a chance to look out of the window and all about.

"Why," she said to herself, "how much happier I am at work! I hope I can sew some more this afternoon, and I wonder if I shall go back to the cushion again to-night!"

Grandma did sew all the afternoon, and when Mrs. Brown praised her hemming, the dear old lady said: "Well, I had a very good needle, and you know that is everything."

The little needle felt so happy when she heard this, that she almost wished she could work on forever without stopping. But no, night came, and, joy of joys, she slept in Grandma's pretty work basket, on the soft flannel sheets of her needle case. How she slept! She did not even dream of her friend, the pin.

Where was master pin all this time? He had stayed very faithfully in Mrs. Brown's apron, but she had taken it off in a hurry to go to the door, and down dropped the pin to the floor.

Mary picked him up and tried to make him fasten a picture to the kitchen wall, but he bent double and she threw him to the floor again. When the room was swept, he was driven into the dustpan, and lay, all out of shape, in the coal hod.

"O, my back is broken," he sighed, "and I shall be of no use now. I wish I could have stayed in the cushion all my life, like that silly needle. I suppose if I had been made of steel, Mary might not have bent me so easily. But now what can I do?"

Poor little pin, he could do nothing. Even his head could not save him. He

was soon thrown into the ash barrel and lost in the cinders.

The bright needle was a good friend to Grandma. She often wished she could see the pin and tell him what a happy life she had led since they parted that morning but the pin, with his wise head never came back.

### SOMETHING TO LEARN WHY?

I know a curious little boy  
Who is always asking "why?"  
Why this, why that, why then, why now,  
Why not, why by and by?

He wants to know why wood should swim  
When lead and marbles sink?  
Why stars should shine, and winds should blow,  
And why we eat and drink?

He wants to know what makes the clouds  
And why they cross the sky?  
Why sinks the sun behind the hills  
And why the flowers die?

He wants to know why wind should come  
From out the bellow's nose?  
Why pop-guns should go "Pop", and why  
The ocean ebbs and flows?

He wants to know why fish have gills  
And why boys cannot fly?  
Why steam comes from the kettle's spout,  
And rain falls from the sky?

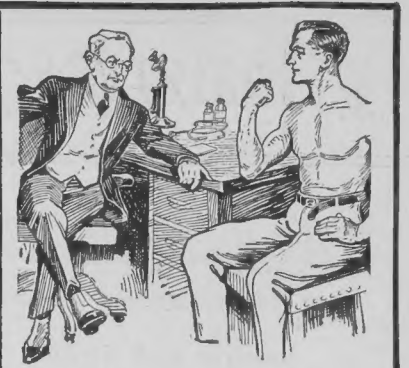
He wants to know why coal should burn,  
And not a bit of stone?  
How seeds got in the apple-core,  
And marrow in the bone?

He wants to know why ice should melt?  
Why spiders eat the flies?  
Why bees should sting, and why the yeast  
Should make the white dough rise?

Some of his "whys" are not too hard  
To answer if you'll try;  
And others—no one ever yet  
Has found the reason why.

FIRST WOMAN (angrily): "Your Johnnie gave my Willie the measles."

SECOND WOMAN: "No such thing! Your Willie came over where my Johnnie was, and took 'em."



## Strength

Strength of muscle does not indicate strength of nerves. On this account many people who look healthy enough suffer from nervous troubles and cannot understand what is ailing them. Sleeplessness and irritability are among the early symptoms. Indigestion and tired feelings soon follow.

Read this letter from an Ontario man:

Mr. W. L. Gregory, Charles St. E., Ingersoll, Ont., writes:

"I had been troubled for quite a while with indigestion. At times there would be a twitching of the nerves of my stomach; and I also found it difficult to get a good night's sleep. I am a moulder, and owing to the nature of my work my system became run-down. I took a treatment of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and found great benefit from this medicine. They did me a great deal of good. I have not been bothered at all with indigestion since, and can sleep much better. I have recommended Dr. Chase's Nerve Food to many of my friends, as I think it splendid for anyone run-down and needing a tonic."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50c a box, all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto

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## THE "DOINS" OF PUG

By J. A. Cormack, Winnipeg







# WHAT THE WORLD IS SAYING



## A Difference of Opinion

Lady Astor says she will tell the people of Great Britain that prohibition is a success in this country and the United States. This flat contradiction of Mrs. Asquith will probably have interesting results.—Ottawa Citizen.

## Revolvers and Murders.

In view of the fact that 90 per cent of the murders in the United States are committed with revolvers, prominent judges and lawyers will appeal to the American Bar Association to start a movement to prevent the manufacture and sale of revolvers in every state in the union.—Quebec Chronicle.

## Bulgarians Thinking Too Late.

Bulgaria, which fought on the side of Germany in the war and is now paying the piper, puts the blame for its troubles on the former king. The people declare that the king committed them to war against their wishes. It all goes to show the foolishness of any people letting somebody else do their thinking for them.—Vancouver World.

## There's a Fortune in It.

The universal car locker, duly patented, advertised and applied, awaits the man who gets to it first with a fortune beyond the dreams of avarice. Stolen automobiles are not carried away on trucks. They go with their own power. Who will produce the engine wheel lock that is burglar-proof and wins the public?—Chicago Journal of Commerce.

## Some Complexion Advice.

Get to, you city girls, and wash your faces! Many of you are young enough to save still something of the rose and white God made you, and the exquisite texture. Let the million little mouths of God's handiwork breathe once more. You shall have your reward in skin that will be rosy and white when you are old, on which will be written the tale of your good deeds, of your smiles and your graciousness, for after 30 your face is your own to make beautiful for your autumn and your winter.—London Daily Chronicle.

## Inconsistency of the Wets.

Now that we have had three years of prohibition the magazine writers are trying to tell whether it is a success or a failure. We have at least got to that point where the prohibitionists say it is and the wets say it isn't. But there is where the inconsistency comes. The wets do not want prohibition to be a success, and if it isn't they should cease worrying.—Springfield Republican.

## Church and People.

A question is often asked, What is wrong with the Church? It might as pertinently be queried, however, What is wrong with the people? The church of to-day, in various ways, appears to be doing its utmost to fulfil its mission, while many people exhibit either the perversity of spoiled children or the cynicism attached to hardened unbelief.—Woodstock Sentinel-Review.

## Wool from the North.

Mr. Stefanssen is not content with writing about the economic possibilities that the muskox of our northland offers. He has interested Leeds university, and cloth from the wool of the muskox is being prepared experimentally by a specialist there. In quality it is said to range from something like a fine homespun to a soft, wide weave similar to angora. A definite report is expected in a few months.—Edmonton Journal.

## History Should Be True

The United States of America is the monument to those who founded it. They were extraordinary but not perfect men. "The school histories and readers, especially the new histories published in 1919 and 1920, ought to be examined for disrespectful statements," says Mrs. O'Neill. The lady is wrong. Histories ought to be carefully searched for untruthful statements. Clouding history, whether the clouds be pink or black, is as foolish as it is wrong. The truth can't hurt. Anything else isn't history.—Kansas City Star.

## A Delay Sometimes Costs Heavily.

Bell applied for a patent on his telephone February 14, 1876. The same day, Prof. Elisha Gray rushed into the patent office with almost identically the same device. After years of litigation, the national supreme court decided in favor of Bell. Bell got to the patent office a few hours ahead of Gray. The short delay cost Gray what patent attorneys call "the most valuable single patent ever granted." Being punctual pays. Delay usually means failure. As Napoleon put it, "Every hour of inactivity increases the chance for disaster."—Wall Street Journal.

## Children's Gardens

It is an easy but harmful practice for a child to be coddled in school and at home, and left to play, until the dominant idea of the child comes to be that the world owes it a living and the chance to have a good time. It is a little harder, but a great deal more serviceable, to teach the child at home and elsewhere that the world owes and will give it nothing that is not paid for in honest labor. The child who is led to cultivate a garden regularly will very likely be willing to do other helpful work when occasion demands, and at the same time will be cultivating a character full of promise for the duties of later years.—Hamilton Spectator.

## Not Likely

Still, the red-headed girls will never have a better opportunity than they enjoy now for proving to the world at large that they are all bow-legged is a base, pernicious libel.—Minneapolis Journal.

## An Editorial Reproof

Good shows are now being put on at the Marlowe theatre and they would be more enjoyable if it were not for a few empty-headed girls who laugh and giggle the whole time.—Kinistino, Sask., Representative.

## True

The kind of "novel" which bears much the same relation to real novel-writing that indecent photographs bear to the art of painting seems to be more abundant now than it has been in living memory.—Manchester Guardian.

## The Bobbed Hair Controversy

Several Hudson River towns will not employ teachers who bob their hair. Other municipalities are more concerned about what is in the head, not what is on it. The bobbed girl, herself, says short hair is sanitary and comfortable.—Brockville Recorder and Times.

## Lenine

If Lenine is telling the people of Russia, as it is reported he is telling them, that the relief shipments are donations from foreign sympathisers with the doctrines of Bolshevism, it must be admitted that he is a genius of a politician.—New York Tribune.

## A Hopeless Endeavour

Paris fashion leaders are trying to bring back the long skirt. If they succeed in popularizing the dragging, unsanitary sweep for the short, care-free garment of the past several years, then we will declare there is no longer meaning to the word impossible.—London Times.

## A Sarcastic Ottawa Comment.

In April, 1920, a Polish boy landed at an Atlantic port, unable to speak a word of English. In May, 1922, he won a prize for the best essay in English, beating all the other pupils in the city he had adopted as his home. This news will so thrill the average Ottawa child that he or she will insist on spending the evening at the nearest motion picture theatre.—Ottawa Journal.

## London and New York

The worship of size and numbers, which is a modern disease, is in evidence in a report issued by the New York Census Committee, comparing London and New York from a population viewpoint. It contains the information that in the London district, within a circle having a 19-mile radius with Charing Cross as its centre, there were 7,476,168 people in June 1921, while a similar circle having New York City Hall as its centre contained 7,820,876 people in January, 1920, and it sets forth the estimate that "Largest New York," as it is now called, has a present population of more than 8,000,000.—Regina Leader.

## When There Is Need of Tact.

The International Commission, with representatives from Holland, Norway, Sweden and Switzerland, which is sitting in Stockholm, to determine the cause of the great war, will doubtless use some tact in awarding the blame. Small nations acquire tact. Punch had a picture on one occasion of a small shrimp of a man acting as referee in a football match. He had just been threatened with terrible things by the rival captains of the teams as to what each would do to him if the other won. The small referee, communing with himself, observed: "I can tell right now that this game is going to end in a draw."—Calcutta Englishman.

## Sovietism in Extremities.

The Soviet Government is now trying to let go of the bear's tail. After a slow but steady retreat away from communism, conducted at first with extreme caution, it is now in open negotiation with those capitalistic powers it was once going to have nothing to do with except at the point of the bayonet. The internal policy of Sovietism has been along the same line as its foreign reversal. It is abandoning the communistic principle, or trying to. But its experience with the earnest souls who don't yet know of the change shows it is having troubles. Probably it will continue to have them. It is harder to stop revolution than to start it.—London Daily Mail.

## The Call for Pioneers.

Humanity may be at the end of one age, but we, who are united in one community of peoples, speaking one language, and holding common ideals, are assuredly at the beginning of a new age. What it may portend to us and to those who come after us will depend in no small measure on the manner in which, in our present economic distress, we confront this problem of Empire settlement. The call comes from overseas for pioneers, for the right men and women, as well as for such children as we can spare; and under wise direction that call may be the signal to a great advance. The progress may be slow, and wisely so, but, if we so will, the issue can be assured.—London Daily Telegraph.

## A Yearning Slow To Be Realized.

Oh, for an ireless Ireland!—Toronto Star.

## Another Need of the Country

What this country needs is fewer people who know what this country needs.—Brantford Expositor.

## The Eastward Push of Bolshevism.

Bolshevism, it is reported, has got into Mongolia. A sort of bull in a China shop.—London Advertiser.

## What Germany Wants.

Germans want a big loan. And the security? Is it to be a scrap of paper?—Boston Transcript.

## The Ponderous Mr. Taft.

Ex-President Taft is over in Europe, thereby taking quite a weight off the American continent.—Hamilton Herald.

## Another Ford Rumor

It is rumored that Henry Ford will soon be able to turn out almost enough cars to supply the market for Ford accessories.—Buffalo Express.

## A Powerful Thumb

Henry Ford is now suspected of being the richest man in the world. But the other man still has his thumb on the gasoline supply.—Philadelphia Record.

## What Will They Say?

What a day that will be when the world hears one explorer at the North Pole talking to another at the South Pole by radiophone.—London Express.

## Poor Old Sir Conan!

At a Toledo seance Sir Arthur Conan Doyle had his arm stroked by a spirit. It must have been an agreeable change from having his leg pulled.—Duluth Herald.

## Their Precarious Plight.

For those buffer states between Germany and Russia the ancient terrors between Scylla and Charybdis look like a tempest in a tea cup.—Boston Herald.

## Henry as a Horn Provider.

Mr. Ford is a temperance man, but if he runs for President it will be thrown in his teeth that he has been known to give a horn to millions of people.—Vancouver Sun.

## "Safety First" Is his Motto

The ex-Kaiser's cage is said to be not secure and that he could break out of it at any time. If he does, he will probably be put in a safe one next time.—Halifax Chronicle.

## Canoers Need To Be Careful

Numerous canoe accidents, reported from various points, give point to Drummond's line that you'll never get drowned so long as you stay on the shore. Galt Reporter.

## Lenine and Trotsky So Declared

Russia is hot foot after a loan from the powers. Let us see, now: Wasn't it Russia that was declaring two years ago that it was never going to use money again?—Minneapolis Journal.

## Possibly

"Clubwoman Sues for Divorce—Says She Doesn't Know Where Her Husband Is," say the headlines in a New York paper. Perhaps he is at home,—an unfamiliar haunt of the lady's probably.—San Francisco News.

## Crime and Education

The superintendent of New York State's reformatories says that of 22,000 criminals whom he has examined, but four were college graduates, while in a group of 1,000 prisoners only seven per cent. had high school education, 25 per cent. had finished grammar school, and 64 per cent. had attended only primary grades.—Toledo Blade.

## British Power of Recuperation

We should all rejoice when Great Britain does well for Britain's prosperity is ours. We are indissolubly linked together. But Britain is not prosperous. That would be too much to expect after the terrible impact of the war. Yet she is emerging splendidly from her difficulties, thereby demonstrating her powers of recuperation, her reserve of strength, and her fine solidarity.—Quebec Chronicle.

## Plant a Tree

Fifty years ago J. Sterling Morton, of Nebraska later U.S. Secretary of Agriculture, started the Arbor Day idea. He lived on the bare prairies and saw the need of trees, and as a result of his agitation, 1,500,000 trees were planted in Nebraska on that first Arbor Day, fifty years ago. Since then the idea has spread all over the continent with most beneficial and helpful results. "Plant a tree" is a good motto!—Toronto Globe.

## A Tribute to Canadian Soldiers

The true story of the world's salvation from militarism by that little band of stalwart souls, known as the First Canadian Division, history will tell. The battle of St. Julien was the start of a series of displays of Canadian heroism and efficiency that marked the Flanders and Picardy campaigns of the great war wherever emergency occurred, and which has added to the glory of patriotic achievement the events chronicled by the names of Festubert, Givenchy, Vimy, Cambrai and a score more.—Providence Journal.



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